

कुर्वन्ति भारत लोक संग्रहः कुर्याद्विद्वांस्तथा



सक्ताः कर्मण्यविद्वांसो यथा सेवया मेवापि संपश्यन्कर्तुमर्हसि ॥

असक्तश्चिकीर्षुर्लोकसंग्रहम् आत्मौपम्येन कर्मणैव हि संसिद्धिमास्थिता

THE GOSPEL OF LIFE

Vol. I.





An Introduction to the Study of the BHAGAVAD-GITA & the UPANISHADS

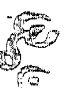
BY

F. T. BROOKS

"Vyasashrama", Adyar,

MADRAS, S.





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FOREWORD.

With pleasure I accept the duty of writing a few words of introduction to this book—or series of books. "Good wine needs no bush," says the English proverb; yet must the vintner, ere he is known, state that he has wine to sell. And even so with the wine of the Spirit. It justifies itself when tasted, but the first tasting must be offered. My humble office is merely to say: "Taste."

The *Bhagavad-Gītā* is so wealthy of content that a hundred commentators may annotate it, and leave it, as though untouched, to a hundred more. It is a true Scripture of the Race, a life rather than a book. For each age it has a new message, for each civilisation a new word. Once it said to India: "Meditate"; and she has meditated for so long that her meditation has passed into drowsiness. Now it cries to India: "Act"; and the call is echoing through the land, awakening everywhere a longing for action. But action, to be useful, must be wise; action, to be useful, must aim at the

Common Good and must be the harmonious working out of the Supreme Will.

And as India has fallen by separateness, pride, sloth and the claiming of the unrecompensed service of others, so the *Gītā* now cries, "Serve," and "Realise that all are One."

This is the keynote of this book. As the refrain of the Author was: "Therefore fight", so is the refrain of the commentator: "Therefore serve." The *Gītā* does not live because the Teacher urges His pupil to a physical struggle with the opponents of a day; it lives because the pupil is—as the same Teacher elsewhere said—the mind of man, because he is engaged in a perennial struggle with the thoughts and hopes and fears which are the kinsfolk of that mind, and because he must conquer these ere he can attain to man's true function, Service: "Acting in communion with ME, let him render all action attractive."

Mr. Brooks has done his work well. The reader will find his own mind stimulated—the true object of a book. There are admirable ideas and phrases scattered throughout the lectures, ideas that will be fruitful, and phrases that will "stick".

May it be useful in bringing about the Service which is its keynote, and may every reader realise that whenever he is faced by a human need, *there* is his place of service.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

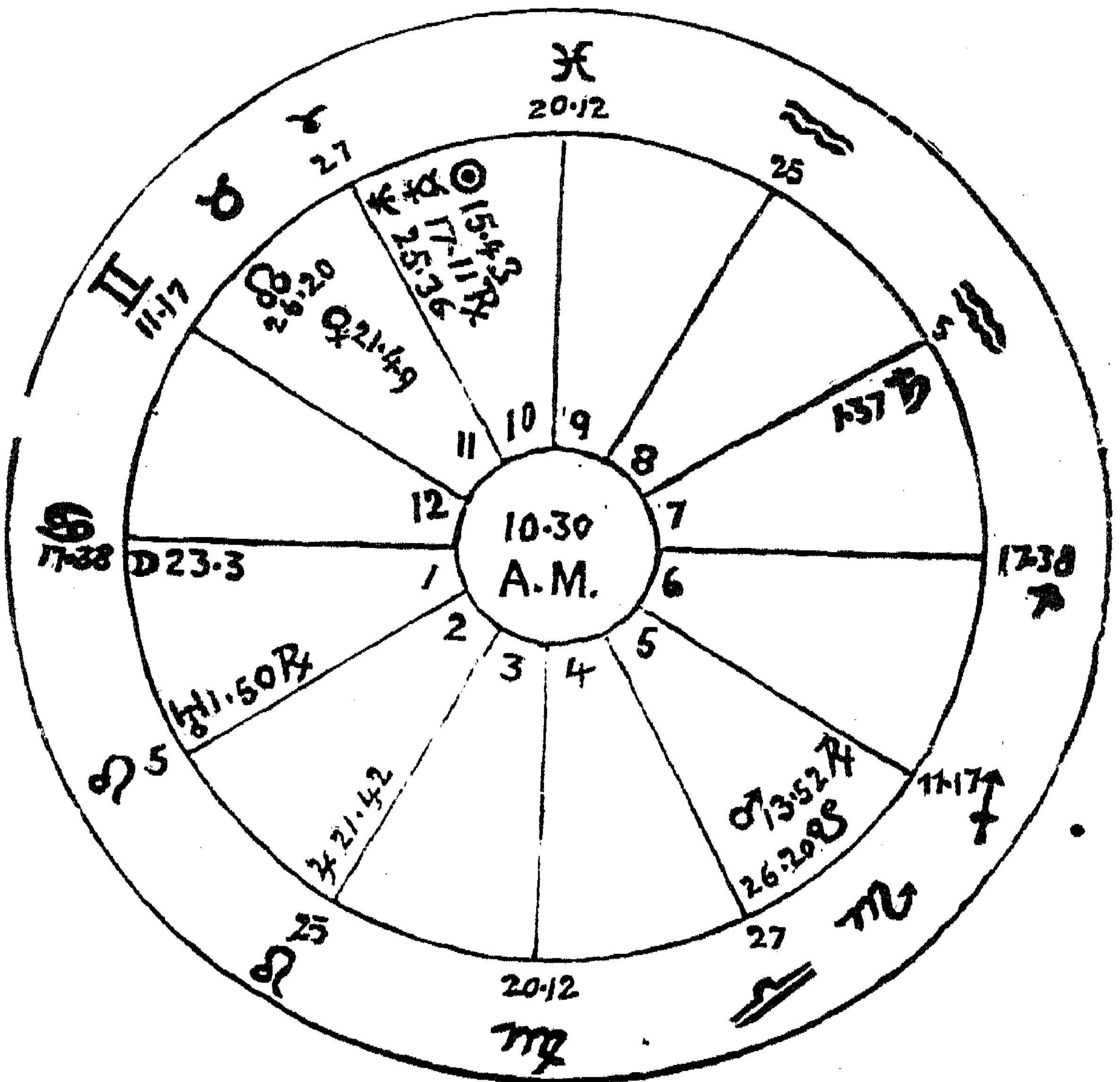
In introducing this first Volume, a few words about myself may not be out of place. The more so as I have, as a rule, neither leisure nor inclination to answer the countless questions that are put to me on that subject during my lecturing tours. Also because various mis-statements in the Press (e.g., as to my being a native of West Australia, or of North America, and so on) have been left unrectified.

I confine myself strictly to the outside of my life. Whatever can be said of the inside will be found scattered throughout these books by who can read.

I was born in Paris, April 5th 1873, as the seventh and youngest child of an English father and a French mother, both Roman Catholics by faith. My people were West Indian planters, owning large sugar estates in the southern part of Cuba, but having fixed their residence in Paris from the days of the Third Napoleon— some eight years or so before my birth.

I am altogether innocent of Astrology, but append my birth-chart for the delectation of

Paris, 5th April 1873.



(The friendly author of this chart, in an access of modesty, writes that he is merely a beginner, and there may be mistakes in it. So there may. But seasoned adepts in the science of the stars can surely find them out. Others need'nt know the difference. If this is wrong I shall be thankful to whoever sends a right one for the next edition

amateurs. Those who find worldly prosperity in it had better give it up—I mean, Astrology.

From the time of my birth, my father's business began to go wrong. Born in considerable wealth, into the most exclusive circles of Paris Society, where my mother was a queen of fashion in her day, I came of age an educated pauper, without either health or prospects. At thirty-seven I find myself a religious mendicant, a sort of non-conformist, vowless friar, an independant *faqīr*, a *sannyāsī* by temperament and choice (*you* may call me what you like), wandering over India in Hindu ascetic garb, mostly barefoot.

My chief link with the world was broken at the age of ten, by my mother's death in July 1883. From that time onwards, my education was in the hands of a French brother-in-law, since dead—a blameless member of the French Aristocracy, of reduced means but glorious lineage, an embodiment of duty and honour, whose mother was somewhat of a saint. As for my own mother, her strenuous worldly life seems to have left her leisure enough (*when* she took it, the Gods perhaps might tell) to teach herself German as a pastime and master Gœthe in the text. This I of course found out years later. No one seems to have taken any

notice at the time.

My father I need hardly speak of. He was mostly away on business and never entered my child-life. He was a good man, but we had little in common. He died in 1908.

I was a boarding student at the *Collège Stanislas*, Paris, from 1884 to 1893. I passed my *Baccalauréat ès Lettres* (Arts Examination), first and second parts, in 1890 and 1891 respectively; and added the *Baccalauréat ès Sciences* in 1892.

In 1893, I joined the *Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures*, the chief Civil-Engineering College in France. Upon coming of age, I had to go through certain legal formalities in order to assert my British nationality—formalities which all foreigners born and residing in France have to submit to, or be taken as French. My mind had been made up as to this step from childhood, though England was to me an unknown land.

In 1894, my health altogether broke down; and my worldly studies (which I cared little about) were interrupted, never to be really resumed again.

It was in 1896, at Liége, in Belgium, where I had joined, *pro formā*, the *Institut Electro-Technique Montefiore*[1]—being quite unfit to push on with my studies, a broken-down neurasthenic wreck —that I came for the first time into touch with 'Occult' Teaching, and began to understand that there *was* something worth understanding to understand, something worth doing to do—a trodden Path to self-transcendence where I could tally my vivid but as yet inchoate spiritual experience with that of others, and gradually, by conscious volition, evolve Order out of Chaos. I joined the Martinist Order (in those days a lusty rival of the Theosophical Society in France) and at the same time became, by applying to the London Headquarters[2], a Member of the Theosophical Society, of which I had heard nothing save from a liberal and fair-minded member of the rival organisation. Some of my associates of those early days were really

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1. A Belgian Electrical Engineering College much frequented by students from all parts of the world. If I remember rightly, less than half the students, in my day were actually Belgians.

2. I applied on the 17th of November 1896. My diploma is dated 19th.

excellent people, to whom I owe a debt of profound gratitude.

It was only in the spring of 1898 that I came into *personal* touch with the Theosophical Society, through Dr. Ernest Nyssens, who opened up for me in this incarnation the oft-trodden path of vegetarianism and simple living. I probably owe him my life, for the decline, which had gone further than I care to think about, was checked once for all.

In May and June 1898, in Brussels, I interpreted the brilliant lectures of Mr. J. C. Chatterji, which marked the beginning of the present era of Theosophical expansion in Belgium. I embodied the substance of those lectures in a book entitled "*La Philosophie Esotérique de l' Inde*", which has proved the most popular Introduction to Theosophy in the French language.

From that time onward, my life has belonged to Theosophy. There was nothing else for it to belong to. For two years I managed quite a number of study-groups in Brussels, during which period I translated into French Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom, Man and his Bodies*, and almost the whole of *In the Outer Court*. I also occasionally helped Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in his

lecturing work in Paris and Brussels. Health very gradually improving. I attended the London Conventions of 1898, 99, and 1900, at which latter time I was suffering from overstrain, and appreciated Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's kind and simple hospitality more than words can tell.

In December, 1900, I came out to India at the instance of Mrs. Annie Besant, and spent four months in her house at Benares, from January to April, 1901.

From May, 1901, to June 1904, I acted as private tutor to a dear young Indian friend, Jawaharlal Nehru, the only son of Pandit Motilal Nehru, the well-known Pleader of Allahabad. It was during this period that I began to study the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and the *Upaniṣhads* in the text. My young pupil helped me to decipher, and a brother-theosophist, Babu Srīs Chandra Basu, lent me a few passages of word for word translation. My only Gurus, besides these, were Apte's excellent Sanskrit-English Dictionary, repletee, with information, and Vidyāsāgara's Miniatur Grammar.

After leaving my pupil, in 1904, I wandered between Naini Tal and Madras, never fixed any-

where for even a month; then settled down from February 1905 to May 1906 as Honorary Teacher in a Hindu School called *The Chinsurah Training Academy*, twenty miles North of Calcutta. Apart from school work, I led the life of a recluse.

I spent the next summer at Naini Ta (June-Sept. 1906,) caught jungle-fever in the Terai, escaped with it to the house of a dear friend at Bareilly, who nursed me back to health, and spent Jan.-March, 1907 with Babu Dayā Nath, Sub-Judge at Fatehgarh, U. P., another silent, unobtrusive friend, at whose house much solid work was done, especially during the subsequent hot weather (May-Sept, 1907.)

Then, after seven years of silence, began the lecturing. First, on sundry Theosophical subjects with informal *Gītā* classes between, mostly in the United Provinces. Then the present course of systematic *Gītā* lectures, over well-nigh all the rest of India, from August 1908.

My translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* (first edition) was mostly written at Gwalior in May-July, 1908, at the house of R. B. Syamsunderlal, C. I. E., and published, with a few notes at the end, at Ajmere, in January, 1909.

A second edition of smaller size, much revised, with text and translation facing each other, saw the light at Srirangam, Southern India, in August, 1909. (For later details, see Preface)

PREFACE.

For the last two years (August 1908-September 1910) I have been continually engagde in lecturing on the subjects of which these Essays treat. I have, during that period, addressed close upon 1,500 meetings, in 131 places scattered over a triangle extending from Jaffna in Ceylon to Rawalpindi in the Punjab and Habiganj in Sylhet (East Bengal).

A list of the places where I have lectured may be of interest to my Indian readers. Taken more or less in order, and naming only the more important ones[1], they stand as follows:

Rājkot, Junāgaḍh, Bhāvnagar and 8 other places in Kāthiāwar (August-September 1908).

Surat, Ahmedabad, Baroda, Bombay and 5 other places in Gujerāt (October-December 1908).

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1. A systematic course of lectures and classes was given in all save a dozen or so of the 131 places visited. There were hardly ever less than two meetings a day. Special group meetings, school and college addresses, and morning and night classes often ran the total up to five on Sundays, exceptionally six, and even seven on one occasion.

Coimbatore, Calicut, Mangalore, Pālghāt, Madura, Tanjore, Pondicherry, Negapatam, Trichinopoly, Kumbhakonam and 23 other places in South Madras (January-July 1909).

Bangalore, Mysore and 10 other places in the Mysore State (August-September 1909).

Hubli, Dharwar, Belgaum in the South Mahratta Country (September 1909).

Bellary, Kurnool and 3 other places in N. Madras; Bombay; Dhar, Mhow, Dewas in Central India (October 09).

Dehli, Lahore, Ferozepore, Rawalpindi, Mooltan in the Punjab (Nov.-Dec. 09).

Gyā, Calcutta, Midnapur; Comilla, Noakhali, Dācca, Narayanganj, Munshiganj; Berhampore, Krishnagar, Serampore and 12 other places in East and West Bengal (Jan.-June 1910).

Raipur, Nāgpur, Amraoti, Akola and 5 other places in the Central Provinces (June-July 1910).

Poona, Satara, Sangli, Kolhapur, Sholapur, Mudhol and 3 other places in the Mahratta Country (July-Sept. 1910).

The lectures were everywhere welcomed with keen interest, verging occasionally on enthusiasm

the audiences numbering mostly from 3 to 500, rising occasionally to 7 or 800 as in Mysore, Dacca and other places, and even 1,500 as in Bangalore and Poona. They seldom fell below 100, since in small places and villages with very few English-knowing people, the lectures were interpreted in the vernacular, drawing considerable and often keenly appreciative audiences.

I was everywhere requested to have the susbtance of these lectures and class-lessons published without delay, as lectures like these, when heard, leave behind them little more than a general impression, however elevating. Even the most interesting details, keenly appreciated at the time, are apt to be subsequently forgotten.

That the task thus imposed upon me by a friendly public was most willingly undertaken, goes without saying. But to undertake is one thing; to achieve, another.

Two enormous difficulties confronted me at outset.

First, and worst, my own quasi-constitutional inability to *write out* a lecture. I always speak *extempore*, without even a note or a sketch,—the one condition for a really good lecture being to leave the

brain fallow for an hour or more, lying stretched out at full length, absorbed in a sort of (non-intellectual) contemplation not easy to describe, but *invariably without reference to the subject in hand*; *walk* leisurely to the lecture-place *in silence*, with the brain of a placid cow; once there, fix the mind squarely on the subject with a silent and impersonal prayer that good may be done; and *speak*. The moment the lecture is over, *drop it*, and lapse instantly into that state of mind (known to some few of my readers, perhaps) in which words and thoughts are a weariness, and children at play the only gods on Earth.

When first I sat down before a sheet of paper, and tried, all by myself, to think of what I had said or might say on such or such a subject, the result was...what you, friend Reader, will never see—and thank your stars for it.

It took months of trial and failure to produce the dry-as-dust little six-page sketch entitled *Kurukshetra*[1], which I only insert as a landmark of that ultra-dry period.

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1. Forming Chapter I of this Volume. This sketch has subsequently developed into a whole new volume, entitled *The Holy War*, which is now ready for publication, and is announced elsewhere.

Then came the *Introduction* (of course I had no idea that it would serve as Introduction when I wrote it)—with some curious dream-verses obtained on awaking from sleep. The stanza which stands by itself on p. 1 came first, one morning; those on pp. 10-11, a few days later. The peculiar symbolism of those verses colours more or less the whole of the Introduction[1]. This bulky Introduction may be forgiven, as it is intended to serve for the whole series of volumes, which may run to half-a-dozen if I live to publish them.

After that, things went on more and more smoothly, and by the time the viiith Chapter was written, the sense of difficulty (of the first kind) had well-nigh vanished.

The second difficulty remained, however, and still remains. It is that of getting things printed within a reasonable time once they are written. It is doubly great for a wanderer like myself.

This difficulty need not be further discussed here. Suffice it to say that I have begun (from June 1910) the deliberate collection of a fund intended to place my publications on a satisfactory basis in future; and that whoever has something

1. See pp. 38-43.

to spare, and feels moved to co-operate with me in the spreading of these ideals throughout India—and abroad—may contribute his mite, whatever it may be. My permanent address is simply

Adyar,

MADRAS, S.

* * * *

A few words of explanation as to certain passages in this book, which to a section of my readers may at first sight appear somewhat strange.

Chapters ii and iii form the beginning of an attempt[1] to show what a peculiar—nay, extraordinary—Book the *Mahābhārata* is; what far-reaching issues of unwritten History it deals with, in its curious dramatic symbolism; and, above all, how radically different—how diametrically *opposite*, I should say—the vital *spirit* of those Ancient Scriptures[2] is, from what India's prolonged degeneracy has misrepresented it to be.

I have attempted to show that the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, read without any traditional Hindu bias,

1. Continued in the *Holy War*—particularly in Chapter iii, which see.

2. The passage of the *Yoga-Vāsiṣhṭha* quoted on pp. 68-70 is enough to show that the *Mahābhārata* does not stand alone in this respect.

without the coloured spectacles of sectarian philosophic views, is not really a 'Hindu' Book at all—unless you take Hinduism to mean, not 'Hinduism' in a sectarian sense, but Universalism, the one practical Religion (re-linking) of Man-God-Nature into One. An Aryan Book some of you might like to call it—but that makes it almost more European than Indian.[1] Also the Wisdom which it hands on[2] flourished, even here in India, ages before the Manu ever hatched out this Aryan Race of ours from its hoary Atlantean predecessor.

For myself, I had rather call the Book a Record of spiritual-divine Life-Experience, a Document of Universal Redemption, a Poem of Poems by a Poet of Poets, a gracious Gift of

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1. It seems pretty clear that the Caucasian Westerners are of purer Aryan stock than the majority of Hindus.

Besides, I should hardly wonder if these Teachings, read and interpreted after this fashion, were found to be, for some time at least, more readily assimilable by the earnest, free-minded, dogma-emancipated Westerner, with practical instinct unmarred by subtle theories, and healthy, vital *optimism*, than by those Hindus whose minds are wont to run in grooves of secular, ingrained metaphysical habit. But things are changing, anyhow, and this may help them to.

2. *Gītā*, iv, 1-3; xviii, 63.

Super-Man to yearning, striving Man. And far brighter is the glory to India that her great Ancients should have been such Men and should have written such Books, than if these things were private shibboleths for any narrow sect or jaundiced hereditary clique to keep under their own bushel and gloat over[1].

I have fearlessly discussed the character of Bhīṣhma, amongst other topics; candidly setting down, just as they happened, all the various lines of thought that suggested themselves to me in this connection. They are not all in this Volume. Some have overflowed into *The Holy War*—which see.

My object, in such passages, is chiefly to stir up new trains of thought; to get out of worn grooves, at all costs; to open windows and let in light and air. Let us[2] do this fearlessly to start

1. The *Gītā* itself clearly tells us (xviii, 67-71) who may and who may not receive its Teachings. Those verses should of course be read in the light of Shrī Kṛṣhṇa's own definition of Himself, as set forth in this Volume, pp. 158-163, 166-172.

2. I may fairly consider myself entitled to speak as an Indian, since I have neither home nor interests outside this Land of my adoption, and am devoting my whole life to it—and to Humanity through it—according to my lights. may not be a 'Hindu' (in the sectarian sense)—nor would

with, I say. Then only shall we be able to make out priceless old dust-covered art-treasures, in this rambling old Palace of Hinduism, from mere musty rubbish; then only shall we be able to sweep and dust well and wisely, and set the whole house in order.

A thorough overhauling and re-examination of her ideals from the standpoint of *life*, of actual, practical, organic Good, is one of the things without which India cannot step forward into the bright future that awaits her.

A college student once said to me: "Sir, we have now come to love and reverence our Ideals. But how to put them into practice? It seems we are making little headway in that direction." "Are you quite sure," I questioned back, "that your ideals *are*, all of them, *practicable?*"

And I instanced Bhīṣhma and others. But he failed to understand. He was rather shocked, in fact, especially when I instanced Gāndhārī[1]

I care to be. But I am certainly more of a Hindu than 'Hindus' who know and honour their Scriptures less than I do, and occasionally disgrace 'Hinduism' in their own lives. Hinduism (as we, Friend Reader, understand it) is safe beyond the reach of these.

1. See *Story of the Great War*, p. 35.

as an example of what an ideal wife ought *not* to be, deliberately portrayed, as I believe, by Veda Vyāsa for the commonsense of mankind to interpret aright. (Is it likely, besides, that a *really* ideal wife would have given birth to Duryodhana and a hundred other devils?) "An *ideal* wife," I added, "linked by fate to a blind husband, *would have opened her eyes quite wide to see for two*[1]." "It was not necessary," he replied, "for they were king and queen, and *had plenty of servants to see for them both*." I gave him up. He failed to see that really faithful and humble servants, along that line, should have poked out their own eyes rather than enjoy what their beloved master and mistress were deprived of.

There *is* ONE practicable Ideal, in this Universe, which draws out by degrees *all there is* in man; and that is SERVICE. Where *that* is lost sight of, all the rest, 'spirituality' included, is on the 'left-hand' path of disintegration, not on the 'right-hand' path of cosmic Organisation.

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The same prefatory remarks apply to other

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1. Here we have a most elementary application of the *loka-sangraha* (organic co-operation) principle, which is the main topic of this book.

passages which may, at first sight, seem invidious to some,—chiefly the Notes on Chapter vii. I can assure you, friend Reader, that *there is no malice* in this Book. If anything flusters you, take it as a joke, and you will certainly be much nearer the mark than the messy enthusiast of 'reform' who mistakes me for an iconoclast after his own heart. Those who know me at all know I am anything but that.

For the rest—like the old showman at the fair—all I can say is:

"LOOK INSIDE."

POSTSCRIPTA.

Three more points suggest themselves, which ought to be referred to in the Preface. Being guiltless of the Art of academic composition, I am content to 'dump' them here without further ado, as postscripts at the end of a letter.

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The political aspect of this religious propaganda has been briefly alluded to elsewhere, in the

special Prefatory Note (subsequently added) to Chapter i. It is fully dealt with in *The Holy War*.

The *Gītā* emphatically teaches *one thing*, and that is *loka-sangraha*,[1] union, co-operation, organic solidarity—solidarity as between white and brown and black and yellow, between Hindu, Parsi, Christian, Musulman, between East and West, male and female, man and beast and god. For solidarity between *all creatures* includes every one of these, and a few more besides.

One thing it as emphatically condemns, and that is *separateness*. It calls upon all whose will is set on Unity to join hands and by their united effort stem the lethal current of disintegrating thought, feeling and act, of racial, social and religious prejudice and hatred which, running strong even under the surface-crust of our ultra-complex civilisation, is ever tending to sweep Humanity back to the chaos whence it has sprung forth at the call of Him Who Rules.

Once this is understood, all misgivings—for the conscientious reader—are at an end.

But there are people who seem constitutionally incapable of reading a book *through*, especially

1. See Index.

a book which requires to be studied, like this one. For such people, isolated passages may well have whatever invidious or complimentary meaning their fancy chooses to ascribe to them.

One sentence will serve as example. It occurs on p, 82, lines 8-21. Readers can scarcely help drawing a parallel between what is said there *as to the Soul of Man*, and what is happening here in India to-day. Peripheric forces (foreign rulers) awakening by the contagion of their restless energy the slumbering powers of the Soul (India) which must then either annex or oust the strangers, and attain *svārājyam* (Self-Mastery).

I was of course quite conscious of the parallel when I wrote this, and knew what sundry impressions it might give rise to in the minds of divers readers. Yet I *had* to write it, simply *because it is true*. True both ways. Psychologically true and politically true. But for all that my separatist extremist friend need not rub his hands and grin under his moustache; nor need my supercilious Anglo-Indian friend put on that ominous frown, drop his eye-glass and mutter, "Aha, didn't I tell you so!" Both grin and frown are uncalled for. I have said "*either annex or* oust"—and I say it again. The British Government in India

is, as a matter of fact, in process of being gradually annexed, *not* ousted, by the mighty Land it rules. What I mean is that it is gradually *tending* to become *India's Government*, purely and simply. The process has not gone very far as yet. It must go further. If it does not, British Rule must logically step out some day, and give way to something else. A Land of 300,000,000 inhabitants cannot remain a *mere dependency* for ever. This is simple logic. Where political opinion (which in my case is merely a phase of religious and philosophic Faith) steps in, is here: The snapping of the link between India and England would be welcomed by the separatist as a success. I should deplore it as a failure—not merely as a failure from the standpoint of England, or of India, but as a very serious, albeit but temporary, *set back* to the evolution of Mankind towards its organic Destiny. I have said. Let people take it as they like.

I am glad to be able to state that British Government officials, all over India, seem to have thoroughly understood the mission of Theosophy in this respect. For, although my strange attire—strange when coupled with the English name

which I do not intend to drop[1]—invariably drew the attention of the Police (quite rightly too, in these unsettled days) and brought constant enquiries, I was never interfered with in the least. Some few Civilians (too few) attended the lectures. Those who did were invariably pleased, and some of them warmly commended my work. I may here thank Messrs. H. C. Street, S. K. Sawday, J. C. Gupta and M. C. Ghosh, all of East Bengal, Messrs. A. E. Mathias and Mitchell of the C. P., and Mr. Campbell of Satara for their kind words of encouragement. Lt. Col. W. B. Lane, I. M. S., Inspector General of Prisons, C. P., is a staunch Theosophist himself, and needs no thanks. Lady Muir Mackenzie, whose gracious influence Bombay and Poona have now unfortunately lost, could be equally relied on for warmest sympathy and help, and did not fail.

Here is the major portion of a letter which I wrote in June last to the Branches of the Theosophical Society at Nagpur and other places which I was going to visit:—

"It is important that someone at least among the respon-

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1. Friends who want to "swamify" me may call me "Swami Brooks" if they like—a coupling of East and West which I shall not object to.

sible officials shall be well informed as to the scope and objects of my work, else my mode of life which is, of course, a factor in doing good and removing racial prejudice and separateness, may give rise to misconceptions among lower Police Officials whose zeal occasionally leads them—quite innocently, of course—to 'colour' facts and theorize on insufficient data. Nothing of the sort can do any harm, if my work is well known to some responsible Officials.

In East Bengal, the District and Sub-Divisional Officers frequently attended my meetings, so that everything went on smoothly where it might well have been otherwise, as you can easily understand.

Unfortunately, in this Province, most of the responsible Officials seem to have been too busy to attend, save latterly, at Seoni and Bhandara. My brief halt at Seoni was fruitful in this respect, as a Judicial I. C. S. Officer whose name, I think, is Mr. Mitchell, attended my one lecture and was very favourably impressed.

At Bhandara, Mr. A. E. Mathias, I. C. S, Deputy Commissioner, attended two lectures, and the D. S. P., one. Mr. Mathias was very sympathetic, and invited me to his bungalow where we had 2½ hours conversation on Theosophy and other matters.

Pray let it be known that one of the chief objects of my life is the removal of racial ill-feeling in this country, and that Universal Solidarity is the one dogma which I preach. Where I have come into touch with the Officials they have always assured me that I was rendering good service to the Government. I, of course, am really simply following my *svadharma*, leading the life that expresses my nature, suits me best, and makes me happiest. I am not open to argu-

ment on the question, any more than in the matter of choice of literature or diet. But it would be a pity and a shame if misconceptions were allowed to grow through ignorance from below, simply from lack of a little trouble which can easily be taken by local Theosophists to inform the authorities, so that my "mission" (really the following of my natural propensities) which happens to be of benefit to the Government and the people alike, may be allowed to continue unchecked as hitherto. It is *most* needed in this period of trouble and suspicion.

The unfortunate abuse of the *Gītā* by wrong-minded and even criminal people, and its consequent implication in police searches etc, have led to the belief that the Govern ment wishes to proscribe the *Gītā*. This is most dangerous, as mischief-makers take advantage of this to turn harmless people against the Government in the name of religion; whereas the Government has in reality never dreamt of interfering with truly *religious* study and work. The encouragement of the interpretation of the *Gītā* in a truly *religious* and moral sense is thus a matter of interest to all responsible Government Officials."

The same synthetic keynote is struck in the following circular sent by Mrs. Annie Besant to all Branches of the Theosophical Society in India:—

"The Government has very wisely and rightly desired its officials to interest themselves in local movements, and to sympathize with and encourage all that is good and useful. All our Lodges should respond cordially and promptly to any interest shown by Officials in their work, should welcome their presence at meetings, answer fully

and frankly any questions as to our organization, objects and work, and in every way treat them as honoured and welcome guests. Theosophists should meet this generous advance more than half-way, and do their utmost to increase cordiality and trust between the people and their rulers.

It is also our duty as good citizens to do our utmost to allay distrust and to remove misconceptions. The hundreds of our Lodges scattered over the land can do much to allay excitement and to check unworthy suspicions. The present is a time in which every good citizen should be active in promoting good feeling and peace between the official and non-official portions of the community, and I call on all Theosophists to do their duty in this respect."

(*Central Hindu College Magazine*, August 1910)

The position may be summed up in a nutshell :—

Theosophy stands for NON-SEPARATENESS. Sedition means separateness. Therefore Theosophy and sedition cannot pull on together. Where Theosophy spreads, sedition must die out; where sedition spreads, the gracious, conciliating Spirit of Theosophy finds but a scanty welcome and must needs hide Her face and bide Her time. The works of Darkness and the works of Light are twain, tho' Darkness be in truth *nothing at all, save partly thwarted Light.*

ii

A curious and very special difficulty arises with regard to my readers in western lands, who do not know Sanskrit. It was somewhat forcibly 'brought home' to me in Bombay, in December 1908, at the close of a lecture to a very sympathetic Indian audience, with an English High-Court Judge (he was an Irishman, by the way) in the chair.

The chairman summed up his impression in words to this effect:—

"We have had a very interesting lecture, to be sure, and have heard a great many quotations in remarkably fluent Sanskrit. The translation which the lecturer gave of these seemed certainly very striking. But...er...whether it was faithful or not is more than *I* can tell."

Quite so.

Now I fear I cannot obviate a difficulty of this kind without giving a strong colour of self-advertisement to this Preface. But since that is, after all, its very object, and there is no one else who can do me this service at present, I do not think any reader need complain. Once I am in for it, as well do the thing thoroughly (on the

principle of 'in for a penny in for a pound') and be rid of it once for all[1].

Here, then, are three fairly good 'posters.'

*　　*　　*　　*　　*　　*

a. Before publishing the first Edition of my Translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā,* I took the precaution of sending the MSS. to Pt. Gangānāth Jhā, M.A., who has filled the chair of Sanskrit in the University of Allahabad for the last eight years or so—the author of several translations including one of the *Chhāndogya Upanishad,* and collaborator of the well-known Dr, Thibaut in the editing of Sanskrit Texts. In his reply, dated July 20th 1908, he writes:

"Many thanks for the MSS. of your 'Gītā'. For a few days—perhaps months—I will not have the time or the energy requisite for going through the MSS. with the care that it deserves.

I have, however, looked into it in many places, and am glad to observe that while giving to your rendering a peculiar charm, you have been able to preserve what I may call *absolute literalness.* In fact in many places one cannot fail

1. Part of this prefatory matter will be reprinted as a separate pamphlet which may be sold or given to enquirers, thus altogether relieving me of the trouble of answering personal questions in future—a thing the true worker is always averse to.

to note that the absolute literalness of your renderings—specially of technical words and expressions—has been the means of bringing out the real purport of the text which generally gets lost in more 'idiomatic' translations.

Your 'Notes' are very valuable—specially from the standpoint of the mystic student, for whom I understand the work is primarily intended.

Your exposition of the Philosophy of the Gītā in its three departments appears to me to be clearer and more precise than that propounded by Madhusūdana and other commentators; though I hope you will admit that it was the 'departmentalisation' of the Gītā at the hands of these commentators that lent the clue to your own exposition..."

* * * * *

b. Pt. Gangānāth Jhā having never heard me lecture on the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, which I had not begun doing at that time, I required, for my present purpose, the opinion of some qualified person who had. I therefore wrote, only a few days back, to Pt. Mahādeva Shāstrī, B. A., M. R. A.S., Curator, Govt. Oriental Library, Mysore, who attended my lectures in that city in August, 1909. Mr. Mahādeva Shāstrī is the author of an excellent translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* with Shankara's Commentary, also of the *Taittirīya Upaniṣhad* with various Commentaries, and of several books on Vedānta, Social Reform on Vedic Lines, &c.

Some passages from my own letter had better first be quoted, as they state the difficulty in clearer terms than I have myself done here above.

"I want you to help me, as you are surely willing to do, by writing me a letter which I may publish with the Preface of my *Gospel of Life*, Vol. i, to reassure my English readers as to my translations and interpretations being acceptable to Sanskrit-knowing Hindus.

My books, you know, are intended to bring home to intelligent Europeans the beauty and *power* of the old Hindu Ideals of Religion and Life, which have been robbed of their vital vigour by the metaphysical quibbling of the Paṇḍits.

But, unless my work is commended by some Hindu Sanskrit scholars, there is a risk of my English reader shrugging his shoulders and saying, 'This is all very good indeed, but it is *not* Hinduism. It is the work of a Western mind, reading its own vigorous fancies into the dreamy metaphysics of the Orient.'

A few lines from you, as to my thorough at-one-ment with Aryan Ideals, my life as a Hindu ascetic among the Hindus, and the ever-growing popularity, among them, of my lectures, which has continued steadily increasing since my visit to Mysore;—also something as to your appreciation of the drift of my lectures—all this will help, more than you, perhaps, can understand, to bring home to my Western readers that this *is* the genuine Orient of the Rishis, and that our Western Civilisation has to understand this and to apply it to her own sore problems, and rouse the East to *remembrance*, besides. . . . . . ."

This is the reply, which I have just received:

MY DEAR BROTHER, *Mysore, 23 September, 1910.*

I have read several parts of your rhythmical translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, that oft-commented but ill-understood Scripture of the Hindus. I do not mean to flatter you when I say that this rendering and your lectures on the Teaching of the Gītā have deeply impressed me and my fellow-townsmen of light and leading. The simple brahmanical life you lead amongst us has shown that you mean what you say. Your rendering of the Gītā and your exposition of its teaching marks the spirit which should inspire a devout student who would learn all the wisdom imbedded in the Lord's Teaching, which was one protest against the erroneous notions of the Vedic Law that prevailed at the time.

Approached in that spirit alone, would the Gītā reveal the true Vedic Law which the Lord came down upon Earth to restore to humanity in its pristine purity. He found that the many distortions it had undergone and the incrustations that had gathered deep around it had blurred, blinded and darkened that Vehicle of the Spiritual Law and Wisdom, the Veda. Hence the protest not infrequently entered against the 'Vedas' of the time of the Lord's Avatāra, not only by Himself, but by many other wise sages of the time. This is why the scholastic commentators ancient or modern, trained as they have all been in the *systems* of their day, have failed to grasp the full meaning of the Gītā. My recent studies of the Vedic Law in its original uncontaminated sources, have confirmed the claims of the Gītā as a reiteration of the Vedic Law as it was

originally given by the Divine Teachers. But to recover a knowledge of that Law, one must study the Gītā, the Vedas and the Upanishads on the lines of your expositions. As a proof of this, I need only say that your exposition has brought out more of the Gītā's inner truth than one can gather from the mere scholastic commentaries and glosses now extant.

I hope your "Gospel of Life" will soon be published, and give us the benefit of your studies.

* * * *

c. The third 'poster' is a spontaneous testimony and valued benediction given, together with a presentation shawl, by the Shankarāchārya (Abbot) of the Kolhapur Maṭha (Monastery) where I was invited to lecture in August last (1910).

[Kolhapur Maṭha is the most sacred orthodox seat of learning in the South Mahratta Country. Up to a few years back, the Maṭha was a centre of extreme brahmanical conservatism and bigotry. But, under the strong personal influence of the present Mahārājā, (who quite naturally objected to seeing his House deprived of Vedic ceremonies by the local Brahmanical pope) it has altogether turned a new leaf and has, under the counsel of well-educated and liberal-minded advisers, one of whom is an F. R. C. S., initiated a frankly liberal

policy which, though it may lower its prestige in the eyes of bigots, is sure to bring it into favour with enlightened people all over the Land, and abroad as well. The present incumbent is a learned scholar, and has decided to devote a portion of the revenues of the Maṭha to free Vedāntic propaganda, both in India and in England and America, where lecturers are to be sent touring every year. The Maṭha edits a Review entitled *The Vedāntin.*]

(Seal)

The *Sansthan* (Lodge) of the Jagadguru Shrī Shankaracharya of the Karvir *Peeth* (See) is greatly pleased with the good work done by all branches of the Theosophical Society in instructing the Advaita teachings and in bringing the people of the West and the East in closer relations as desired by the original founders of the Society.

The Sansthan is also greatly satisfied with the deep study and impressive lectures of Mr. F. T. Brooks on the real spirit of Karma-Yoga for the good of humanity.

In appreciation of these the Sansthan presents him with a shawl and gives him all blessings for his future good work.

Karvir Math, (Signature and Seal).

16th August 1910.

The original of this peculiar document, in both Sanskrit and English, has been placed by

Mrs. Annie Besant in the Hall of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.

May it be an augury of the coming forth of orthodox Hinduism from its shell to take up, in the progress of the World, the active part which must belong to it if it would *live*.

And may other orthodoxies do likewise.

To these three items scores of private letters might be added. But enough of this.

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iii

A last and more pleasant duty remains, and that is to thank the Theosophical Society and its responsible authorities for the invaluable assistance which its organisation has rendered me. Without it, my life-work could not have been carried out successfully so far. It might not even have begun.

This is not the time or the place to enter into a defence of that sadly misunderstood Body. I may write a book on the subject from my own peculiar standpoint some day.

Suffice it here to say that those who profess that they like my work and object to the Theosophical Society and its methods, are not unlike the

man who approves of the wares but dislikes the shop, or approves of the fruits but objects to the tree that bears them. I am part of it, my work is of its work and my methods of its methods—if it can be said to have any hard and fast methods, which it hasn't.

Of course a vast body like that cannot be entirely composed of souls highly advanced on the way to Wisdom. Its very object would be defeated. Since it is intended to form a link between the outer world, with all its prejudices, and the inner Brotherhood of Spiritual Knowledge and Freedom, it must needs have members of all grades. A ladder without lower rungs would be useless. There are therefore somewhat foolish people in the Theosophical Society. Such are apt to make over-much of the personalities of their leaders, and unconsciously to ascribe their own prejudices and weaknesses to them. It is extremely regrettable that some few people of that type should, out of a warped, albeit honest, sense of reverence due to Mrs. Annie Besant, their President, have taken exception to my independent line of work. That they have woefully misunderstood her, the FOREWORD of this Book is enough to show.

I may here state as my humble contribution to the story of that noble woman's life, that I, while thoroughly at-one with her as regards the Principles and Ideals of Theosophy and the general interests of the Society, have for years maintained an attitude of complete and deliberate personal independence from her as regards my own special line of work and the whole of my inner life. Under these conditions she, whom some people, knowing her after their own fancies, would brand as an irresponsible psychic tyrant, has not only left me scot-free to co-operate with her after my own fashion in the upbuilding of this great Movement, but has even personally encouraged me in the independent course which I have chosen.

"I cannot call you my *Guru* in any special sense," I once said to her. "Your work has helped me in some ways, but others have helped me far more." And I instanced Edward Carpenter as 'person', and *Light on the Path*, the *Gītā* and the *Upanishads* as books. "These are my *Gurus*[1] out here," I said. "Delighted to hear it," she an-

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1. I might now add Tennyson, who has since proved to me an ever-growing source of inspiration—and wonder. See Index, and chiefly further Volumes

swered. "I admire Edward Carpenter immensely." And we shook hands over it.

Some will suggest that I might as well, in that case, have rendered *him* more formal tribute here. But *he* is past requiring it. I have never even seen him; nor have I troubled to write to him. He is much too close. Here is a small piece of his, which I reproduce without his permission (he may sue me for it if he likes.) It will explain my meaning to those who can understand.

THE BODY AND THE BOOK.

The chambers are all in order, all the doors stand open.
Enter Thou—this is the house that I have stored for thee among the rest:

To all that is here thou art welcome.
But for me ask not.
Once when the house was closed I dwelt here—a prisoner.
But now that it is open—all open—I have passed out,

Into the beautiful air, over the fields, over the world through a thousand homes—journeying with the wind—O so light and joyous,

Light and invisible,
I have passed, and my house is behind me.
Ask not for the prisoner, for he is not here;
Ask not for the free, for thou canst not find him.
Go back thou too and set thy house in order,
Open thy doors, let them stand wide for all to enter —

thy treasures, let the poorest take of them;
Then come thou forth to where I wait for thee[1].

(*Towards Democracy.*)

* * * * * *

As for Mrs. Annie Besant, President of the world-wide Theosophical Society in and through which this work is done, and to whom we may as well return, she has chosen as her own epitaph—none better—

"SHE TRIED TO FOLLOW TRUTH."

That will do for the front part of the urn in which her ashes will enjoy whatever rest is theirs to feel, the while *she* wings her way to further labours.

But for the back—out of sight—I, whom some wiseacres deem her enemy, might venture to suggest another. No one need see it.

And that is:

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

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1. Compare this with the dream-stanza on p. 1 of this Volume. I had never noticed the analogy till now. Had I been asked, I would have referred to *Gītā*, ii, 8; xiv, 24, and to the 'Hard Stone' of *Chho*, I, ii, 8; *Bṛho*, I, iii, 7, as possible sub-conscious sources. As said above, the stanza reached my brain ready-made.

A WORD TO THE READER.

These Essays are not intended to supersede the direct study of the BHAGAVAD-GITA, as commentaries, here in India, have but too often done. They are meant to encourage it. Hence the continual references, which punctuate almost every paragraph, are in reality far more important than my own lucubrations.

The reader will therefore do well to secure a copy of my *Translation* (2nd Edition) which is specially designed[1] as companion-book to this series of Essays, and to keep it always by him while he reads me. He will find that the special arrangement which repeats the chapter number in the outer corner of each page, with the numbers of the verses running down the margin in a column just under it, will, after a little practice, enable him to look up any reference literally 'in two seconds,' thus saving him many a precious moment in these increasingly busy days.

Besides, since my translation deliberately differs from others in many points—being specially written in the spirit to which these Essays seek to give expression—it is quite possible that, with

1. See *Bhagavad Gītā*, 2nd Edition, Foreword.

other translations (however valuable in their own way,) my references may occasionally seem irrelevant.

To make this clearer, let me exhume and quote a curious fragment of one of the several rejected 'beginnings', perpetrated some sixteen months ago. Well worth noting is the complete agreement between the second paragraph of Mrs. Besant's Foreword and what I clumsily tried to express here, especially in the 3rd and last paragraphs of this fragment.

A Word to the Reader.

Before we start together, you and I, upon this pilgrimage of Searching that may lead us God knows where, through God knows what adventures by the way, let me request you, friend Reader, to keep a copy of the Book[1] always beside you while you read me: for I shall continually be referring you to chapter and verse. To quote at length each verse referred to would be sinful waste. There will be thousands of them, though the Book holds only seven-hundred. For the same verse will be referred to again and again in various combinations; from various standpoints, too,—the same yet not the same[2].

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1. The BHAGAVAD-GITA is meant, of course.

2. The same is never twice the same, as you yourself, when you read it again, are never quite the same as when you read it first—else were you not *alive*, a growing Mind in the Great MIND.

I entreat you, do not read in haste and skip these references[1]. *They* are the gems: I but supply a piece of cotton thread—or is it silk?—to bind them with; at best a clever mounting to display. If *you* will ponder them aright, then shall they blossom as the deathless flowers of your mind, ive gems of Beauty. I but supply a sketch—a rough one—of *your* garden, a sort of clue to help *you* thread the maze. If *you* will not breathe into these old stanzas the life-breath of your own creative brooding, though you were able to recite them forwards, backwards and across both ways, they shall be less than *living* blades of grass to you, than vulgar *living* weeds. Better stow them away under a glass case in the nearest archæological museum, and go to market, yes, and learn to buy and sell (and not get cheated.)

For this is *ageless*[2], ever *living* Wisdom, Wisdom *to be lived*..or lost. Pray do not call it 'ancient', save in the sense that it necessarily has been of old, *mutatis mutandis*, what it is to-day[3]. Pray do not call it 'new'—'New' Thought, 'New' Theology,—save in the sense that it seems new to you.

Avyaya Yoga.

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1. My object, in sketching out these Essays, is not to enable you to dispense with the study of the Book *itself* and talk about it mighty fine, as if you knew. My object is to *help you study it yourself*, by mapping out (to some extent) the ground which *you* must tread, by dishing up before you, time and over and in various ways, the Food which *you yourselves* must swallow, ruminate, digest and make *your own*—none else can do it for you.

2. *avyaya-yoga* (iv, 1), an invariable method of Self-synthesis, Self-at-One-ment, applicable to all worlds, all ages, all conditions of life. 3. iv, 3.

(perhaps you had forgotten[1]); or that you—what you have made yourself—are new to it; or in the sense (far truer that It shall, if you can *live* It, make all things *new* for you. It is the ever-open Path to What man blindly longs for in his selfish gropings, his blindfold wanderings athwart the worlds. All Poetry, all Music that can stir the Soul-Depths, are of It—dim echoes of the Love-Call of *Sanatkumāra*, the Eternal Youth *in You*.

Moreover let me tell you that, for who can read aright, all I am going to say here, all I *can* say, is already embodied in my Translation. Every Translation—especially of a Book like this—embodies a commentary. It cannot but be so, for every trsnslation determines, i.e., *limits* the sense of the original in some way or other (or in several ways) at every step. A single Sanskrit word, for who understands it, has several shades of meaning[2], calls up a whole organic group

Concerning Translations.

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1. iv, 5.

2. Quite an amazing array of them, often, *pace* my ingenuous Western brother-theosophist who thinks he has gained something by substituting *ātmā*, *buddhi*, *manas* for 'self', 'spirit', 'mind' and all such-like 'imprecise' modern terms. A 'precise' language is a dead language, and Sanskrit was not 'dead' when those great Ancients wrote it.

Open a dictionary, say Apte's, which I use; and you will find for *ātman* not less than 17 meanings, ranging from 'self', 'soul', 'spirit', through 'mind', 'perception,' 'sense', 'character', 'temperament', down to the very '*body*' —the key to the whole riddle coming in as No. 2, to wit, that *ātman* is the Sanskrit for the reflexive pronoun '*self*', and can be used for anything with which one chooses to

of correlated thoughts. A single 'equivalent' English word does the same for the English-knowing reader. Of these many-branched ideas evoked, one or two, or more—but never *all*—may coincide on both sides.[1] Thus, even in the very best of cases, *something* of the complex orginal meaning is left out, and something *else* put in, something irrelevant suggested. Hence a deflection in sense.

When all is said, the best translator of a Sacred Book like this, is he who can best enter in his own way into the spirit of the original (or rather create that spirit in himself) without losing touch with the spirit of his own time, the

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identify oneself, soul, mind, body, feelings—including even one's own son (No. 13). Likewise *buddhi* shows an array of 10 meanings; *manas*, 12; *prāna*, 14; *linga*, 17; *kāma*, 10; *karman*, 13; *dharma*, 22: while *yoga* fairly beats the record with 38!

1. Let a, b, c, d, e, f, g, be the chief meanings of a given Sanskrit word. Suppose there are three English 'equivalents' to choose from, with meanings a, b, l, m; b, d, k, n; c, f, g, p, q respectively. All these English words are only *partly* equivalent to each other, and to the Sanskrit original, which may thus variously be translated *ab*(lm), *bd*(kn), *cfg*(pq) — meanings partly relevant (italicised), partly irrelevant (between brackets), none expressing more than three-sevenths of the complex original sense, of which one aspect, e, altogether escapes. The choice of this 'equivalent' rather than that, is determined by the general sense ascribed to the context (which no two minds can ever look at from precisely the same point of view) or it may be a matter of literary taste—in any case a question of idiosyncrasy.

needs and aspirations and difficulties of the men and women of his own day—or at least of some of them, since they are so diverse. He may thus cater for the spiritual need of his fellow-beings, so that his work partakes of the nature of Karma-Yoga—a line of business which our Book identifies with World-Service[1], and holds out as the key to both spiritual illumination[2] and true artistic efficiency[3].

No interpretation can ever be final. Every sincere attempt is to be welcomed by all who truly love Mankind, for it may help in opening up the Shining Ways for some—however few—who have as yet but dimly groped, or may have even thought there was no way.

I have now brought this Preface—or series of Prefaces—to a close.

I launch this little ship—the first of a flotilla—on the still somewhat uncertain seas of Modern India's mind, and may well trust it to the keeping of those Gods in Human Form Who once made India what she was, and will, I trust, lead her to be what she is called to be.



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1. iii, 19-26; iv, 7-15, etc.,

2. ii, 64, 65, 69, 71; iii, 7; iv, 37-39; x. 8-11; xviii, 68-71. 3. ii, 50.

TRANSLITERATION OF SANSKRIT TERMS.

I regret I have not found it possible, under present conditions, to secure complete uniformity. The following list will nevertheless be found fairly exhaustive.

a very short, like the *a* italicised in 'ball*a*st', or the *u* in 'but'.

ā or *â* long, like the *a* in 'far'.

i short, like the *i* in 'bit'.

ī or *î* long, like the *ee* in 'feet'.

u short, like the *u* in 'bull'.

ū or *û* long, like the *oo* in 'root'.

ṛ a sort of guttural vowel, which may originally have resembled the *u* in 'murder' (cf. *mṛtyu*). Raise the tongue-tip towards the roof of the palate and repeat the word 'raise' gradually separating the *r* from what follows: 'r....aise'. Then tackle *ṛṣhi* in the same way. (Variously pronounced in India to-day.)

o *always* long (whether found accented ō, ó, or not) like *oa* in 'boat'.

e always long (whether accented ē, é, è, ê, or not. It was to have been é invariably) like *a* in 'fate', or rather the French é in '*idée*'.

ay diphthong, long like the *i* in 'bite'.

au diphthong, long, like the *ow* in 'flower'.

kh distinct aspirate, as when *h* follows *k* in "Dic*k* *h*eld" pronounced continuously.

gh the same, as in "du*g* *h*im out."

ch as in 'rich', 'chat' etc..

chh the same, but harder, more explosive.

ñ (e. g. in *jñāna*) varies. Somewhere between *dnya*, *gnya*, and a sort of nasal *jya*.

ṭ, *ṭh*, *ḍ*, *ḍh*, *ṇ* 'cerebral' series, with the tongue-tip turned upwards, touching the palate.

t, *th*, *d*, *dh* much softer and more truly dental than in English. The hard English *d* and *t* in 'doctor' are more akin to the previous series. Pronounce with an Irish accent, the tongue-tip right against the teeth, or at least like the French *d* in 'Dieu'.

ṣh akin to the 'cerebral' series above. Some make it very harsh, almost like the Arabic *kh*.

No difficulty for the rest.

SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS USED IN REFERENCES.

BG	Bhagavad-Gītā.
*Kaṭh*o or *K*o	Kaṭha Upanishad.
*Ish*o	Isha (*isha*) Upanishad.
*Ke*o	Kena Upanishad.
*Prash*o	Prashna Upanishad.
*Muṇḍ*o	Muṇḍaka Upanishad.
*Taitt*o	Taittirīya Upanishad.
*Chh*o	Chhāndogya Upanishad.
*Bṛh*o, *Bṛ*o	Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upanishad.
*Shvet*o	Shvetāshvatara Upanishad.

(Where no initials occur, *BG* may be inferred.)

L.P.	*Light on the Path.*

Some well-known Bible abbreviations are used, e.g.

Matt.	Matthew (Gospel).
Mk.	Mark ”
I *Cor*, II *Cor*, 2 *Cor*	Paul's First and Second Epistle to the Corinthians.
Prov.	Book of Proverbs.



I flung a Stone into the Pond of Man,
And went my Way . . . while spread of waves began.
Though Stone to me—nay, mud to not a few—
If you can dive, that Stone is Gold for you.

The Voice of One Who scattered Stones.

The Gospel of Life.



INTRODUCTION.



THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA
AND
THE RISE OF A WORLD-SCRIPTURE.

WHOEVER has eyes to see, and uses them, can easily convince himself that a momentous crisis in Man's History is now at hand—a crisis never met in such a form before.

Man in the Melting-Pot.

For the first time since History began, for the first time, for all we know, since Earth's first peopling, all different countries, all most diverse races and peoples, carefully evolved through phases of separate experience till now[1], are being thrown together into one vast melting-pot, to wed or to war, to assimilate or to reject, to make exchange of

1. See further, "*East and West.*"

priceless gifts, or to fall victims to the two-horned devil of partiality, and run *amok* with pride and prejudice, and sow and reap the bitter fruit of SELF-denial—the denial of their own truer, greater Life.

Carefully, carefully, for more centuries than any might suspect, have the plans been maturing, the chances been calculated, the successive preliminary moves been made towards this great Event.

[For think you, Brother, Sister mine, that Mankind's mighty ship is managed without Captain or crew, steered over dark heaving seas, through narrow straits, round treacherous unseen rocks, without a trusty Pilot at the helm? Think you that a mad cargo of passengers, such as we at present are, could be led towards its glorious destiny at all, save by being kept in well-nigh total ignorance (at this stage) of what is being done for it? Can you not think that officers and crew may *have* to do their work (for some time yet) in almost utter secret, lest they be literally mobbed (as they have been, at times, when known) by frenzied, panic-stricken passengers[1]?]

1. See Note A, at the end of the Chapter.

An unprecedented state of affairs.

The merest glance at our hoary past—as known (a tiny fraction) in History, shadowed forth in old traditions, sensed in myth and legend, glimpsed by some few seers now and then—will be enough to show that the present state of things is unprecedented.

Whatever great and glorious Empires may once have flourished, never has there been such a ferment among the millions of Mankind the whole globe over. Whatever scientific secrets, unrecovered to this day, may have once been known to man; whatever powers, yet undreamed of in this our present cycle, may have been wielded in prehistoric races of which no outer trace remains, — those secrets, those powers belonged to the initiated few, were won by means beyond the reach of 'normal' man, or good, or evil. Whereas now it is the *masses* that are concerned— more and more millions year by year journeying over land and sea where few, if any, could venture a few brief centuries ago; more and more millions day by day reading—and slowly growing interested in—the news that comes from distant lands.

Means of instantaneous information, of incredibly swift communication—airships *(vimānas)*

clearly mentioned in old Indian Scriptures, moved by forces which modern Science has yet to rediscover,—all these, and more, may have belonged to man in ancient, now submerged, Atlantis. But railways, steamboats, telegraphs, airships . . . *and Democracy*; daily papers *for the million* with piping hot news from all parts of the Earth: surely *this* is a thing never known before since that far distant day when the souls of more than animal mankind first clothed themselves in earthly bodies on this globe of ours.

Historical Retrospect.

Leaving aside those vanished Ancient Races, and confining ourselves to History as universally known, what do we see throughout the past?

Humanity hopelessly, helplessly split up within itself by geographical distances, by well-nigh utter inability to move about and see and know. Kingdoms, groups of kingdoms, vast Empires flourishing on opposite sides of the globe and not even aware of each other's existence.

No doubt single individuals did travel immense distances now and then. From Europe to distant Asia, from Asia to Europe they did cross—a mighty *land*-journey. But who, on this side, knew

of the hoary Empire of the Incas and Aztecs,[1] and of its slowly waning glories? The "New World"—that name is enough to show that one-fourth or so of the habitable globe, with all the millions peopling it, and their languages and culture and antique traditions, were actually *non-existent* to the rest of us out here until they came to be 'discovered,' and were forthwith called "new". What would you think of the 'wholeness' of a man content to live without either knowledge or use of a fourth part of his body, and all the powers that belonged thereto[2]?

The scattered, severed limbs of MAN.

In short, insuperable barriers prevailed on every side, making all attempts at common organisation futile. A few might dream of Unity, might send forth winged thoughts of Love to all the millions beyond their reach and ken—Saviours They!—Yet what could They do but speak forth in the desert about what needs must be some day (their 'dream' its warranty) but might not be as yet. The scattered Body of Mankind *could not* be knit together. The time had not yet come. The means were lacking. Are they not being supplied?

1. Mexico and Peru. 2. See Note B, at the End of the Chapter.

A Survey, beginning with a Digression.

To grasp more clearly the momentous character of the times we are now living in, you and I, it will be necessary to survey in more precise detail the leading changes actually in progress, that mark the present off from all that went before.

Few, unfortunately, can sense History while in the making[1]; else should we have more confidence in the Hand that holds the Helm, and live more purposeful, less shallow lives than we do now. The small concerns in which we are entangled loom too large. We do not know how to stand back from our own lives as an artist from his work, and learn to see things in their true perspective, and catch the underlying drift of greater World-Movements in which our own small efforts are involved, as tiny eddies carried down some great, slow-moving stream. One-sidedness, partiality—the great disease, the inevitable cause, as we shall see[2], of all our sufferings. It is by this that our lives are poisoned, our minds deceived so that they cannot see aright, our hearts demented so that they hurl the venom-bearing shafts of hate at

1. Most people must needs wait until they read about it in their 'Text-Books' of some future birth—and mighty little will it help them to understand what will be going on around them *then*. 2. See part II, "WHOLENESS."

other kindred hearts, at brother-men in whom there is, if but we *wished to see*, quite as much that is worth loving as in us. Oh the sorrow of it, the wonder of it, the j o y of it that waits ahead, beyond where Man's Road bends! The Key to all Salvation known, held, given from all time, in the proverbs of all nations, in the teachings of all Scriptures, in the winged words of all poets, in the call of every Saviour to his brother-man! The Key, given a thousand times but hardly used as yet—the Key, before the user of which all frowning barriers collapse, all doors fly open of their own accord. What else is there to speak about, or write? Most people have that Key, or think they have it. It looks so simple that one never thinks of using it. "The 'Golden Mean'; the 'Middle Path'; the 'other side' of every shield; 'as others see us'—how hackneyed! . . . 'The mote and the beam,'—trite subject for a sermon! Of course we *know* all that. Have you nothing *new* to tell us?" Just like a crazy beggar rattling a box full of gold coins—the *sound* amuses him—while he waits starving at the baker's door but is too mad to know it. What humanity wants is not more wisdom, but a making public once again, in some form suited to the time, of that which lies already there, unused; a holding of it

aloft, a rattling of it aloft, that whoso sees may read and mark, that whoso hears may note and, mayhap, learn to *live*; a diving after some of the gold pebbles flung *en passant* into the miry Pond of Man by those who *live* past 'passing', pass and repass out here however oft They may; a rubbing of the mud off them—the mud of misconception, of complicated, elaborate, one-sided, theoretical theological, metaphysical, mummy-case mental misinterpretation, ever at work weaving its cocoon of glamour around the sleeping form of living Beauty, and turning Her into the semblance of some long dead archœological 'find' for schoolmen to ticket and label and put under a glass case in a museum and argue over to no *end* at all[1]; a dangling and a displaying of them once more in all their naked loveliness before the eyes of any who care to look .... and then—what better than to fling them in again, sheathed in new forms of words, for other mud to gather round them if it likes. *The gold is safe.*

I dived into the Pond of Man, felt round ...
 Embedded there in slimy mud I found
A small round Stone, and brought it up to light.
 "'T is mud!" they all declared—yet smile
  I might:

1. Note C.

For *Gold* I knew it well. I rubbed, and lo!
The thing began to shine. Some friends, who know
A good thing when they see it, said, "Rub on!"
For them I rubbed until the mud was gone.

And now I sheathe my Pebble in this purse
Of woven English words, or loose, or terse
As power grows . . . Ere I, too, pass beyond,
I fling it, purse and all, into the Pond.

The Survey resumed.

But let me not digress. What are those changes that are taking place—not in scientific or social prophecy-novels, however fascinating, but in this matter-of-fact world around us, in our own daily lives?

Their name is Legion. They affect life in all its aspects—Science, Religion, Commerce, Language (the Mediator), political and social Organisation—in each and all of these; and in the relation, too, of each to every other.

The double Master-Fact.

But, legion though they be, they all proceed from, hang upon, are pivoted upon a double Fact:

a. The 'flesh' begins to 'leave the bones,' to be transformed to living blood. *Humanity*, for the first time on a large scale, *begins to circulate* and intermingle.

b. Knowledge—*awareness* of the things that happen—begins to flash from point to point on subtle waves of ether, first channelled along definite conductors, then rippling on through trackless space. Humanity is developing a nervous system, and, at the back of that, a common pervasive medium of awareness[1]. Humanity is awaking from its agelong swoon, *is growing sentient.*

And this double Fact, thanks to which no aspect of life can ever again be quite the same as before, can ever be conditioned as it was in the Era that now closes; this double Fact thanks to which (so potent is it) Religion, Science, Language, political and social Organisation, Commerce—all of these,—and the relation of each to every other—are being altered, and altered once for all; this double Fact spells quite simply, practically, unspiritually (as you may think):

a. Railways, Steamboats, Motor-cars,—Airships next.

1. Of this there must be several grades, one behind the other, subtler and subtler; but they all hang together, correspond to each other, symbolise each other (as brain and nerve, and the subtler tracks of *consciousness*; heart and blood, and the subtler vehicles of *life.*) And if you ask me who has done most to bring telepathy within the field of practical politics, I answer unhesitatingly: "*Marconi.*"

b. The Post-Office ; Telegraph and Telephone, wire and wireless ; and the public Press that uses these, and caters.

Its bearing upom Human Life.

Now in what manner are all those varied aspects of life—taken more or less at random, mind you, for I do not pretend to be either exhaustive or systematic—in what manner are they altered—nay, revolutionized—by these painfully unpoetical, matter-of-fact modern innovations, against which we serene philosophers of the 'simple life' or lofty æsthetes of slow, deliberate motion are apt to grumble . . . though we do condescend—do we not—to use them on occasion ?

Let us glance at political and social[1] conditions

1. Social conditions have been crowded out of this hasty survey, but the same principle governs here. On every side the cards are being shuffled by the uprush of the new life-forces, so that barrier after barrier of *aloofness*, whether of race or caste or class, is breaking down. The nobleman for whom the commoner had to desert the sidewalk less than two centuries ago, the caste-man whose passage drove—and in many places still does drive, the pariah off the road—must needs rub shoulders in train and tramcar, in law-court and office-room, with commoner, with pariah. Painful tho' the clash may seem at first, out of every trial the gold (*true* gentility, *true* distinction, *true* godliness) at last emerges, purer, brighter than before. Meanwhile *awareness* slowly grows.

a. Political and social Conditions.

first. We have no room for detailed study, of course, but can sketch broad outlines. What does the past show us?

One Master Fact: Our present means of transit and communication *were not.*

Consequence: Peoples in mutual ignorance of each other. Hence lack of sympathy; instinctive distrust, easily fanned into hatred, towards all foreigners, even the people of the neighbouring town or province. Hence again *war*—even civil war—under the flimsiest pretext, or without pretext. Whoever could raise a sword and a purse, and shout "Who follows?—I lead!" might invade a kingdom. The purse might even be dispensed with where plunder was tolerably certain. And of course, though it seems a truism to say so, the difference between Great Wars and little wars was mainly one of . . . size[1].

1. Strange, that mankind should be instinctively inclined to admire, even worship, on a large scale that which it universally condemns on a small one. A man who, without rhyme or reason, lays whole countries waste and causes the death of millions, is a hero. A hungry beggar who purloins a loaf . . . would have been hanged less than two hundred years ago. *Now* he is *merely* locked up, so things are changing. But whether the new era of Commerce, which succeeds that of War, has altogether ousted the god

Now what made war possible? What makes it still possible—for a little while—but no longer everywhere?

I have already said it: *lack of sympathy*, which springs from *lack of knowledge*—lack of first-hand knowledge, implying *travel*; and of good second-hand knowledge, implying frequent, up-to-date *news*[1].

'Bigness' from his throne in the Heaven of Man's mind, seems doubtful when one sees how the 'not-to-be-too-closely-scanned' company-promoter who *succeeds* (the main thing) and gives good dinners and otherwise 'behaves himself,' is neither hanged nor yet locked up, but . . . very much 'at large' indeed. What is, after all, the 'god' of most people, but a *very immense man*, not a whit better than the rest? Nay, is he even expected to 'forgive' his 'enemies,' . . . as *we* seem to be?

1. The latter, indeed, made real by the former. Only he who has lived in a place can clearly sense, visualise, *realise* the news of it that reaches him. Places which we have neither seen ourselves, nor taken the trouble to get at least good second-hand information about through vivid descriptions, paintings, photographs,—such places have but the haziest existence in *our own* universe, and the most momentous events there happening have practically no significance *for us*. A cruel murder in a place unknown hardly affects us when we read of it. The *same* murder next door, where we have been to tea, or in a place which we know well—a place of our *mental presence*, thrills us with horror. What if it were actually to occur before our eyes? Would it not

In other terms, sympathy is a matter of *nearness*, and nearness is a matter of hours and minutes, not miles. When it took three days to reach London from Paris, Paris was nearly twelve times as far from London as it is now. When it took six months to reach Calcutta from London, Calcutta was twelve times as far from London as it is now. A place to which you can travel fast and easily, is *near;* a place from which news comes often enough to form a more or less continuous chain of interest, from which it travels fast enough not to get stale in transit and taste of 'something old' when ladled out—that place is *near*[1].

Imagine the news of the Messina earthquake taking three weeks to reach London—as it would have done some fifty years ago, in the days of that other great Lisbon earthquake—and you can hear

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haunt us for a life-time? The thing is the *same*, nevertheless, in every case; but its nearness to *us* makes all the difference.

Contact with visitors *from* a distant place, when not mere isolated instances as in the past, also helps immensely. Surendranath Banerji, at the Press Conference, brought India and her aspirations nearer 'home' to many an English heart and mind.

1. Logically, a place, however 'distant,' which it takes *no time* to reach, is '*here*'. Time and space are inseparate notions. They appear together and vanish together.

the "Just fancy, how sad!... Last month, you say?... Poor people! What a hardship it must *have been*!" Thus the good housewife at breakfast (italics *ours*). News three weeks old, as tragic as you like, reads almost like a passage from a History primer. But let the cataclysm of the early morning hours, two thousand miles away, flash upon us over our breakfast cups five hours later, and the whole thing is real, is *driven home*: the sickly rocking of the houses, the panic-stricken flight, the burning ruins. *Our own* house mentally tumbles into ruin about us; thrill of sickly horror runs through us. *We* are ruined, destitute, fleeing half-naked through that grisly dawn from God knows what imagined greater horror than what *has* befallen. *We* are buried in the awful dark, *our* legs crushed under fallen masonry, a fearful agony, *our* life ebbing slowly out in long-drawn throbs of pain. And so that earthquake sent a not less real mind and heart-quake through the whole civilised world, and made the peoples feel a little closer to each other than before[1].

1. And fancy a lot of good folk looking for the *reason* of it backwards, trying to find out the cause in the 'dead' past, when the glory of it all, the cause of it, the Destiny of it is ever looming up ahead, beckoning, beckoning unto new heavens and a new earth. "Why was the man born blind?" Read the Master's answer aright, and *look ahead* and dry

And *on what nerves* did that thrill travel, inducing in response spontaneous gifts from well-nigh all the world? . . .

The Dawn of World-wide Peace.

The Dawn of world-wide Peace is drawing nigh. The area of clear, connected consciousness[1], of international *awareness*, within which great wars are becoming *impossible* (small ones having long been out of question there) is slowly, steadily expanding. International organisations, religious, scientific, educational, political, social, financial[2], are springing up on every side; great congresses are drawing men and women of all countries together for common work with common aims. International visits, given and

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your tears and shout for joy, for all the good that happens, fraught with blessing, and all the evil too, with the burning, healing balm of painful retribution following, all happens for the sake o His Glory that shall at last hatch out of it.

1. *i.e.*, (I repeat it) of constant voyage to and fro, of instantaneous news-transmission, and of mutual trade-relationships adding their immense weight of self-interested motive to the slowly growing spontaneous inner pressure of sympathy, born of mutual international acquaintance. (See Notes D and E).

2. Investments in foreign countries are increasing—one of the strongest checks to war.

returned by individual rulers[1], as well as by collective, democratic bodies, political, social, literary, etc., ... are multiplying year by year. After one or two abortive attempts at the formation of an international language, the steady progress of 'Esperanto' bids fair to carry everything before it. A spiritual vernacular, this—spiritual in its very nature, for it unites where all others divide. All these unitary impulses, carried along throbbing arteries of rail and water-ways, flashing from land to land along intricate nerves of wire, or without them[2],—are they not unmistakeable dawn-signs of a new Era when mutual acquaintance, peaceful rivalry, commerce, industrial enterprise, and a clearer perception than ever before of common interests, with a network of international associations paralysing destructive action in every field and making mutual co-operation in all important matters certain, must take the place of isolation, ignorance and war.

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1. The part played with such admirable tact and skill by our own King-Emperor in this respect need scarcely be alluded to.

2. Or calling ships from all points of the compass to the rescue of a vessel in distress which might, a few short years ago, have foundered with all on board, unhelped, unknown from sheer *lack of awareness*, and that within two hours' reach of half a dozen other ships.

Let war-scares come—as well they may for yet a while,—let a few dozen 'Dreadnoughts' be built, even though each may absorb enough to tide a Province over an average famine. The signs of Dawn are with us: the cock *has* crowed—what matter if the shadows seem to darken for a while? None who has seen the signs and heard the call can be deceived.

As a matter of fact all these armaments are only a natural after-effect of the nightmare which the Nations are awaking from, a sort of *hysterêsis*[1]. They are not intended to break the Peace, but, on the contrary, to guard against some other nation breaking it, against the still possible (however unlikely) contingency of some irresponsible ruler hurling a nation against others in war, and throwing further back the Day of universal Peace.

But will any modern nation, bound by ever-multiplying links[2] to sister-nations, *consent* to be so hurled? What can a ruler, however irresponsible, do, when his people, like other peoples, are gradually being born into responsibility and will

1. Owing to the inertia of things, a given phenomenon will persist, or even continue to increase, for some time after the phenomenon which cancels it has begun to operate.

2. Note E.

stand no more nonsense? Has not a ruler been recently disowned, snubbed like any petulant school-boy by his whole people, for no worse crime than having tried to meddle in international politics on his own account?

Be this as it may, it is the love of peace[1], not the lust for war, that is invoked in favour of these truly 'final' armaments[2].

Besides, the greater the power for war, the more remote its use. Things are coming to

War slain by War-Power.

such a pass with us, that the very means of war are killing war. When the means were rapiers and flintlocks (and war was, as seen above, with people into whose life and thought one never dreamt of entering) war was practically endemic. But with airships and high explosives,—the power, say, to blow up . . . Blitzville within an hour on a summer dawn . . . *Who* wants to blow up Blitzville now?

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1. Or rather, the fear of war.

2. That is why a man like Mr. W. T. Stead, whose whole life is devoted to the cause of international Peace, nevertheless approves of these latter-day armaments as a sort of final precaution, not to be relaxed until the day of possible contingencies is past. Meanwhile let those who wish for better things work unremittingly for *loka-sangraha*— "world-synthesis" (*BG.* iii, 20, 25.)

Who wants to have a million corpses lying about *next door*, where we have been to tea day before yesterday, and our uncle with his family happens to be spending a fortnight? And, look you, civilisation doesn't want corpses lying about anyhow. It objects to corpses lying about within reach at all; and very few places—fewer and fewer—are 'out of reach' nowadays. Also corpses, hitherto, were not produced quicker than they could be disposed of. They were not produced by fewer men than could dispose of them. With the new inventions, *freely used*, they would assuredly be so produced. Hence, since they *must not* be so produced, the inventions shall not be freely used. In other terms, the means tend to stultify the end.

Some people propose to condition the use of these over-perfect means by international Law. That is making war a sport, like Association Football, where you may hit with one part of a limb, not with another.[1] But if the British conscience

1. Besides, *Law* is for the keeping of Peace, national Law for the keeping of national peace, international Law . . . How can *Law* have anything to do with *war*, which has always been man's one recourse where Law (for lack of organisation) breaks down? Organise better and extend Law, and *war goes.* War tempered with charity, ambulances and the nursing of the wounded foe, cannot last a century.

will not have dogs and horses killed in sport, no more will it have men (and women and children, for high explosives make no nice distinctions—why should they?) so killed. Has it not suppressed duelling altogether? Other countries must surely follow suit—unless they happen to precede. In France, duelling has become a farce. In Germany it is still an institution — but not for long. War must either be honest, downright, 'knock-me-down-if-you-can' war, the attempt to conquer or destroy by all available means — or *it must cease to be. The means of destruction are becoming too effective for use*; and, since resisted conquest involves their use, conquest must not be attempted on a civilised country with such means at her disposal. As for 'uncivilised' countries, the supply of these is running short. If only airships—still better, aeroplanes—and submarines could soon be made quite reliable, it would mean an immense and immediate relief to the armament-burdened nations, for these scientific war-tools are wonderfully cheap when compared with 'Dreadnoughts' and huge standing armies; and being manned by a mere handful of clever men, they would set whole armies free for peaceful work. National 'defence' will in the future be entrusted

to a picked body of aeronautic and naval engineers, and its means of destruction will be so efficient hatt no nation will dream of attacking another.[1]

From the Era of War to the Era of Commerce —a swift shifting of the scenes on the World-stage.

Commerce and War.

While the grim spectre of War stalked abroad throughout 'civilised' humanity, Commerce played second fiddle—a very poor second indeed. Wealth was at the mercy of the strong; kings plundered bankers to make war. But now, with the amazing development of invention applied to means of transport as well as of production, and with the growing rarity of war throughout the rapidly expanding connected area, Commerce has thriven so well, that its enormously fat ghost, that fights with elbow-push and slays by squeezing (per-

1. It is curious to note how, among more or less primitive peoples, being armed with the power to kill conduces to greater dignity and self-restraint. Unarmed common people quarrel and squabble and insult each other at every turn. But let the same people be armed, let an insult mean possible death at short notice, and they will either not quarrel, or see to it that they have good reasons for doing so. Now, really *good* reasons for *international* quarrelling (with the consequences) are not to be found to-day. Arbitration is a good deal cheaper.

fection is a long way off, as yet, though each step counts,) threatens to sit upon the 'grim spectre' of War, and stifle him out of existence altogether. It is not rulers that have the power to bring on war nowadays, it is financiers. But they would be the last to do so, having nothing to gain by war (within that ever-growing area,) and everything to lose. Far away on the outskirts of the connected area, in Eastern Asia, in South Africa, war has been lately raging. Where it has raged it is not likely to rage again. The 'Near East[1]' is quite as far away—practically further: further from civilisation than South Africa, further even than China with Japan ablaze with vital energy next door. But how long can this last? Two or three generations of education and industrial progress will bring all save the very lowest races into line. The railway-tentacle of civilisation is feeling its way slowly through, as pollen-tube through pistil-stem to where the undeveloped ovum lurks.

The Racial Question.

But here a shadow looms ahead, terrible, darkening the future—the race-question. Perhaps we had better say the *colour* question. Happily, most of these awful questions, that make man tremble

1. Asia-Minor, Persia. But see Note G.

for the future, prove but hollow bogeys when you poke them with a truly pertinent finger. Where was race-prejudice when Surendranath Banerji[1] showed those very editors who had been most strenuously reviling him, and the public for whom they catered, that he could behave as sensibly and smile as genially as any, and speak incomparably better English than most? Obstacles to progress are at worst *mental* phantoms, *prejudices*; and difficulties that loom insuperable before one generation of men, vanish into thin mist before their grandchildren. Experience is always the 'pertinent finger' that pricks the bubble, and Experience is on the war-path, nowadays

I was climbing up a mountain path,
With many things to do,—
Important business of my own,
and other people's too;
When I ran against a *prejudice*
That quite shut out the view.

My work was such as couldn't wait,
My path quite clearly showed;
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load,—
And there that hulking *prejudice*
Sat, all across the road.

1. who is described as a 'rather dark-skinned' Hindu.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high;
I begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by.
He smiled,—but as for moving,
He didn't even try.

So then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short, no other path,
The mountain-winds were cool.
I argued like a Solomon—
He sat there like a fool.

And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obstinate ill-will;
As well implore the Monument
To vacate Bunker-Hill.

So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe;
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking low . . .
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair—
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—

And *I walked directly through him*
As if he wasn't there[1].

Language:—"BABEL"

In the world-wide realm of thought interpretation[2], the fast-waning era that slips behind us shows the same separative tendency at work as in all other departments of human life. India, with its two or three hundred vernaculars, offers an exceptionally rich field for its study. As one travels from province to province, and finds each time a new barrier between oneself and the common people; as one finds different terms used for the commonest objects, objects of household

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1. Quoted in "*Obstacles to Spiritual Progress*," by Lilian Edger, who confesses to ignorance of its authorship. It is certainly excellent, not less certainly American, presumably 'New-Thought,' possibly (?) Ella W. Wilcox. I shall be thankful to whoever communicates the name of the author. F. T. B. Adyar, Madras, India.

2. Speech is a mode of action. Action—gesture and the rest—expresses thought and feeling, and in its turn evokes thought and feeling. Of course complex ideas require a system of common conventions, mutually understood. Such a system is a *language*, whether vocally uttered or not. Speech is not of the mouth only, but of the eye, the hand, the whole body. Deaf-and-dumb language is speech, writing is speech, art is speech, flower-language is speech, symbolism is Speech.

use all over the country; as one finds the clear-cut, vigorous *Devanāgarī* character giving way in the East to the elegant twists and twirls of the Bengali with its minute intricacies, merely dropping its roof-bar on the other side to form the Gujerati script; as one finds the children of the same town having to master *three* such entirely distinct scripts as Devanāgarī Hindī, Semitic Urdū, and English; as one finds the same Sanskrit works transcribed into several different provincial scripts, so that a number of different editions of the *same text*, say the *Bhagavad Gītā*, in Devanāgarī, Bengalī, and (Tamilian) Grantha characters respectively[1] would be required for it to reach all for whom it is intended; as one sees how the *foreign* English tongue is the one thing that saves the Tamil Hindu from wandering a total stranger in *his own* sacred Kāshī[2], and saves the Hindustanī from the same fantastic fate at Rāmeshwaram[3],—how can one help wondering *why*? *Why* have people, of their own free choice, imposed upon themselves, upon their common interests, their common life, the patent disadvantage

1. Not to speak of Telugu and Canarese and the rest. Many people, who know Sanskrit, can only read and write it in their own vernacular characters. 2. Benares.

3. A sacred place in the extreme South of India.

of so many bars to intercommunication[1]?

The reason lies in human nature. It may be summed up in the one Scripture-word 'BABEL.'

The sons of Man, the story goes, started to build a tower reaching up to heaven. God soon laid a curse upon them, so that they all began to speak in different tongues. To the Mason calling for bricks, his apprentice would bring a pot of water; when he called for water, a new trowel was fetched. *Co-operation ceasing*, the whole work fell into confusion and the sublime attempt ended in dismal failure.

The Tower of Man.

This legend carries us back to those prehistoric races spoken of, in the heyday of which Mankind *was organised*, and may have even hoped to reach its Goal without a fall. But it was organised as a mass of weak, unthinking, irresponsible units, knit and held together merely by the know-

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ledge and will of a few strong Souls—the Demi-Gods and Heroes spoken of above. Now this was not what Mankind's glorious Destiny demanded, and still demands. It wants a voluntary union of strong, free units, a spontaneous co-operation of all men;—solidarity, understood as the one Law of Cosmic Life and deliberately adopted as their common basis of social and political organisation by free-willed, responsible men and women. The same thing — in outer appearance—and yet so different!

Of course this Solidarity, in the mass of Mankind, will not be established on its true, everlasting, vital, spiritual Basis for ages yet to come. Units, and small groups of units, may reach that standpoint meanwhile[1], and thus be 'saved'. But before the Race gets there, the building of the mighty Tower—the Making of Man[2]—will have to be resumed again and again through co-operation induced by lower, yet gradually broadening considerations of self-interest. It will have to be interrupted time after time to make way,

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1. And impose it more or less upon the masses through their personal influence and example, and by appeal to lower motives of co-operation where higher ones would fail. (*BG.*, iii, 25,26).

2. *Tennyson*, p. 627, quoted further on.

ultimately, for better and still better things as Humanity slowly rises, stage by stage, in the scale of Life. Each successive 'higher' standpoint, short of pure and simple LOVE, forms but an insecure basis, yet has to be *tested*. Work though it may for a while, the '*Asurās*' soon 'wound it with sin'[1], and what seemed at first purely a means of union becomes a new pretext for splitting up. This brings on suffering, and an instinctive groping towards a higher standpoint.

In the prehistoric past, the standpoint was purely emotional. The Sages showed their power, played upon the feelings of the child-souls entrusted to Their charge, aroused their reverence and devotion and led them to co-operate easily, thoughtlessly, automatically. Well, so far. Whatever has thus once been vicariously built remains and waits, an unseen type and model; and men can have no peace or rest until they of their own accord rebuild as high—nay, *higher*. Meanwhile, when Destiny's clock-tower struck the hour for the unfoldment of man's mental power, people began to ask "why" and "why not"; reverence gave way to questioning, questioning to criticism; obedience began to seem irksome. The tendency to

1. *Chho*. I, ii., *Brho*. I, iii.

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Earth's sundered peoples into closer and closer communion day by day. And now it finds itself hampered at every step by the barriers which itself set up of old. Hence, after thousands of centuries spent in devising all those endless dialects, it now devises means of tunnelling right through their multitudinous compartments, and linking up again what it has sundered. Till recently, the attempt seems to have been to see whether some one existent language could prevail over the rest, for reasons. Latin as the language of erudition; French, of diplomacy; English, of travel and commerce,[1] have had each its trial. The last-named has now far outstripped its rivals, but presents almost insuperable difficulties to the student belonging to the Latin and other alien races, and can hardly be expected to make much headway, say, in South America (a far from negligible field of future human development.) That is why a new synthetic language, Esperanto, has now entered the field, and is making wonder-

1. English has to its credit the signal service of having first reduced the 'Babel' curse in India, and given at least the educated classes a chance of joining heads and hearts and hands, and working together throughout the country. Its difficulty alone prevents its further spread.

fully rapid progress.[1] It has none of the drawbacks of the complex languages formed by slow popular evolution and accretion. Its grammar may be mastered in an hour. A few weeks' study will enable the average student to write it with perfect correctness. Its very facility makes it the *friend* of all established languages: it needs so little brain-space that the dullest can without effort find accommodation for it side by side with his own mother-speech. Borrowing its roots from a variety of living tongues, it neither fosters the pride nor wounds the susceptibilities of any nation. Its very name is pregnant with the *hope*[2] of better things and easier times for harassed, nightmare-ridden

1. See Note E.

2. "Esperanto" means "the Language of Hope, the hoping, or hopeful tongue."

Æsthetic people may object to Esperanto—as to railways. It *may* not be 'artistic'. *If* so, that is because no Artist has yet used it. To call it 'artificial' means nothing. All *language* is artificial, natural though *sound* may be.

As far as I can see, the *power* of a language—its *māntric* value—lies in its *roots*, more or less *permanently* associated with certain Ideas or World-Powers, *not* in the ever-shifting inflections and complicated terminals stuck on. Now the *roots* of Esperanto are by no means new. They are borrowed, with a view to simplicity and easiness, from a number of already existent languages. Whatever evocative power they possessed in these, they have not lost in

man. It sounds the death-knell of the Babel-Era that now closes.

Religion.

All these contemporary topics may well seem to you irrelevant—and of Religion we have said nothing yet. What on earth can all these 'signs of the times', whether in the *Review of Reviews* or out of it, have to do with the *Bhagavad Gītā?*

Everything, as the Book itself will tell you. The 'World-at-One-ment' or 'World-Redemption' which it speaks of[1] is precisely, in its specific application to the human race, that Synthesis of Mankind of which a certain phase, now coming on, (are not the Dawn-signs patent ?) concerns us as no other ever can, since we are ourselves involved in it and may be factors in it *if we will.*

Esperanto. Take for instance the one Esperanto word that occurs in our extract, Note E : *samideanoj*. *Sam* is an old Sanskrit friend, (Latin *cum*)—a *mantra* if ever there were one. *Idea* is Greek enough in all conscience. Why should it feel more ashamed of being borrowed by Esperanto to-day than by English, French and others day-before-yesterday ? *Oj* (pron. *oi*) is a plural termination. I can't say I have studied Esperanto—*just yet* (I am going to)—but I think I understand *samideanoj*. Greetings to them !

1. The Sanskrit term used is *lōka-sangrahah*, the grasping together, the 'holding together' the 'welding together' of the 'peoples' (*lōka*) iii, 20, 25.

What of Religion?—*re-ligio,* the 'binding back', the 'linking up' of Man in That Which lies behind, within, beneath, above him. Like all the rest of Man, Religion has been mercilessly crucified, degraded, severed part from part and limb from limb. That which should link up all men in God has mostly been another means, the chiefest and most cruel means, perhaps, of parting man from man. It is the one department of human life which, taking into account more worlds than one, and not content therefore to sunder body from body and heart from heart, has dared conceive the everlasting sundering of soul from soul, of soul from God! Truly a 'binding *back*', a 'holding back'—*retro-ligio,* not *re-ligio*—the holding back of men from their Inheritance, from their destined organic Union in the greater MAN.[1]

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1. Tennyson is reported by his son as saying that he "would rather know that he was to be lost eternally than not know that the whole human race was to live eternally."

"One day towards the end of his life he bade me look into the Revised Version and see how the Revisers had translated the passage 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' His disappointment was keen when he found that the translators had not altered 'everlasting' into 'æonian', or some such word, for he never would believe that Christ could preach 'everlasting' punishment."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.—A Memoir, by His Son.

And what may this woeful state of things be due to? What else *can* it be due to, than the double reason given out with so much emphasis above: lack of circulating life-blood, lack of sense-transmitting nerves. Disorganisation—the helpless, scattered Limbs of Osiris.

More about Stone-throwing.

Have you ever thrown a stone into a pond—into one of those moss-grown country ponds which you surely must have noticed more than once, its whole surface overspread with minute vegetation, a continuous, unbroken bright green carpet spread out over a seeming-solid, level floor? If you have never done so, it may be worth your while to stroll out into the country on a holiday, and try.

What happens when the stone falls in? A sudden space is cleared, the surface-growth flung back for a short distance on all sides, so that you gaze into the depths beneath—to *you* a very pit of darkness, clear though the waters may be, because of the overshadowing surface-growth all round. Look well for a few moments, and think. On all sides, around, the green carpet lies outspread as before, the surface-life which a moment ago seemed all-in-all, the riot of green verdure triumphant in the sunshine. But something seems to give its

boast the lie, just now; for the
where your stone splashed in
remains, an entrance into my
into that deep, calm, fluid
surface-greenness draws its s
may now be understood to
Did you not catch the tremor
ing, just after your stone fell
a moment and subsided, and
But did they not shake the
just enough to prove its seem
to make you realise the p
clear waters underneath it
again now, rigid, immoveable a
darkness to remind you, an e
half-inviting, half-forbidding,
on the gay green carpet all ar
remember... Did not the rip
surface? Is not the clear,
standing witness of what has

Stroll away for half an
come back and look again. Th
carpet riots in the sunshine
seeming that you are tempt
walk across. *The hole has v*
moment you had thrown th

growth, disturbed a moment, had begun to shuffle its way back imperceptibly, slowly yet relentlessly, returning to its former equilibrium through a whole series of minute counter-shoves that have now ended in neutralising, to all outward appearance, the one great shove your stone imparted. Yet, though the surface-life may congratulate itself on its success, and riot in greener, brighter colour-frenzy in the sunbeams than before, all is not as it was. The Stone, a Witness of what has been done, a living *Influence* (well may we drop our 'materials' here, — with thanks, since they have served their turn) waits there in the Dark, below. Side by side with earlier Ones (and into what wonderful Pattern combined ?) it waits secure, lighting up with fitful gleams of Mystery the shadow-shrouded under-side of that riotous green surface-growth. And meantime, here above, the very shove it gave in passing through, the endless counter-shoves of re-adjustment following,—all these have altered, strengthened the relationship of all the tiny leaves thus rudely shoved against each other, so that they are slightly better linked up than before, ready to transmit the next big shove further afield, to clear a somewhat broader space when the next Stone falls in.

And so a time must come at last; a time is coming—coming *soon*, glad voices whisper—when the linking-up shall be complete throughout the length and breadth of this Pond's surface[1], when no rift of total discontinuity, no bar to the immediate passing-on of an organic Impulse from the Root-Base of Humanity, shall subsist between either Faiths or Nations. Till now, the coming of a Saviour, of a World-Teacher, could at best drive back the weeds and clear a space around Him while He flashed through this our surface-plane of Life. For years, or few or many as *we* count, such a godlike One might live and move among His Father's wayward children, might exert an overwhelming influence over all (spiritual clods excepted) whom an overmastering destiny

1. All the individual tiny leaves will not be linked up yet, of course—not for a long, long time. But those that cannot be linked up, from lack of power to respond, will be caught in the meshes of the network formed by those that are, and thus affected. Worldliness, fickleness, absorption in the outer things of life and in its joys and sorrows, these must still sway the minds of most for many an age to come. But widespread groundless superstition, totally unfounded collective beliefs and prejudices, the religious and political insanity of millions at a time, bigotry, war—*these* will have become impossible. These are the noxious weeds that will be thrown up athwart the banks to dry when the next Great Stone splashes in.

brought into direct touch with Him. And then He would *pass on* without His Teaching having spread even a hundred miles beyond the area made holy by the treading of His sacred Feet. No sooner was His Radiant Power withdrawn, than the weeds would either close in mercilessly on all sides, and choke from out the surface every vestige of His Passing; or else, if His Impulse *did* spread abroad after irreparable delays in overcoming all their frantic efforts to obstruct and stay, would treacherously entwine themselves around it, would disguise and mask it past all knowing, and let it loose upon the world a very curse to man, a *weed-religion*, a seething tidal wave of persecuting, conquering fanaticism—or, more insidious still, a life-withering blight of argumentative dogmatic conceit and self-righteous, self-centred intellectual bigotry, scattering far and wide under His Name the very evils He came forth to combat[1]. Whereas *now* .... well, yes—railways and telegraphs and the rest. Quite simple.

And so it is no longer possible that anything of real value should once more fail to reach *all* those whom it concerns, wherever they may happen to

1. iv, 6-8, where *ātmānam sṛjāmi aham* (7, 4th line) literally means 'I fling Myself forth.'

be scattered. A Christ, a Buddha cannot come again, and work and teach and . . . pass away while thousands who are thirsting for His Message die, under the curse of distance, quite as thirsty as they lived; while others, cursed by time, receive, after the lapse of centuries, a message filtered through so many intervening minds and mouths as to be well-nigh past knowing by the very Messenger who sent it forth.

The Herald of a Greater One.

The Theosophical Movement[1] has been called by Annie Besant "the John-the-Baptist of the coming Christ." Yet what has it done but take up and carry on, in the higher regions of human intellect and spiritual aspiration, the impulse of organic upbuild-

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1. Whereby is meant, not merely the Theosophical Society, but that world-wide spontaneous spiritual *movement* of which the Theosophical Society is simply the most systematically organised expression—the Movement to which belong all present-day thinkers and writers and speakers, and readers and listeners as well, to whom the ideal of Unity at the back of all diversity appeals; who would fain see harmony established between warring interests, religious, political, social, racial, not by conquest and the extermination of all parties save one, but by mutual understanding through the discovery of deeper *common* Interests at the back of the more superficial ones that clash. Every kind-hearted, broad-minded man and woman of to-day has a share in the Theosophical Movement.

ing represented on this matter-plane[1] by the intricate and ever growing nexus of international communion by water, rail and wire? Well may the whole gigantic process *together* be called the Precursor of the Saviour, MAN—just as the gradual building up, in the womb, of tissues, nerve and blood tracks, bones and viscera, followed by the higher emotional plexuses and brain centres, each in its own good time, is the sure precursor of a Soul's incarnation. Are not the ways of the Lord being made ready, the sundering chasms of mutual ignorance filled in, the beetling cliffs of prejudice smoothed down[2]?

The whole work of preparation has been steadily pushed on, for more years—nay, centuries—than any of us suspects, each successive higher phase appearing in due time, when previous ones had paved the way for it. We, Theosophists, look back with thanks (and right we are, too,) to our own special pioneers, H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, and sense and reverence, under some *name* or other, the Power of the MAN *to be*, that urged them from behind, sustained, inspired them in the building-up out of the rubbish of the past (and gold as well) of

1. Which is of course a *mind*-plane, like every other, but plays the part of *matter* to the *minds* involved in it.

2. *Isai*, xl, 3-5; *Matt*, iii, 1-3.

something in His greater Body. But what of the Gutenbergs and Newtons and Fultons and Stephensons and Edisons and Crookeses and Curies and Marconis and Zeppelins and Wilbur Wrights[2]? Is the building of a bone, or a sinew, or a blood-vessel, or a nerve-cell handing on news fore and aft, less essential to the Tenant than that of a group of higher, thinking, metaphysical brain-cells? How helpless would the latter be if the former were not there to express, not *them*, but the living Soul that uses them as its controlling mechanism! Would they not be as a motor without car or launch or anything to work upon—a motor chewing empty air? As a matter of fact, things always begin from below, the highest taking up its station last. Wheels and car that shall be moved; then the motor duly fitted in its place; next, the driver, in the seat of control, who brings it to the house-door where the Lord for whom the whole thing is—whose Wish caused it to be, whose Presence brooded over it at every stage, determining, by whose Power it was built—steps in at last. First the scattered limbs, the various parts of material Man under construction, nations, races, all apart; second, an organic nexus of the same material humanity,

2. See Note F.

fed and vivified by rail and water-way vessels and long distance wire nerves, and by local telephone and other plexuses ; next, a corresponding organisation of higher, synthetic brain and heart-cells offering themselves to be controlled by the one Spirit of the Whole; the deliberate, intelligent use of rail and wire and all material synthetic appliances for the creation of a synthetic spiritual atmosphere, of a common *yearning* ;— the body gathered, ready, expectant, awaiting Him without Whom it has neither purpose nor meaning ; the Call to which the Saviour is an Answer.

Rorate cœli desuper
Et nubes pluant Justum[1].

The Coming Religion...

Whatever the Religion of the next Advent may be, one thing we can be certain of about it— namely, that it shall not be a sectarian religion, whether of fanatical, destructive inclusiveness like Christianity and Islām, or of fanatical, contemptuous exclusiveness like formal Hinduism and Judaism, or of self-righteous, argumentative, metaphysical complacency like Buddhism[2]. The time for these is

1. See Note A.

2. I here refer merely to the degenarate aspects of those great Religions. Their Ideals are safe.

over, now. The conditions of geographical apartness and mutual ignorance, in which alone they could be born and fostered on a large scale, exist no more. The coming World-Religion will not add to our perplexities a fresh set of dogmas striving to upset the old ones. It will not denounce as false the great Scriptures of all previous faiths. Rather will it sift from them all unitary, permanent *essentials*[1], all truly spiritual food, all data of past

1. ". . he who honours his own creed and blames all other creeds out of reverence for his own creed, thinking, 'I promote thereby the interests of my own creed', however, acting thus, injures his own creed exceedingly . . . . . . And to those who adhere to this or to that faith it must be said: 'The Beloved of the Gods thinks not so much of gifts and honours as of what?—That an *increase of essentials* may take place among men of all creeds, and a large one'."

(*An Edict of King Ashōka.*)

"My Lord, the spirit of reconciliation is in the air. The people of this country belong to diverse creeds—but why should we bring such diversities, with their acute angularities, into the region of political and social life? Amidst all diversities of creeds, there is one Religion penetrating all, the aim of which is to produce good men; and whenever and wherever good men meet with an honest desire to know one another, they soon find out that the things they have in common, which make for lasting friendship, are more than the mere externals which divide them."

(*Mahārāja of Darbhanga—Viceroy's Council—Budget Speech, 1907.*)

experience concerning the linking-up of Man with That Which lies beyond him,—and place the whole at the disposal of whoever can digest and assimilate. It will certainly not seek to impose a common stereotyped ritual or rule of living upon all. Rather will it openly recognize the need for difference, the beauty of difference, the inevitable Law of Difference, both in the multitudinous divergent Self-expression of the One in the many, and in the multitudinous, from-every-side-convergent paths whereby the many seek the One[1].

. . and its Scripture.

Hence the Scripture of the coming World-Religion will deliberately include all that is best in the Scriptures of all ancient faiths; all that makes for the transformation of separate, selfish man into the Son of MAN, at-one; all that hints at the 'coming of the Kingdom here on Earth,' and bids us work therefor; all past records of vital mystic experience; all holy, healthy ethics of self-sacrifice, which is the one true means of Self-upbuilding.

The BHAGAVAD-GITA.

Now in the whole vast field of Hindu Scripture there is no fragment more universally revered than the BHAGAVAD-GITA. It is accepted, both as a text-book of

1. iv, 11.

devotion and as a storehouse of metaphysical lore, by followers of the most diverse sects. The few who lay no store by it, simply fight shy of the *person* 'Kṛṣhṇa' regarded as an incarnation of the *separate* god 'Viṣhṇu'. Yet the most elementary straight reading of the Book suffices to show the foolishness of that position. The God of the GITA is the One Universal GOD, than whom *no other is* at all, at all[1]. Viṣhṇu is but one of His myriad Names[2], which means, 'the All-Pervading One[3]; Shiva[4] is another, Allah another, and so on. The Divine Incarnation is not an embodiment in human form of some particular godling, but an unveiling of the One Father's Presence in a totally surrendered

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1. That is why, in spite of the mild protest of a few well-meaning Vaiṣhṇava friends, I have been systematically indifferent as to *what* 'gods' happened to be represented in the woodcuts used as chapter-endings in my BHAGAVAD GITA (Sk-Eng. edn.). Chapter i. fitly opens with the Divine Child Kṛṣhṇa playing the mystic flute, and ends as fitly with Subrahmania or Skanda (x, 24), the war-god ; while Chapter xviii ends with the dancing Shiva, or 'Naṭesha'. Various forms of Shiva, Viṣhṇu, Kṛṣhṇa, Rāma, fall in between.

The universality of the God-ideal in the *Gītā* appears clearly in iv, 33-39 ; v, 25 ; vi, 27-32 ; vii, 5-7, 8-12; viii, 22 ; ix, 4, 8-11, 15-19, 22-29 ; x, 2, 4, 8-12, 15-17, 20, 39-42 ; etc., etc .... passages too numerous to be quoted.

2. x, 39-42. 3. x, 21. 4. x, 23.

human Heart, the boundless Cosmic LIGHT-LIFE-LOVE focussed in a separate Form that we may gradually learn to sense and worship IT[1], the Unmanifest *to us* 'made manifest' while still Unmanifest as ever[2], the Supreme Sacrifice[3].

A World-Scripture.

Not only does the BHAGAVAD-GITA fulfil every condition needed for becoming a National Scripture of India, a link between her many scattered sects, a priceless asset of the national Life to be: It is pre-eminently a Scripture of the future World-Religion, a gift of India's glorious past to the moulding of the still more glorious future of Mankind. To think to hold it back is futile now: *it has gone forth.* Let Indians only see to it that they are not outstripped by the Barbarians of the West in the vital understanding, in the consistent practice of the *live yôga* of their own ancient *Rishis.* To understand and practise *this* means Mastery, means Power—the one indisputable Mastery of perfect Service, the irresistible Power which alone the practical Mystic—the *yogī* after Shrī Kṛshṇa's heart—can wield on Earth. When *he* appears,

1. xiv, 27.

2. vii, 24, 25; ix, 4. "None has seen the Father.. He that sees Me sees the Father." 3. viii, 4.



things change and mould themselves. That which seemed distant past all reach, looms near; what seemed impossible, is done. He welcomes equally support and opposition: *both help.* Acting out here in this our world of parted forms, he draws his motive-power from a deeper Realm where no apartness is. Nothing can bribe or daunt or sway him from his chosen Path. Life is an avenue unto it, and death a door. Humanity needs *him* as it needs nothing else. He is the fulcrum around which nations and races, spurning the slower, winding path of normal progress, can swing themselves from a backward position of equilibrium[1] into the very vanguard of the human Race. *He* is the subject of the BHAGAVAD-GITA. The one object of that Scripture is not to prove or argue or gratify, but to herald *him* and quicken him to birth *in us.*

1. The *tāmasic* stability of blind conservatism, racial, social, religious.

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NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION.

NOTE A (p. 2.).

"*Almost* in secret," I have said. Not quite. There have been times, when Man was younger, more pliable, the madness *through which he grows to strength at last* not so developed. The officers would in those days come forth and mix more freely with the more childlike passengers, and organise sports and pastimes for them, and give them 'Laws' that they might play their games and romp about and grow without *too much* injury to one another.

And so we find in every old tradition clear traces of a time when the 'Gods' walked with men, when Demigods and Heroes openly taught their early Arts to ancient peoples, when Sages could live their own natural[1], normal lives, and teach whom They found worthy,—all this within the ken, within the reach of men at large,—and not

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1. *BG.* iii, 33.

be murdered[1].

Even when that period of early security was over, They never left Themselves wholly without Their Witnesses, whatever the risks might be—risks not to Themselves, of course, but to us, in the world out here,—risks to Their Task with us.

For what think you one body more or less can matter to the Man who lives past 'life' and 'death'?—But woe to them who persecute and slay One who embodies in Himself their own Immortal

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1. Or driven into secrecy again as they now would surely be, if known, by self-chosen, half-crazy disciples (the more unfit the more tenacious) who would of course insist

> On being taught forthwith to fly,
> Or being 'told the reason why';

or pounced upon and 'vivisected' at every turn by the ubiquitous reporter or, far worse, by self-appointed scientific committees

> Without whose dread 'Report'—as all can see—
> No work of Nature has a right to be.

Just imagine the Pilot having to submit to being experimented upon under 'test' conditions by a troop of bumptious (meaning 'with bumps'—nothing worse) scientific babies, with supercilious spectacles and awe-inspiring note-books, who would probably want Him to let go the helm and run the Ship on to a rock, just to *prove* that He *was* steering it at all . . . what right had He, besides?

Far, far, the days when Mankind shall know its Pilot. Yet they *shall* come.

Destiny. They surely slay *themselves*, cut themselves off, shut themselves out, cast themselves back (if only for a time) from It.[1]

But then why show Themselves at all, why run (or rather make *us* run) such risks?

Because this is a Ship that differs in more ways than one from those other ships we sail upon. Let no comparison be driven *à outrance*. Imagine a Ship that is alive—the *whole* of her—steel, timber, mineral, vegetable, animal cargo, passengers, crew and Officers, the *whole* evolving, ever slowly shifting—ship into cargo, cargo into passengers, passengers into crew and officers[2] —while the outer shape itself is slowly altering, continually growing, evolving through an unbroken series of æonian transformations[3] .

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1. *BG*. iii, 32 ; *Chho*, Peace-Chant, and I, ii, 7, 8 ; *Isho*, 3.

2. The Ship Herself recruited from the Sea on which she sails ; the Officers, at the other end, vanishing into the Great Unknown beyond (*Katho* i, 20-22 ; ii, 6)—drafted away, perhaps, to other, new ships waiting somewhere to be manned—or to what godly destinies, God only can tell . . . to who can hear Him speak.

3. Shall not the whole Ship some day quit her Ocean cradle to soar aloft and sail over lands and seas unknown before? Shall she not plunge into the hidden Depths

The point is that *unbroken continuity has to be safeguarded throughout the scale,* while undue stress at any point must be avoided. Hence revelation and concealment *both* enforced. A sending forth and a holding back by the same All-loving Hand (*BG.* ix, 19), all in good time (iv, 7, 8) and with consummate skill (ii, 50).

But what of *our own* time?—Is not the cry now ringing forth in many lands, in many tongues *Rorate cœli desuper, et Nubes pluant Justum!*[1].

———o———

NOTE B (p. 5.).

And that certain special powers do belong to individual continents in virtue of the peculiar nature of their soil and atmosphere—and of who knows what unseen factors at the back —seems pretty certain when one observes the rapid evolution, in a perfectly definite direction, of the mixed population now being imported into North America. Upon all the most diverse imported heredities alike is stamped, superimposed within a couple of

beneath? Shall she not, later, learn to breathe a subtler and yet subtler Air, and navigate all cosmic Spaces?

1. "Ye Heavens! give your Dew to Earth, and let the clouds rain forth the Just!"—a well-known Christian anthem.

generations at most, a totally new set of characteristics, dominating all, altering the whole perspective of the man, features and temperament alike, and marking out the type of a new Race.

——o——

NOTE C (p. 8.).

Can you imagine the foolishness, the woeful misuse of intellectual (ultimately divine) power involved in arguing, in trying to out-argue rivals, about what They Who know It speak of thus[1] :

'Whence words fall back and speech falls back,
Both baffled, having failed to reach—
That Bliss of BRAHMA once perceived,
No fear from aught can come to Man.'

Taitto II, iv, ix.

How then about the fear . . . of being out-argued?

Perhaps you think I am but another bird of the same ilk, and that I am going to try and argue you out of your several mental holes into some pet hole of my own. Who can say? At any rate I have no wish to do so, and shall try hard *not to.* Fain would I be a showman of good things to *you* who wish to see, and not a rancid theologian. Fain would I that every Christian worthy of the

1. See further, on '*moksha*' or '*mukti*', Vol. II.

name should understand that there is SOMETHING at the back of other creeds as well as his, before which he may as well—if he claims to be a gentleman—take off his hat in reverence and thank God for having made His Glory shine forth there. Fain would I, with Ashoka, remind the so-called 'man of God' who stalks abroad distributing with the same hand (O sacrilege!) the holy Gospel of PEACE AND GOOD WILL TO MAN and a set of vermin-booklets raking up the droppings of another faith (is his own what it might be?) that "He reviles his own faith grievously who thinks to prop it by reviling that of others." And I would that every spiritual-minded son of India should in his turn take off his shoes and learn to bow in reverence to the divine GURU of the West as to a Mighty One who lived the life of deepest *Yôga* aud *knew and taught* under circumstances of well-nigh overwhelming difficulty, and offered up one of the most perfect bodies ever born, in sacrifice, towards the spread amongst more active, practical, *material* races, of that Ageless Wisdom which was well-nigh dying out in this its agelong Indian Home through being subtilised and argued out of all contact with actual *life*.

———o———

NOTE D (p. 18.).

Sympathy is a matter of healthy *knowledge*, of *mutual, free* acquaintance—nothing else. I will repeat a thing like this until I weary you. Why does an English conscience revolt against the slaughter of dogs for food, as in China, or of horses for sport, as in the bull-fights of Spain? Because, through constant association with those particular four-footed companions, a sense of close acquaintanceship, mutual indebtedness has been evolved, has become part and parcel of the national consciousness. But a child with a pet lamb feels quite as much for it as any sportsman for a horse or dog.

I had a landlord once, in a small place near Brussels, who ate chicken willingly enough (I am a vegetarian) as long as he was sure he hadn't seen the creature alive. But if he found out that his wife had killed a member of her own wee poultry-yard (three hens and an old rooster were all that remained of it when I arrived,) he wouldn't touch a morsel. Any creature he had seen alive stuck in his throat. More so if he had fed it.

Of course there is another sort of 'close' acquaintance that can hardly be called 'mutual'. Still less can it be called 'healthy'. I mean that

of the cattle-ranch, the slaughter-house, the vivisection-table. Cruelty, whatever it may mean to its victim, makes a far worse victim of the perpetrator himself. *It deprives him by degrees of the very power to feel.* A heart in which the natural response of sympathy has been systematically stifled, as a hindrance to the work in hand, gradually loses the power to respond at all. How can a 'heart of stone' vibrate in answer to the chord of Joy?

There are various other kinds of relationship, some of them very close indeed—far closer than the parties may believe,— yet all imperfect for want of *actual* mutuality, of the sense of obligation on both sides, and therefore not *immediately* conducive to sympathy. Take for instance that of the refined, superior good lady with the people of the slums whom she benevolently succours; that of the pure South India caste-man with the tottering old Pariah woman who must get off the road to let him pass, nearly tumbling down the steep bank as she does so; that of the employer of 'sweated' labour to the 'hands' he is confident of replacing as soon as they break down; that of the unsympathetic foreign administrator, however painstaking, with the people entrusted to his

charge, to whom his lofty self would be ashamed to *owe* anything, whatever he may feel duty-bound to *do* for them[1]. The BHAGAVAD-GITA bases all healthy relationship on *mutual* sacrifice (iii, 11, 13). The politically insane murderer in London the other day unwittingly carved out a symbol of our future common History when he sacrificed together an Englishman who wished Indians well and an Indian who gave his life to save him. Once the World-current sets towards greater, fuller, more synthetic Life, whoever helps, helps on— all thanks to him ;—whoever thinks to hinder can but hasten (iv, 8).

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1. Essential mutuality is there, of course, and has its way in the long run. But the working of the Great Law is always remedial. The good lady, *when she is worth the lesson*, will have a taste of slum-life and of the blessings of 'superior' charity; the Brahmin, *when he is worth the lesson*, will be born a Pariah, and may perhaps achieve great things, against tremendous odds, for the uplifting of his fellows from within—witness the achievements of certain negro reformers in America. And so on. *Kārmic* reaction always brings on the healing of the gaps in character that made wrong action inevitable under the circumstances.

———o———

NOTE E (p. 20).

For the student who wishes to keep track of the manifold synthetic impulses now at work, a periodical like Mr. W. T. Stead's REVIEW OF REVIEWS, which surveys events more or less in the mass, and merges the bewildering detail of daily news into broader and more sweeping outlines, is of inestimable service. The REVIEW OF REVIEWS itself is somewhat of a live jungle (it can hardly be otherwise); and to find what one wants in it requires a little training. But the Editorial and the humble monthly page on "*Languages and Letter-Writing*"[1] should on no account be missed.

Here are a few extracts from the two most recent numbers, May and June 1909, which I happen to have at hand. A is from the Editorial of the June N°; B and C are from "*Languages and Letter-Writing*" of the May and June N^os^ respectively. See how every line bears upon our subject: *the Battle of the Synthesis of Man*[2].

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1. The title has now been changed to "*Esperanto*".

2. *BG*. iii, 20, 25, where *lōka-sangrahah*, may be literally translated, "the synthesis of Humanity", "the Holding together of the Peoples," "the *welding together of the Races*." See next Chapter.

A.

This month is to be one of picnics and pageants. The first British party, in the shape of a posse of Labour M.P.'s, has already started on a tour through Germany. Late in the month the most remarkable group of Christian bishops and ministers of religion, with a few Jews added to remind them of the origins of their faith, will leave England to return the visit which the German pastors paid to this country last year. A deputation from the London County Council is visiting Nancy, also on a return visit. The Burgomaster of Berlin and several councillors have been in London as the guests of the Lord Mayor. The journalists of the Empire, who have been invited to spend a fortnight in the Homeland, are already arriving in town, and no effort will be spared to make them welcome. They are the articulate spokesmen of Greater Britain.

The chemists of the world held a great International Congress last week in London. There are 3,000 of them gathered together from all countries of the civilised world. Five hundred arrived from Germany in a special steamer, 500 came from France, 130 from Italy, 100 from the States, and 100 from Austria. China and Japan each sent three representatives. The polyglot assembly printed its proceedings in four languages—English, French, German and Italian. How much simpler it would be if everybody learned Esperanto! To the ordinary man in the street, chemists, from being mere makers of stinks, have come to be the magicians of the modern world. Who can tell how soon one of these 3,000 spectacled priests of the crucible and hierophants of the laboratory will make some discovery that may revolutionise an industry or destroy a civilisation? These

descendants of the Alchemist may present us, if not with the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone, yet with some very effective substitutes for both. When the chemist invented Vril in Lytton's "Coming Race", war ceased because a child with a small staff could annihilate an army. The chemists are on the track of Vril, and when they get a little nearer, the aëroplane will give them a lift, and mankind will either have to abjure war or go back to savagery, when chemists will be smelt out like witches and slain without mercy.

Apart from the international visits of Members of Parliament and Municipalities, special mention should be made of the admirable work done by the International Visits Association which last year visited Norway and this year will visit Holland. The organiser of this excellent association, Miss F. M. Butlin, of Old Headington, Oxford, has conceived the happy notion of making the annual trip to the Continent a means of studying the institutions, literature, and manners and customs of the country visited. The programme for the visit to the Hague, August 27th-September 3rd, includes lectures on the History of Holland, its government and institutions, its social movements, and its literature and art. The report of the papers read last year in Norway gives one an amazing impression as to the range and scope of this admirable scheme, and I cordially commend the Dutch trip to any readers who may be hesitating as to where to spend their summer holiday. Another development of international visits is promised this summer in the shape of a party of Russian teachers who are coming to London to study our educational system. We hope that everyone, from the Government downwards, will endeavour to give these

pioneers from Muscovy a hearty welcome. This would be a practical method of showing that the Anglo-Russian *entente* is more than a mere political *rapprochement*.

B

The Japanese have two Esperanto magazines. The non-official one, which has hitherto been sent out lithographed, will in the future be printed from type, for the labour of autographing is now too great, as the little magazine is sent to so many countries. Included in the April number is a pathetic little note by Mr. Hikosaka, the editor. In it he tells of his hearing, during the Japanese-Russian War, from the soldiers on both sides, that they had no wish to fight each other; and when afterwards he returned home, he determined to form a "League of Hearts," for he thought it is the souls of men which make them men, and these are the same under whatsoever fleshly guise they appear, or whether they follow the doctrines of Christ or Buddha or Mahomed. Then he heard of Esperantism, and recognised that in its international spirit and language it would help him to fulfil his purpose, so he learnt Esperanto and commenced his magazine; and now he calls upon *samideanoj* in all lands for help in his "League of Hearts."

There has recently been held in Santiago a Pan-American Scientific Congress, presided over by M. Lisboa, the Brazilian Minister, and attended by various members of the American Governments. One of the resolutions was to the effect that Esperanto being of special interest to America from a political and commercial point of view, and because it can largely contribute to the welfare of mankind, the first Pan-American Science Congress recommends the adoption of Esperanto as a neutral international language,

and desires to see a place reserved for it in the curriculum of American schools. The Congress petitions the Government of the United States to realise under its auspices this desire of the Congress of Science.

The annual general meeting of the British Esperanto Association takes place on May 29th at Leeds; the fifth International Congress at Barcelona, September 5th to 11th.

C.

Preparations for the next International Congress are going on apace. It will take place this year at Barcelona in the month of September, instead of August as usual, on account of the heat. The tickets cost ten francs, and it is to be hoped that Esperantists who are not yet sure of going will take tickets, as this is one way of supplying the funds needed by the organisers. As regards the programme outside the imperative business meetings, the more important details are already settled. It is usual to choose for the special theatrical performance a piece well known to the natives of the country in which the Congress takes place. ....Forty-one various themes and prizes are proposed; the prize given by the King and Queen of Spain will be for a monograph upon the Spanish painters. Thus the Congress will be attractive for non-Esperantists who have never been to Spain. It is hoped that a ship will be chartered for those who would like an extended tour *viâ* Gibraltar. The London-Brighton and Paris-Lyons railways are preparing to issue tickets at a little more than half-price.

A little French boy of fifteen came over to London during his Easter holiday to find out whether English boys would correspond with French boys, and was much distres-

sed to find out how little Esperanto is taught in our schools. He himself had started several groups among Paris schoolboys, the centre being the Lycée Henri Quatre, of which he is a pupil. But the French are altogether more advanced than we. The inspectors in several districts have discovered the uselessness of attempting to teach a foreign language to the normal Board School boy in the short time available, and so in more than one district—Lille for instance—Esperanto is a compulsory subject in the schools.

A party of working men who know no French have just gone over to Paris—the whole of the preliminary correspondence being conducted in Esperanto.

NOTE F. (pp. 33, 45)

"*The Mystery of Modern Science*" would form a most fascinating subject for an Essay. I cannot deal with it for lack of time and books of reference, being always on the move[1]. The fact is that the progress of Science during the last five centuries or so is as great and inexplicable a miracle as any claimed as prop by formal faith. Only the other day I was reading an article in a popular illustrated Monthly, in which the author, patently guiltless of any 'occult' or 'mystic' associations, nevertheless drew attention to the strange way in which discovery after discovery seemed to be *hanging in*

1. *The Mystery of Modern Poetry* I have already lectured on, and shall make a booklet of as soon as time permits.

the air, and was searched for and hit upon at or about the same time by often three or four discoverers working in total ignorance of one another in different lands. This is equally true of mathematical methods, such as Integral Calculus, needed to facilitate the working out of mechanical problems, of practical mechanical appliances such as the steam-engine and all that came of it, and of actual discoveries such as those of the X-Rays and of Radium.

The hypothesis of hidden guiding Hands of Wisdom behind the veil, managing the progress of humanity as systematically as of old, though in a more guarded and delicate fashion, is certainly not the most unlikely that may be suggested. The main obstacle to its adoption is . . . our own conceit. An invisible, wise Presence seeking a sensitive and well-trained brain through which to filter some new idea into the outer world of men, and making simultaneous experiments with three or four picked subjects in different lands, with the workings of whose minds he could invisibly associate himself in their moments of scientific meditation, so as to stimulate and help to mould their thoughts in a given direction, would undoubtedly produce the effect mentioned above.

In connection with this, and with what has been said in previous Notes as to the Secret Guides of Humanity, and Saviourship, the following passage from the *Yôga-Vāsishṭha* may be of interest. The *Rishi* Vasishṭha speaks (italics ours) :—

"On what occasion was this Science delivered to thee, O Sage, by the Self-Born ?" asked Rāma.

Vasishṭha answered : "From That wherein Rest and Motion are as one, which is the Inextinguishable Light within all Jīvas, whose nature is best named 'Expanse of Consciousness'—from that Being arose Vishṇu in the beginning, as a wave on the surface of the ocean. Then from the Lotus-Heart of Vishṇu, pollened with thick-crowding stars, was born the Parameshṭhin[1], knower of Scripture and of Scripture-meaning, encircled by the Gods and ancient Rishis. And He sent forth all this Creation from within His Mind. In this country of Bhārata Varsha, in a corner of the continent of Jambudvīpa, He placed races of men beset with pains and losses, mental and physical. Then, beholding all their wretchedness, a great compassion rose within His Mind, as in a parent's at the sight of children in distress. Pondering how they might find release, He called into existence Tapas, Dharma, Dāna, Satya[2], and the holy places of pilgrimage and worship. But he saw again that these were not enough, and that Release, that highest happiness which is named Nirvāṇa, cannot come except from perfect Knowledge. Then *He evolved Me from His Mind*, and I, appearing from somewhere, like small wavelet on the crest of ocean-billow, stood before Him, humble and obedient. He bade Me take my seat on the northern petal of

1. Brahmâ. 2. Asceticism, Religion, Charity and Truthfulness.

the Lotus whereon He was resting, and then said: '*My Son*, let thy mind forsake its Peace for a brief while, and gain experience of Ignorance, Avidyā, and its consequence of restlessness.' With this behest in guise of curse, I lost the memory of my pure, stainless inner Spirit-nature, and gave place in My mind instead to pain, and sorrow, and disturbance, and the knowledge of Samsāra. Then Brahmā said to Me: 'Ask Me, My Son, the remedy for thy pains, and I will tell thee, so that thou wilt be unhappy nevermore.' And I asked of Him and was taught. And then he bade me go *as embodiment of His Knowledge*, and teach the Jīvas of this Bhārata Varṣha that required such teaching, and were fit to receive it by Vairāgya and Vichāra. And so *I sit in my place while this creation lasts, doing the duty that was given to me by the Creator*.

"And as He sent Me forth, *so has He sent forth other Riṣhis too*, Sanatkumāra, Nārada, and many others. So, *when the happy times of Kṛita-yuga passed away*, the times when all were virtuous, and each knew and discharged his duties to all others, then these Riṣhis made partition of the common Earth into many lands and many countries, and appointed Kings to rule in them, that ordinances might be well observed, and laws and limits fail not. And *many sciences*, of Smṛiti and of Yajña, and of other things, for the achieving of Dharma and of Kāma, *were given out by them*.

"Then as the wheel of time rolled further onwards, and deeper degeneracy came, and men began ever to step beyond the bounds set for them, and gave way more and more to hunger and to lust, inclemencies of weather, sufferings from heat and cold, *rivalry and wars and the subjection of man to man*, and the artifice of wealth with its inseparable conse-

quence of poverty came on them, and distinctions of property arose, and penal laws and punishment followed, and monarchs found it more and more impossible to rule their subjects without engaging in wars with other monarchs. And *great despondency and weariness came on these kings*, and *they were like to fail in their great work of government. Then we, the Rishis appointed for this purpose, first unfolded unto them these stores of Knowledge*, teaching them to understand *the nature and the end of all creation*, and *see their duties and discharge them with the clear eye and strong heart of true Insight.* And, for the Science was first given unto kings, it has come down under the name of Rāja-Vidyā Rāja-Guhya[1]. Thou too shalt learn it, and so fit thyself for thy great duties[2].

(*Yoga Vāsiṣhṭha.* Condensed from the *Mumukshu Prakaraṇa* by 'A Hindu Student'. *Theosophical Review*, Vol. XXV, p. 347.)

NOTE G. (p. 25)

Since writing the above, things have been taking an unexpected turn in Persia—in the right direction, of course. The dreaded revolutionists have triumphed and ... shown themselves more civilized than the very Government they were attacking. Thus in one country after another, does the Era of Peace assert itself. Only in parts of Africa, and in Arabia, does the war-flame still flicker fitfully. A few years hence, it will have flickered out.

1. The very terms used in BG, ix, 2, line 1
2. Cf. BG, iii, 20; iv, 15.

PART I.

SERVICE

॥ कुर्वन्नेवेह कर्माणि
जिजीविषेच्छतꣳ समाः ॥

"Let Man, at work e'en here on Earth,
A hundred Æons wish to live."

Îshôpanishad, 2.

PREFATORY NOTE TO CHAPTER I.

(*Subsequently added*)

This Chapter was written much earlier than the rest of the book, and forms but a crude and partial skeleton-outline, altogether leaving out one most essential item—*vairāgya*[1]. The idea, at the time, was to supply merely a few links (almost meaningless by themselves,) leaving the real message to be conveyed by the verses referred to[2], so that the reader might be forced to refer continually to the Text, the individual study and meditation of which it was—and is—my object to promote. It was subsequently borne in upon me that this somewhat cryptic mode of treatment might give rise to misunderstandings in the mind of the superficial reader who, of course, *will*

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1. As to which, see INDEX; also further, in this Note. See also my separate Booklet, '*The Holy War*,' in which the subject of this first brief Essay will be found treated more at length. See also '*Kurukshetra*' since published.

2. This method will be pre-eminently resorted to in the Notes accompanying my translations of the Upanishads, now in course of preparation—Notes of which the chief characteristics will be extreme conciseness, and a praiseworthy self-effacement in favour of the sacred Text itself, of which one passage will be, wherever possible, explained by mere reference to some other passage, or to a string of selected passages which, read together, are designed to suggest an explanatory train of thought. It goes without saying that the *Upanishads* are not intended for the 'superficial reader' spoken of below.

not take trouble, and on whom, therefore, a salutary prescription like the one just referred to is altogether wasted—nay, for whom it may even be mischievous, as one part of the ingredients may prove positively harmful without the rest which he will not take the trouble to gather for himself on the Hillside where it grows. Hence the fuller mode of treatment adopted in the later Essays of this Book, in which whole verses, even, are quoted and literally translated, so that the reader need not *constantly* refer to the Text itself in order to form some connected idea of the subject.

Moreover, this Chapter was written exclusively with a view to refuting the one standing error[1] of pseudo-spirituality—namely, its traditional aloofness from the practical concerns of Life—an error which most students of the Bhagavad-Gītā and the Upaniṣhads have hitherto sought to justify both in the practice of their lives, and by strange roundabout misinterpretations, altogether veiling the true, vital, organic spirit of those wonderful, most ancient Teachings which Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, in the Gītā, merely reproclaims[2].

But I now[3] happen to be finishing the last Chapter in Calcutta, (the first half of the book having already gone through the press,) and I find that a quite opposite, and most unfortunate error seems to be prevalent in some circles here—to wit,

1. An error far antedating even Shrī Kṛṣhṇa's time—whence the loss of true Yōga to the world, which He laments in iv, 1-3.

2. iv, 1-3, 15; iii, 20; ix, 2 [with which compare the Yoga Vāsiṣhṭha, quoted above, p. 70].

3. February, 1910.

that the Gītā may be interpreted in such a manner as to justify the performance of violent, destructive deeds, wrought in a spirit of complete moral indifference, regardless of consequences, against whoever and whatever—person or Government—honestly seems to one to be in the wrong. A most dangerous doctrine, to be sure, and which might fully justify, on the part of any self-respecting Government, a systematic attempt at total obliteration of this jewel of Wisdom and Poetry, and this, in a spirit of *complete moral indifference* (to the religious feelings of the people, and *regardless of the ultimate consequences*, to humanity, of such a loss. In short the Gītā, misread in this way, justifies the destruction of the Gītā itself[1].

What the Gītā has to say of action undertaken regardless of consequences, will be found in verse xviii, 25, which needs no comment.

For a detailed discussion of the various more or less symbolic passages susceptible of being misinterpreted in this peculiar ultra-modern way, there is obviously no room in this mere Note. I must therefore refer the reader to a separate booklet which I am preparing, under the title "*The Holy War.*"

One point, however, may here be dealt with in fewest words: The oppressed Hindus are the righteous Pāṇḍavas, and the foreign Rulers of

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1. For it stands to reason that a Government, however imperfect, which would not honestly consider that criminal deeds, subversive of its rule, are *wrong*, might as well commit suicide—which would be quite against the organic, vital, progressive Teaching of the Bhagavad-Gītā (xviii, 48).

the Land are the evil Kauravas, *tasmād yuddhyāsva Bhārata*, "Therefore fight thou, Scion of Bharata!" Such the reading of some fanatics.

UNFORTUNATELY:

1. The Kauravas were just as Hindu as the Pāṇḍavas, so that the comparison falls flat from the very start.

2. The Pāṇḍavas (who, by the way, were united as the toes of one foot[1] through weal and woe,) were driven out of power by the guile of the Kauravas *themselves*, taking advantage of Yudhiṣhṭhira's strange aberration[2]. Whereas Hindu India fell to pieces of her own accord, through sheer disintegrative selfishness—a work of ages—and the British Rāj, arriving on the stage at the right moment, skilfully picked up the pieces, playing them off (admittedly not without *some* guile) against each other, and ultimately welded them into one whole with much cement of sound, if not over-sympathetic, administration, thus compelling India, in spite of herself, into the shape of her own future unity. As for the patent sufferings resulting from the sudden competition of vigorous, well-organized European commerce and industry with the dying arts and crafts and petty scattered trade of India, they merely illustrate the helplessness to which lack of organizing initia-

1. Had they been united as the fingers of one hand, with a thumb in *co-operative opposition*, they would probably not have lost their kingdom. It is this inability to co-operate in opposition that has wrecked the Congress movement. Deccani shoes and threats of murder—such the guerdon of who dares counsel compromise to-day. (See further)

2. See Chapter ii.

tive must lead, and the Gītā precisely gives the needed stimulus and calls upon spiritual-minded lovers of mankind to come forward and do the needful. Now the lead, in this direction, is mostly being taken by English Servants of the Government[1], and it is the Indians who, as yet, mostly fail to respond, simply because they have ceased to either understand or appreciate Indian Art; also because they do not trust each other in business matters, and will not invest.

3. The Pāṇḍavas were well-equipped for war, with a vast army of supporters at their back. Nevertheless they showed themselves eager to compromise throughout, which the Kauravas absolutely refused. Whereas modern fanatics pride themselves precisely on refusing profferred compromise in spite of the fact that they are obviously not equipped for war; and even choose as their victims those very people who are striving to bring about a better understanding between the races.

In short, British Rule in India, whatever its defects may be, is essentially a progressive concern; and if it does not progress quicker in the ideal direction of becoming a Government of the Land for the Land, and ultimately more and more by the very children of the Land, it is simply because of the lack of synthetic, co-operative initiative[2]

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1. As, for instance, Mr. Havell in the field of Art, and Sir John Hewett and others in the Industrial field. This is but right, since the final ruining of Indian arts and trades by competition was a grievous wrong wrought on the weak by the strong, and education by the latter unto greater ends is merely compensation due.

2. The very thing which the Gītā seeks to stimulate,

among the children of the Land themselves.

It is therefore patent that those who insist on drawing an invidious parallel between the Battle of Kurukshetra and the present transitional unrest of India, are hopelessly at sea.

It will become clear as day to whoever reads these Essays through, especially if he takes the trouble to read and ponder the many passages of the Gītā therein referred to, that the Battle of the Gītā is not a mere contest between Classes or Races, but is emphatically the agelong Battle fought on the Stage of History between the Divine-Human Power of Synthesis and the dark forces of disintegration, struggle which gradually draws forth all Strength of Good in Man, and is itself merely the outer reflex of the constant Battle between disintegrative selfish passions and the Christ-Kṛṣhṇa Power of organic spiritual Wholeness in each human soul. A brief perusal of verses iii, 8, 9, 19-26 and iii, 36-43, will leave no doubt in the intelligent reader's mind on either of these points. Many confirmatory passages are scattered throughout the Book besides.

As for the omission of Vairāgya, referred to in the first paragraph of this Note, it may be briefly supplied here.

Vairāgya means the ultimate bankruptcy of selfish, separative motives.

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and on an absolutely *catholic* religious basis, which no decent man on earth can take exception to. Such a Book ought to be welcomed as a blessing by Rulers and Ruled alike in India, besides appealing to the highest spiritual instincts of man all the world over.

Arjuna clearly represents the man who has reached that stage[1], and is past power of lust or hate to tempt.

For him the great temptation lies in the prospect of emerging from a hated death-in-life of unspiritual action into an imaginary contrasted heaven of spiritual inaction. That is what Shrī Kṛṣhṇa warns him against[2], urging him, in the name of organic Humanity[3] that needs his service, to rouse himself from his despondency and go on energizing with new, synthetic motive drawn from the world of synthetic perception into which his true Vairāgya gives him the right to enter—an Initiation which the Eleventh Chapter of the Gītā poetically describes.

The man who is impelled to act by racial, religious, caste or class *prejudice*, has *not* attained to Vairāgya. Shrī Kṛṣhṇa's insistent call to action is therefore not addressed to him (desire and hate have *him* in charge and will not let him rest for long). It is emphatically addressed to the spiritual-minded man who sits aloof for lack of personal motive to come forth and take up *work*. And it is in the belief that there is a vast amount of spiritual Power for Good hidden away, stored up, unused, amid the teeming masses of the Indian population, that this attempt to popularize the true, vital Teachings of the Gītā is now made. The liberation of that Power from its hiding-places means the supplying, with pure *religious* motive,

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1. i, 32, 35; ii, 8.
2. *mā te sango 'stu akarmani*, ii, 47.
3. *loka-sangraha*, iii, 20, 25.

of that initative constructive impulse from within, for lack of which the best in England has hitherto largely failed to understand and therefore *love* the best in India—impulse which our modern fanatics are vainly seeking to provoke on grounds of racial and religious hatred. They may cause trouble for a while, but they will fail, for the true Basis of India's old Religion knows naught of separateness, and the word has now gone forth to make it known. A freshening Wind of Life and Hope is blowing through the valley of dry bones. Souls that have slept for ages are awaking, and the Gods-in-God Who guide the progress of Mankind have decreed for India's future, through peaceful means of vital inner growth, more glorious destinies than those who harbour hate and lust for vengeance can yet dream of.



CHAPTER I.



KURUKSHETRA—LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

THE main feature of the opening verses of the Bhagavad-Gītā is undoubtedly the strange setting they provide for the Mystic Dialogue between Shrī Kṛṣhṇa and Arjuna.

The strangest Setting for a mystic Treatise.

It has been said, and rightly said, that all the mystic Teachings of the Upaniṣhads have been condensed into the eighteen Chapters of the Bhagavad-Gītā.

But those teachings are traditionally associated, in India, with retirement from the world and its vicissitudes, with a laying down of the burdens, the responsibilities of active life. The very notion of *initiation* conveys to the mind calm visions of a secluded hermitage, 'far from the madding crowd', amid holy mountain fastnesses or on the winding banks of some sacred stream.

What have we here instead?—The Cosmic Man of Action[1] speaking to a man of action on the very Field of Action[2]; and this, not in order to preach retirement from active life[3],—the giving up of worldly tasks for something better, dimly sensed —but precisely the reverse: in order to help him *through* with the doing of a worldly duty so arduous, so painful, that every fibre of his sensitive outer nature shrank from the task, leaving him powerless, unmanned, with no prospect save voluntary death[4], or else the throwing up of his life-work for a state of religious mendicancy[5]. The Teacher's comments on such an abdication are as emphatic as the lash of a whip[6].

Thus, whether we consider the Book as actual History, or prefer to look upon it as a gem of mystic Teaching introduced by Véda Vyāsa as an episode in his immortal Epic, the choice of the setting is too unusual not to be deliberate.

Why did Shrī Kṛṣhṇa choose such an *unquiet* moment, *pravṛtté shastra-sampāté*, 'just

1. iii, 22-25; iv, 6-11, 13-15; ix, 7-10; xv, 12-15 etc.
2. *kuru-kshetra* . . See Note A. 3. Note B.
4. i, 46. 5. ii, 5, 9.
6. ii, 2, 3, 31-37. *Cf.* also iii, 35; iv, 15; xviii, 5-12, 45-48, 57-60; xi, 32-34. See, further, the passage on 'Bribes' and Threats', in chapter VI. 7. Note C.

as the rain of missiles was beginning[1],—when He had had, and would have, countless opportunities of initiating His lifelong friend at leisure, in some quiet, secluded spot?

Why did Véda Vyāsa choose to unfold this very climax of the mystic Teaching of his whole Poem precisely in conjunction with the very climax of the storm and stress thereof,—when he ought traditionally to have disposed of it elsewhere?

Nay, do we not find Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, requested by Arjuna at a later stage of the Poem[2], in a moment of quiet and leisure, to repeat the priceless Teachings of the Bhagavad-Gītā,—do we not find Him professing Himself *unable to do so because He is not in the same deep state of Yóga*[3]?

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1. i, 20. 2. At the beginning of the Anugītā.

3 We, would-be *Yōgīs*, almost instinctively seek communion with God in *outer* quiet and silence, and clean *forget* Him in the heat of action; whereas Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, the perfect Yōgī, is thrown into most intimate communion with His cosmic SELF precisely at the moment of most strenuous action, by the taking up of the heaviest responsibility. Else is He quite content—knowing the Depths secure—to linger on the surface of HIMSELF. Not until we become conformed to His type, and can commune with God most closely in most strenuous action, do we in turn become

It seems as if the groaning of the winepress, the moaning of the soul in its agony, could alone call forth the Lord's fullest Compassion, and bring His Wisdom to the rescue, most unveiled[1].

Of course, 'battle' means infinitely more than the mere outer clash of earthly armies, though that is by no means excluded[2]. Duty, howsoever humble, howsoever glorious, has ever been a battle. What man has gone forth into life with an Ideal[3] before him, and has not literally had to 'fight his way through'? The very 'Gods' cannot enter peacefully into their deathless Destiny, but have to 'fight' from start to finish on the Way that leads thereto[4].

The meaning of 'Battle.'

That is why the peremptory, abrupt imperative, "Fight!" presently merges into, "Be active"; "With sacrifice for object, labour thou;"[5] "Devote thyself to the Service of Man"[6]. Let none think he is, or ever can be too high for Service. The

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true Yōgīs. The way is taught in iii, 9, 19-30; iv, 7-11, 14-15, 18-24; ix, 26-34; xviii, 46.

1. iv, 7, 8. **2**. Note D. **3**. What the Upanishad calls *udgītha*, 'up-song'. See *Chho*. I, i, 1, and Note.

4. *Chho*, I, ii; *Brho*. I, iii. **5**. iii, 8, 9 & *sqq*.

6. iii, 19, 20; 25, 26; *cf.* also iv, 9, 13-15, 18-23, 39, 41, 42 *et passim*.

Lord Himself is not too high for That.[1] Service alone is Mastery: all else is slavery. None but the Perfect Master is the *perfect* Servant, for He alone can from His Service reap no gain.

The Teacher then takes up once more[2] the old refrain, "Fight thou!" henceforth made pregnant with a meaning that includes all Life.

But, in this cosmic Battle of World-Service, World-Redemption[3], is not our one true enemy[4] always the 'traitor within the camp', our own SELF-ignorance, our untrue 'heart' of selfish longing, our un*holiness*, our un*wholeness*, but for which our every deed would be a deed of Love, an organic response to the need of our Greater Self?[5] An 'outer foe' is but a hollow bogey for the God-Child in us to laugh at, unless *his form within our mind* be vitalised by *our own* unredeemed impulses.[6]

The Holy War in Man.

And so, yet one more touch of the Master's wand, and lo! . . . the Battle-field of 'Kurukshétra,

1. iii, 21-25 ; iv, 6-9, 13-14. Note E.

2. iii, 30. 3. iii, 19, 20, 25, 26. 4. iii, 36-43.

5. iv, 7-9, 15, 34, 35, 39, 41, 42, etc. 6. iii, 34, Part II, Chapter on 'The World within the Mind.'

first expanded to include all Duty, all Service, suddenly appears to shift—yet does not shift[1]—from the outer world into the inner[2], and reveals itself as the Battle-field of the Great Sifting, —the Transmutation of all Nature in Man,—through the dread darkness of the dust and smoke whereof there breaks at last upon the Soul of Man the glimmering of the Dawn of Final Peace.

Conclusion.

The very setting of the Bhagavad-Gītā thus proclaims it a Gospel of Exertion, without and within[4]. It is an out and out protest, a solemn warning against the fatal tendency to part asunder that which GOD unites in One,—soul and body, knowledge and action, theory and practice, science and art, wisdom and work, *sāṅkhya* and *yôga*[5] —the tendency that was then making (and has since largely made) of India a land of actless wisdom and wisdomless action, of

1. For it was really *there* all the time. 2. iii, 37-43.
3. ii, 64-66, 69-72; iv, 37; v, 11; vi, 19, 28. 'Final', because It never *begins*, having ever been there.
'Without', as long as it is held to be without. Then within' (iv, 35; vi, 29; etc.)—a 'within' which includes the 'without', and does not oppose it.

5. iii, 4-8; iv, 16-23; v, 2-7. See Part II.

sterile abstraction and senseless custom[1].

Might not, then, this mighty Voice, calling from out the misty verge of History, come with all the power of a *new Revelation* upon the rising generation in a land where supreme cessation from exertion has for centuries come to be regarded as the very goal of Man's existence?

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1. See Chapter on 'East and West' (in a subsequent volume.)



NOTES ON CHAPTER I.

NOTE A.—KURUKSHETRA.

The very first words of the B h a g a v a d-G ī t ā are: *Dharmakshétré Kurukshétré*—"On *Dharma*-Field, on *Kuru*-Field . . ."

Kuru is a proper noun, the name of a people, or of an ancient king. But it is at the same time a tense of the verb *kṛ*[1], "to do"—the Imperative, 2nd pers. sing.,—*kuru* meaning "do!" "act!" *Kuru-kshétra* therefore clearly suggests *karma-kshétra*[2].

Now *kshétra* means 'field'—in what sweeping sense conceived, xiii, 1, 2, 6, will show[3].

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1. Whence, through the Greek and Latin, our English verb '*cre*ate'.

2. This play upon the Root-meaning of words, as distinguished from their superficial, loose, popular sense, seems to have been a favourite device of ancient Mystic writers.

3. *Kshétra* means 'field' in the broadest conceivable sense, *i. e.*, *whatever Consciousness may survey as its object.* Briefly,—

Karma is universal activity[1], the whole cycle of conditioned existence[2], originating in creation, continuing in evolution with its alternate tidal waves in endless series, culminating in Liberation, or SELF-Realisation or Regeneration.

bhūta-bhāva-udbhavakarō visargaḥ . . . (viii, 3)
bhūtagrāmaḥ sa-eva ayam, bhūtvā bhūtvā . . . (viii, 19)
Sarvam Karma akhilam jñānė parisamāpyatė . . . (iv, 33).
Jñānāgniḥ sarva-karmāṇi bhasmasāt kurutė (iv, 37).

Dharma is the divine Motive Power at the back of the whole cycle of *Karma*,—the underlying Tide of Cosmic Life which up-bears *(dhṛ)* and carries all things on :—*parāprakṛtiḥ*, . . *yayā idam*

(a) the Body *as a whole*, gross and subtle, including the more or less distorted representation of the universe perceived within his mind—but projected, through illusion, 'outside' himself—by individual Man.

(b) the Cosmos *as a whole*, perceived as His own Body (or Mind, or *māyā*, or *prakṛti*, or Power, which ultimately means the same) by the cosmic MAN.

1. See further, Chapter VI.

2. Individual or Cosmic, according to standpoint ; the Latter *containing* the former, as a River the eddies which it forms ; while the former (the eddy) seems to focus enough of the motive Power of the whole to feel itself relatively free —free to open itself up to the Latter in good time (a question of healthy *growth*), or (in rare cases) to keep shutting itself up in closed curves, thereby gradually shutting out the very Power by which it lives, and hardening in course of time into a sort of cosmic blood-clot which has to be 'excreted into outer darkness', and broken up.

Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, speaks from the Cosmic standpoint.

d h ā r y a t é *jagat.*[1]

Kurus, in the plural, may be taken as a symbol of the various modes of activity, the various rhythms of vibration constituting existence. The various 'principles', or powers, or departments of activity in Man, whether three, or five, or seven, or nine, or sixteen, or forty-nine, may be called *Kurus*. The cosmic forces woven into Man's bodies, elemental parasites whose activity gradually stimulates his own into life, peripheric emotions, both virtues and vices,— *kāmāḥ manógatāḥ*, 'the desires interwoven with the mind' (ii, 55), *indriyasya rāga-dvéṣhau*, 'the impulses, lust and disgust, grafted on to Man's sense-powers' (iii. 34),—these are also '*Kurus*', but of a different set; and a time comes when the former set, having been ripened into activity by contagion from the latter, have either to annex or oust the latter, and assume control (*svārājyam*). Hence Man, like the 'Gods' of the *Chhāndôgya* I, ii, and the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* I, iii, must enter upon his inheritance through 'battle.'

The Pāṇḍavas and Kauravas, both called '*Kurus*' (i, 25) would seem to symbolise these two sets of activities in Man: peripheric, (however

1. vii, 5. Read the magnificent passage on *dharma* in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Book VIII.

subtle and lofty); and central, organic, monadic, (however low and commonplace). A r j u n a[1] is therefore called *Kuru-nandana*, 'Bringer of Joy to the Kurus,' *Kuru-shreṣhṭhaḥ*, 'Best of the *Kurus* (*Pāṇḍavas*)'. S h r ī K ṛ ṣ h ṇ a Himself is not *a* Kuru, any more than *ātmā*, in its true sense, is *a* principle.

Bhīṣhma, on his side, is called[2] *Kuru-vṛddhaḥ*, 'the Old Man of the *Kurus* (*Kauravas*)'—'He whose time is up,' who has led the race hitherto, and led it well, but must now make way for the new spiritual, natural, *organic* Dynasty, all in good time, handing over his accumulated store of knowledge before he finally disappears, vanishing into the Realm of Conception whence he came. Truly a fit symbol of *ahankāra*, 'ego'-ism, the mainstay of evolution throughout the 'human' stage (as we know it)[3], without which the Soul of Man could no more be formed and grow through this ante-natal life of ours, than the chick without its egg-shell;—which is nevertheless destined to be outgrown at last, and must be broken up, thrown off just like the useless egg shell, or like chrysalis-

1. The meaning of 'Arjuna' will be explained in Vol. II. See Index :—*Names*.

2. i, 12 3. Really the gestation of Man, not Man.

case when the winged spirit has been formed within.



NOTE B.—ON RETIREMENT FROM THE WORLD.

"But," objected a young man one day, "does not the Gītā itself, in its VIth chapter, tell us to go into solitude (*rahasi*, vi, 10) and practise meditation, and think of nothing at all (*na kiñchid api chintayet*, vi, 25)—and so on?"

"Tell *whom?* . ." I answered.

The Bhagavad Gītā says: *yôgī yuñjīta satatam ātmānam rahasi sthitaḥ*, "Let the YOGĪ constantly work at making himself whole, abiding in a secret place," and so on. But who is this '*yôgī*'[1]? He has been carefully defined (a waste of trouble, it would seem) a few verses earlier (vi, 3, 4) as *yoga-ārūḍhaḥ*, "adept in *Yôga*," *i.e.* one who has risen above all individual concerns, including plans and purposes (*sarva sankalpa sannyāsī*, vi, 4). And we are emphatically told that, for whoever wishes to reach that stage, active exertion (*karma*), not retirement or cessation (*shamah*) is laid down as the means (vi, 3). Why one who has reached that stage should retire at all, and what he does

1. See Index:—*Yogī—Retirement*.

in his retreat, is too big a subject for a mere note. It will be treated further. Verse v, 11 seems to suggest that he is anything but idle there. There are many ways of being active, and for a healthy being, the shutting out of energy in one direction is but a shunting of it into other channels, to some deeper, yet equally unselfish End. Note the expression *sangam tyaktvā*, "all gain renounced" (v, 11); also vi, 10; vi, 14, where *brahmachāri-vratam*, "the vow of continence," has an all-comprehensive sense; vi, 18, 24, 27; and the crown of all-embracing LOVE in vi, 29-32. No 'getting rid' of anybody, here, it seems.

Anyhow Arjuna has *not* reached that stage (one who has reached it is past question and argument, and knows his business, witness ii, 53, 54.) A good deal of 'fighting' will have to be got through first. When he does get there at last, he will find that Peace is not inertness, any more than Actlessness is inaction[1]. Through selfless outer action the *Yôgī* becomes; through selfless *yôgic* action the God becomes; and the God ... has for His Pastime SELFLESS ACTION. (iii, 22-24 iv, 6-10; ix, 8, 9 etc.)

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1. ii, 47; iii, 17-30; iv, 16-24; v, 8-15; xiii, 29, 31 xiv, 2, 19-20, 25-27; xviii, 49-56.

mā te sangō'stvakarmaṇi (ii, 47).
"*Let not a prospect of inaction tempt thee!*"

such the warning.



NOTE. C. ON HISTORICAL RESEARCH.

We are not concerned with the scholarly discussion of origins. We take the Teaching *as it stands.* If it hold aught of the Good Tidings Man's heart yearns for, it comes from God, and through His Prophet ('Forth-Utterer',) Who may well smile, beneath His many masks (iii, 3; iv, 1, 3, 5, 13; vii, 3, .. 25; viii, 4; ix, 15; x, 2 ... 37, 41; etc), at the medley of names we call Him by.



NOTE D. ON THE USE OF VIOLENCE.

For the evolution of the world unto Perfection, the destructive power is as indispensable as the constructive. But he that uses it selfishly shall reap even as he sows. Therefore:

(a) Let him who would *profit* use it only against that which obstructs life,—against oppressive evil, individual, collective, social. Let him use it rationally, wisely, discriminatingly (xviii, 25). If he, under pretext of doing good and righting wrong, shortsightedly ushers in more harm and

wrong, then, even as he has 'rescued' others unto greater suffering, so shall he some day be 'rescued', and made to learn the lesson of discrimination in the use of force[1].

(b) Let him who would *be free* use it impersonally, letting the Common Life work through him in the Common Interest. For this he must first create himself impersonal (see Volume II,) else will he canalise but a counterfeit imitation of the Common Life, and to ends far other than the Common Interest. *There are always common interests to work for, for who truly seeks them.*



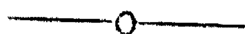
NOTE. E. ON THE KICKING OF THE LADDER.

Some people seem to consider *karma-yôga* (impersonal action) as a sort of ladder which one

1. The Fable of the gardener and his bear friend has been enacted more than once. You know it, of course. A gardener has made friends with a bear who sits beside him during his noonday nap, and whisks away the flies. A tenacious fly settles on the sleeper's nose so persistently, that the good bear decides to have done with it once for all, and . . . heaves a rock at it. The sleeper is past waking now. The fly has probably got off scot-free, but that hardly matters. The bear is friendless. Destiny bides her time.

uses to climb up to the Roof of Wisdom, and kicks over when one gets there.

Karma-yôga is again too big a subject for a mere Note, and must be treated elsewhere. Suffice it here to say that *karma-yôga* is *not* a *mere* means to an end. Were it a means to an *end for oneself*, it would by that very fact imply *sanga*, selfish expectation, and would therefore *not* be *karma-yôga*. (ii, 47-51; 64-65; iii, 7-9, 19-26, 29, 30; iv, 6, 9, 14, 15, 19, 24, 41; v, 2, 13, 25; vi, 3, 4, 9, 17; etc ..) It is true that the Path to Wisdom is trodden by means of Selfless Work (*karma-yôga*); but Selfless Work by no means ends with Wisdom. [See also Note B, above.]



CHAPTER II.



ON THE GAMBLING AWAY OF A KINGDOM ... AND A WIFE[1], OR THE MYSTERY OF SAINTLY ABERRATION.

A highly educated Hindu gentleman once came to me—the head-master of an important school down south. He had an honest doubt concerning the morality of the Bhagavad-Gītā when regarded as an actual episode in the life of a Saviour.

A Conscientious Objector.

He could not see that it was a 'righteous war[2]' at all, to which Shrī Kṛṣhṇa was urging Arjuna A family that had been reckless, conseienceless. heartless enough to gamble away their whole kingdom, the helpless people entrusted to their charge; a king insane enough to risk his very wife[3] on a cast of the dice,—such a family, such a king were surely not fitted to pose as upholders of the Right[4].

1. *Mahābhārata*, 'Story of the Great War,' pp. 82-100.
2. *Dharmyam yuddham* ii, 31, 33.
3. A 'wife,' strange to say, held in common with his five brothers!
4. *Dharma*.

Was not the kingdom safer in other hands than theirs?

Assuredly not an easy doubt to solve, from the 'purely historical' standpoint. Still, by going through the Story as a whole, even in its most abbreviated form[1], one can hardly fail to get a general impression about the character of the heroes, which leaves one no choice but to class the Pāṇḍavas and the Kauravas as 'good' and 'evil' respectively. The former certainly are good—almost *too good*, one is tempted to say. They are guileless to a degree, forgiving, trustful, faithful. They keep their word with liars and naively play into the hands of people who have over and over again proved themselves scoundrels of the deepest dye. The 'social conscience' of the Western reader may be shocked at the ease with which the marriage-tie is entered into on various occasions. But whoever is adaptible enough to see things from the standpoint of the heroes, must feel that they are perfectly guileless in the matter. The plurality of wives—and of husbands

The Story

1. Read the '*Story of the Great War*,' by Annie Besant. There is also a condensed metrical version of the *Mahābhārata* by Romesh Chandra Dutt.

—is to them a matter of no moment[1]. They are truthful[2], they are good-natured,they are chivalrous. These are the things that count for aye—while your seeming-rigid social forms are in very truth forever shifting, as the relentless tide of birth and death wafts the souls of men through their impotent meshes as easily, as surely as the wind wafts grains of sand up, up the slope and over the verge of a seeming-rigid, massive, immoveable, yet ever-shifting sandhill. Were they ('the P ā ṇ ḍ a v a s') to offer to escort one's sister to her husband across a wilderness that might take months to get through, one would entrust her to their hands in perfect

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1. Not that they are *lawless*, mind you. On the contrary, they show perpetual concern about doing things lawfully. They contrive the most lawful arrangements conceivable anent their common wife, and scrupulously adhere to them, making not the least allowance even for unwitting trespass.

Lawfulness, by the way, does not consist in the doing of 'lawful things'—for things unlawful 'here' are lawful 'there', and things unlawful 'now' have been (and mayhap *will be*) lawful 'then'. Lawfulness consists in doing things lawfully. Law decrees death for the murderer. Therefore the slaying of a murderer is a 'lawful thing'. But lynching him is not the lawful way of doing it.

2. Save on one occasion,—for which lapse full payment is exacted in the sequel. *Story of the Great War*, pp. 190-193; 268-270.

confidence, quite sure that they, their word once pledged, would not so much as raise their eyes to her fair face throughout the journey.

The Kauravas, on the other hand, show us, from their very childhood, a record of constant, systematic, deliberate treachery, cruelty and heartless selfishness[1]. The test is simple. Read the story, and say which you would choose for friends. Which would make you the most trusty comrade, Duryôdhana or Arjuna, Yudhiṣhṭhira or Shakuni? There can be no hesitation.

This being so, I cannot help feeling, rightly or wrongly, that the people have a better chance of being happy under good-natured, law-abiding, though not perfect, rulers, than under downright bad ones[2]. Therefore it is *good* that the Pāṇḍavas should fight and win. The battle *is* a 'contest for righteous ends' after all. If it ever came to blows for rulership between, say, Domitian and Nero

1. The presence, among their ranks, of great men like Bhiṣhma and Drōṇa has a symbolical meaning hinted at above (*Kurukshētra*—Notes). The contest is not between high and low, but between synthetic and separative, whether high or low. (Another explanation crosses this one in Note B. Both seem to be partial shadows of some deeper Truth.)

2. True, that the *government* of the Kauravas was not as 'downright bad' as it ought to have been, being mostly ad-

(with advisers howsoever worthy) on the one side, and Marcus Aurelius and Trajan on the other, I should not hesitate to call the war a 'righteous

ministered by excellent statesmen like Bhīṣhma and Drōṇa. But I cannot help thinking that these heroes might have known better than to continue working for such unworthy rulers, that their unyielding constancy testifies to a lofty species of spiritual pride(a), and that the hint in iv, 17, line 2, is really addressed to them. Meanwhile their very mistakes are turned to advantage somehow or other—which need not prevent their being held fully responsible for the added trouble given, and for thus confusing the issues by lending the support of their noble character and invaluable knowledge to the upholding of an unworthy dynasty.

(a.) The fact that Bhīṣhma is allowed to pass away (like Galahad) into withdrawal from this universe, shows that the World has no more use for such as he. His name means 'the Terrible'—a sort of cosmic white elephant, too cumbersome and costly for employment in the Father's vineyard. Bhīma wants a little grooming, but is certainly a more comfortable person. "What would you do," I have been asked, "if you had, like Bhīṣhma, sworn a vow?" "Break it, and go to . . . yes . . " has been my invariable answer. To take a wrong vow is wrong. To keep it when its wrongness becomes patent, and the keeping of it means trouble to all concerned, is doubly wrong.

The whole story of Bhīṣhma will repay perusal. His father's senile infatuation, Bhīṣhma's vow of celibacy, the extinction of his father's other line, Bhīṣhma's refusal to step in, the begetting of Dhṛtarāṣhṭra, Pāṇḍu

war'—nay, right gladly would I put in a righteous blow or two ('for the latter side') an ever I had a chance[1].

And yet the awful blot remains. They gambled away their kingdom, they consented to gamble away their wife[2]. "How could they ? ! .. They must have been mad." *They were.*

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and V i d u r a on the two princesses and the maid-servant by . . . V é d a V yā s a— the whole nexus of troubles, ending in that frightful war, arising out of B h ī ṣ h m a ' s notion of his own *individual* absoluteness . . . *he alone at the back of it all*—a holy 'terror' indeed ! '*Story of the Great War*', pp. 26-34.

1. See Note A.

2. The funniest thing is that it is *Yudhiṣhṭhira*, '*dharmarāja*,' the 'Conscience-aspect' of the Pāṇḍava dynasty, who thus goes daft. The others have more sense, but abstain from interfering out of respect and love for him, their elder,—out of sheer *lawfulness*, mind you. Quite rightly, too. Once agreed in principle, let us by all means sink or swim together. As I have often said to people who asked my advice about following a certain leader, "By all means do so. That is the sort that may lead you *into* trouble, but won't desert you there. Better jump into a river at the tail of a trusty tho' eccentric Newfoundland dog, than fly up into the sky at the tail of ... a rocket." Better into exile with Yudhiṣhṭhira, and fight all the way back, too, than into God knows what with Bhīṣhma...and back again when the world once more requires that special brand of trouble

The Symbol.

And so were all the saints and ascetics—yea, even sages[2]—who thought to lay down the burden of the *use*[3] of knowledge, power, wealth, won through ages of exertion, as a man lays down an irksome load or a treasure he has ceased to care for on his own account (and what of others[4]?) So were all who, tired of fighting for their own hand, and caring little for the weal of this poor world,[5] withdrew from Life's Battlefield and hoped to be rid of exertion once for all, failing to see that, for the SELF in Man, exertion never was, while for His Nature exertion cannot truly cease, since She is Herself '*pra-kṛtiḥ*[6]'—His Exertion.

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which 'lofty' souls alone know how to give it. Note that it is Yudhishthira who among the Pāṇḍavas bears the closest resemblance to Bhīshma. But for his fighting to retrieve the blunder, he would be a 'B h ī ṣ h m a' himself—a very inferior specimen, *bien entendu*. As it is, he becomes B h ī ṣ m a ' s successor, and in the end really shows the stuff he is made of when he refuses heaven rather than part with his dog. Experience has not been wasted on him. The world can breathe more freely now (*Story of the Great War*, pp. 266-267.) 2. *Kavayō 'pyatra mōhitāḥ*, "Sages even have blundered here" (iv, 16 and following verses).

3. *See* Note B.

4. *Light on the Path*, I, 1 4,, 13-16.

5. iii, 20-26, 29-32 ; xviii, 8-10. 6. *Lit.*, forth-doing.

In short, the gambling-scene stands as a symbol of that pseudo-*sāttvic*[1], yet truly (esoterically) *tāmasic* renunciation[2], which has hitherto so often led the half-fledged mystic aspirant, and even now and then some greater One who might perhaps have better understood what His *example* meant to lesser souls than He[3], to give up into the hands of selfish, irresponsible fellow-creatures the power[4] vested in Him by the Greater Self. For who transcends self-seeking, the thoroughly efficient

Tamasic 'Renunciation'.

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1. For the *'guṇās'*, see xiv; xvii; xviii, 19-40. *Sāttvic* renunciation, xviii, 1, 4 & foot-note, 9-12; also iv, 18-23; vi, 1, 2; v, 1-15; iii, 4-9, 16-20; ii, 64-65; ix, 27 etc ...

2. xviii, 7. 3. iii, 21, 25, 26, 29; iv, 15.

4. The 'wife' is always the symbol of the *shakti*, or power. The common wife of the five Pāṇḍavas is the common power (*daivīprakṛti*, vii, 5, 6) of the five monadic centres of consciousness, the Power of the Monad vested in them. She is *practically* lost, of course, like all the rest, and falls into the hands of 'the other side'. But as she happens to belong at heart to *Kṛshṇa*, the One Controller, in Whom all Power (*shakti*) inheres, and as she, in her dire straits, surrenders herself unreservedly to Him, *they vainly seek to unravel her*, and have to give her up at last. Thus is the *débâcle* of the good ones stayed at last, not by themselves, but by God's Gracious Power; and none too soon, it seems. Now they will have to fight like very heroes to reconquer inch by

grasp, the systematic training and unselfish *use*[1], for all it is worth, of whatever power lies within his reach, is bounden duty[2]. To 'lay down' what Mankind *needs in Him* once He no longer needs it for Himself, is rank desertion[3].

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inch what they have irresponsibly gambled away. Thus through long-drawn exertion shall all Power be brought to birth *in them*, more truly *theirs* in precise measure as they are more truly *His*. Then only shall their goodness be real Goodness (*virtus*), and not mere colourless innocence (x, 36).

1. Note the similarity of the Sk. root *yuj* from which *yôga* and all cognate words are derived. One of its chief meanings is precisely 'to use', *e.g.*, in xvii, 26. *Sannyāsa-yôga*, 'selfless Labour', in ix, 28, means the blending into one of renunciation and *use*. Cf. the 'Parable of the Talents', in the Gospel. *Light on the Path*, i, 1, 3, 13-15.

2. iii, 35 ; xviii, 7-9, 45-48. See Note B.

3. iii, 35 ; xviii, 7-9, 41-48. "Kill out ambition. Work as those work who are ambitious."—*Light on the Path*.

Read in this connection 'The Holy Grail', in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, especially p. 423, right col., "A sign to maim this order which I made" . . . and the last 30 lines, on pp 432-433. Also p. 466 left col., the insistent : 'Thou art the *highest and most human* too ; not Lancelot, *nor another* . . . We needs must love the highest when we see it, not Lancelot *nor another*' (italics ours) Supersensual Galahad and sensual Lancelot form a *dvandva* ; Arthur, its Solvent. He is therefore 'above' either. *Isho*, 9-14.

But out of evil cometh ever good at last. The saintly absconders, dragged down from their Nirvāṇic hiding-places by the flashing downward through them (*ava-tāra*) of some Greater One, on SERVICE bent, sucked down irresistibly in His Wake[1], cast down into the earth-mud they mistakenly despised, aroused, by sheer force of contrast, to all-inclusive, true Perception, to solidarity, to responsibility[2], must needs struggle, like the heroes that they are at heart, to recover inch by inch the powers which their folly cost, not them, but all mankind. And in so doing, unarmed and helpless tho' they seem to be at first, like *naked babes*, a Power undreamt of until then is roused *in* them—drawn forth from Cosmic Depths *through* them, I had rather say. Thus from formal outer possession (none the less of divine decree), through loss, humiliation, uphill struggle and reprieval[3], comes the 'gaining' in a deeper, inner, more organic sense, past chance of 'losing', of that Cosmic Power which is not 'ours', but His—His Nature, His Glory, the ever-growing Revelation of Himself unto Himself[4].

The Holy War.

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1. x, 21, 23.
2. iii, 21, 29.
3. x, 36, 38.
4. x, 15, 41.

The silent, all-shroud-rending Bugle-Call rings
forth to-day,
Rousing unto fresh struggles them that thought
to sleep for aye.

Who hears?

———o———

NOTES ON CHAPTER II.

NOTE A. (p. 94.)

ON RIGHTEOUS FIGHTING, AND ON PARTY-STRIFE.

Once grant that Pāṇḍavas and Kauravas are *on the whole* righteous and unrighteous respectively, and the war becomes a 'righteous war'. It is no use saying that the righteous ought not to have been such fools. They were, and *are*, worse luck to us; and far more dismal fools should we declare ourselves were we not thankful enough to have them as they are. But the moment they begin to fight for the recovery of what their folly cost them, or, rather, cost Mankind, they cease to be fools in my eyes, the while their saintship suffers not a bit—it is not 'brummagem'. Let them only fight in such a way as to maintain their general character for righteousness, and my whole heart (*your* whole heart, friend reader) is with them. Blunders there must yet be, and blemishes; and in not making his heroes too uniformly perfect, the Poet shows his practical insight into life. Be quite sure that every blunder

on the side of greater right will bring swift, healing, wisdom-laden retribution. All humanity has a stake in the regaining, by the righteous[1], of that power which their early aberration gave up into the hands of . . . the other side.

On Party-Strife.

But rash are they who would apply the symbol in a cut-and-dried fashion to any modern race or class or sect or party-strife. *There are no unmixed sides to-day*—there never were. *Right leans most* on whichever side can do most good and fight most righteously[2]. It is a question of averages. The extreme righteousness of Bhîṣhma and Drôṇa may tend to confuse the issues, but cannot atone for the general unrighteousness of that whole camp. The occasional acts of unrighteousness into which the Pāṇḍavas may lapse are sun-spots: *sun* the sun remains. But people mostly fail to realise where the real issue lies. We see two camps out here, and recklessly assume our own is wholly right and the other wholly wrong. The Gods see things in transverse section, as it were, and match off the righteous on both sides against the unrighteous on

1. The comparatively righteous are meant, of course.

2. See footnote on 'Lawfulness', above.

both sides. Down here, the side on which there is *on the whole* most righteousness must win *at last* if it have sense enough to wholly trust itself as sword or spade or stick or broom or pen or rag into the Hand of Him Who cannot lose[1]. The righteous are never beaten save through their own *self*-righteousness. Had the Albigenses not been paralysed by greed of *negative* righteousness (*ahimsā* —non-injuring[2]), History might have another tale to tell. Likewise had Cromwell been thus paralysed. Meanwhile the righteous on the other side are really helping all the time—yea, helping by their very death. Right is so strong that evildoers could not even be drawn out and organized to fight and be destroyed, but would scuttle away like rats and skulk and hide beneath the morass of chaotic potency, as D u r y ô d h a n a does (when he sees his game is up), were not the very Lord of Right to send a strong contingent of His very own to fight (apparently) on their side and give them heart[3]. Read in this light *BG*, i, 2-13, and

1. xi, 33; ix, 27-34 ; xviii, 57-66. 2. *mā tè sango 'stvakarmaṇi*, "Expect no gain from abstention" (ii, 47; also xviii, 58-60.) Had Arjuna's self-surrender not led him to fight *with* the Lord and win, his pride would have ultimately driven him to fight without Him . . . and be beaten.
3. i, 12.

see how entirely D u r y ô d h a n a depends on those two righteous ones, B h ī ṣ h m a and D r ô ṇ a. Compare the utter dependence of heartless states on self-devoted heroes, of unscrupulous business-men on utter-trustworthy accountants, of God-forsaken churches on their blameless Saints. A queer world, this, my brothers[1]!



NOTE B. (p. 97.)

ON REAL CASTE, OR THE RIGHT USE OF POWER.

The early Teachers classified man's powers into three, according to the '*guṇa*' system[2]: *brahma*, or the power of giving Knowledge; *kshatram*, or the power of swaying men; *vittam*, or the power of handling wealth[3]. Whoever exercised his power, or powers, in organic, solidary co-ordination with

1. This Note does not pretend to be consistent. Let others solve, if it pleases them to think that they can do so from out here. I am content to ponder.

2. *guṇā-sañkhyānam*, xviii, 19.

3. All power belongs to the Common Self, and implies duty to the Common Self. My power is not mine, but a Trust vested in me. The breathing of the lungs is not *their* breathing. What they fail to hand over is net loss to the

the Greater Self, was 'twice-born,' *dvija*[1]: first into separate existence, thence further into solidary Life. He was called *brāhmaṇa*, *kshatriya*, *vaishya*, according to the power *dominant* in him, the other two being by no means excluded. The 'once-born', irresponsible man was called *shûdra*, 'earth-coloured[2],'—not to be despised, as later degeneracy would have it, but the very *material for upbuilding*, undeveloped potency, the 'food-giver[3]' without whom the powers of the higher castes would them-

body, hence to *them* (iii, 13; iv, 31). All power misconceived as individual property is *ipso facto* forfeit (*L.P*, ii, 18.) *brahma tam parādād yō'nyatra ātmanō brahma véda* ... (*Bṛho* II, iv, 6) "[True] Knowlege has deserted him who deems his knowledge aught save [Common] SELF's possession ..." The same for the remaining powers. Cf. *B G.*, x, 4-11, *et passim*. The early Church clearly knew this. Cf. Ananias and Sapphira (*Acts*, iv, 32-36; v, 1-11); also II *Cor*, xii.

1. *John*, iii, 1-10; i, 13; I *Cor*. xv, 22, 42-47, 51, 53, 54; II *Cor*., v, 17; I *Peter*, i, 23 etc.. Compare the old Hindu saying so often repeated, with variants, and as little understood of the 'orthodox' Hindu as the above are of his Christian brother: *janmanā jāyaté shūdrō samskārāt dvija uchyaté*—"By birth one is born *a shūdra*; by *Initiation* one comes to be called 'twice-born'." *Shūdra* means 'earth-coloured,' *Bṛho*, I, iv, 13; *adam* means 'red earth'. I *Cor*. xv, 22, 45-47; *Ko* iv, 10, 11.

2. *Bṛho* I, iv, 13, 3. *Ibid*.

selves go back to chaos *for sheer lack of aught to do.* Every human child is thus by birth a *shūdra*, irresponsible—not therefore to be despised, but sacred triple undeveloped Potency, thrice holy, the giver, unto whoso draws Him forth[1], of Wealth undreamt of, of the triple, Living Power of the Pefect MAN[2].

"By 'birth' a *shūdra*, one is born
Through Sacred Rites to twice-born LIFE."

And, of course, these 'Sacred Rites' once meant the dedication of a *fit* and well-tried candidate unto his Path of Service, unto his function in the greater Life.[3] They were the landmarks of a whole career of Initiation, as practical as that of any trained and tried apprentice into the *Joiner's* Art by a Master-Craftsman of the same.

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1. *i. e.* 'e-ducates', from *e-duco* (lat.), 'I draw forth'.

2. Thus the twice-born, quickening the once-born into second birth, is himself quickened into thrice-born Masterhood.

3. 1 *Cor.* xii, 12, 26, 27.

Compare the well-known verse of *Sădi:—Bani ădam ėzai yek digar and*, etc ..

"*Limbs of each other*, Adam's Sons—
Of That One Jewel they are sprung.
If one limb suffers gnawing pain,
Its fellow-limbs no comfort find.
Thou, who reck'st not of others' woes,
Hast not deserved the name of *Man*.

Now the landmarks alone remain, still recognizable*. Craftsman and Apprentice have vanished. A troop of monkeys are rehearsing in a moonlit forest-glade what Men were erstwhile doing in the Light of Day.

[The subject of 'Caste' will be treated separately further on.†]

*For which all civilized humanity owes India—and will some day acknowledge—a debt of heartfelt gratitude.

† See the end of Ch. viii, and also Vol. III.



CHAPTER III.



LIKE SETTING, LIKE TEACHING.

LIVING Wisdom, Wisdom's Search and Wisdom's Finding,—these can never be divorced from Right Exertion, from *the most strenuous exertion* in the cause of Right.[1] Such the lesson, badly needed in India (and elsewhere) to-day, which the deliberate choice of the setting[2] brings home to us if we but read this Wonder-Book aright. Ere yet a word of 'teaching' has been uttered, this is taught.

Summing up.

But since Battle means *all Duty*[3], could not some more peaceful scene of Duty have 'done duty' as a

Why a Battle

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1. The true meaning of Right, *dharma*, will become clearer and clearer as we proceed (See INDEX). The term *loka-sangraha* (iii, 20, 25) already twice or thrice referred to, shuts out all narrow, one-sided interpretations.

2. See Ch. I, '*Kurukshetra*', above.

3. *Cf.* Tennyson's '*Wages*' (p. 239) "Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong."

type? Why all this fierceness[1]?

Simply because, had a scene of less intense exertion been held up as type—say the trials and difficulties of a good king ruling his subjects in times of peace,—the would-be 'practical mystic' might have found therein pretext for fighting shy of more strenuous occasions, for plausibly deserting his comrades in this contest for righteous Ends[2] between the Power of World-Synthesis[3] and the dark forces of world-disintegration,[4] whenever it came to blows.

The Parting of the Ways.

No such pretext exists for who has fighting stuff in him. Arjuna has, and amply proves it in the sequel. The Lord, Whose Fight it is, requires that power as His tool.[5] It is His[6]—for what is not? If Arjuna will not spontaneously[7] contribute it, the Lord knows how to manage[8]. The choice lies not between fighting and not fighting,

1. iii, 1. 2. ii, 33.

3. iii, 20-26; iv, 6-11, 14, 15, 18-23; ix, 13, etc ...*LP.* i Note 4, End.

4. ix, 11, 12; xvi, 7-21 5. xi, 33, ; *LP.* ii, 1-4, 8.
6. x, 4, 5, 42; *Isho* 1, 2.

7. xviii, 63. 8. xviii, 59, 60.

but between fighting like a Warrior-Sage[1] and fighting like a brute, between going forth to battle like a man and being led there by the nose[2] like senseless cattle, between centrally impelling one's energies to their work from the seat of control within[3] (oneself inwards communing with God's own sweet counsel[4], eternally *at home*[5]) and having them drawn forth by selfish hope and fear, by pride and shame. Pray do not for a moment imagine that Arjuna, being what he is[7], can contentedly stand by, the while his comrades are dealing and being dealt hard blows. Let his brothers only find themselves in perilous straits, hemmed

1. iii, 20, 25-26, 29-30 ;iv, 2, 3, 15, 23-24 ; ix, 2,26-28.

2. Whoever undertakes action out of pride or shame or lust or revenge is so led, though he may not acknowledge it. He is the *slave* of his own peripheric impulses (xvi, 10-12, 16-19 ; vii, 15).

3. ii, 48, 64-65 ; iii, 7, 26 : iv, 7-9, 14, 15, 20, 41, 42 ; v, 7-13; vi, 1 ; ix, 27 ; xiv, 22, 25 ; xviii, 45, 46, etc . .

4. iii, 43 ; xviii. 57, 58, 65, 66, 78 ; *LP*. ii, 3, 4, 8, 19, 20.

5. xviii, 56. 6. xviii, 59, 60 ; ii, 60.

7. No question of mere hereditary caste, here. It is *karma svabhāvajam* (xviii, 41-46), 'nature-sprung duty', *innate vocation* throughout. Hereditarily, Arjuna might just as well have been a peaceful Sage like his own paternal grandfather, Vyāsa the Mysterious. Why was he not? On the two princesses, who shrank from him, Vyāsa begat sons

in by foes, and see if Arjuna can hold aloof. If he, instead of waiting to be taught[1], had actually got up to leave the field, as he is free to do, right through[2]—no sooner this retrograde decision made, than the psychic veil would have been drawn more tightly over his half-opened inner Eye, and pride and shame would have hurled him forth again, a very whirlwind of destructive energy, to blindly do for God the work he would not do as conscious partner.

From the Setting the Teaching.

Having thus dealt, after a fashion, with the Setting, let us now turn to the Teaching itself[4], and see what we find there to strengthen or dispel the central notion[5] which the Setting gave us.

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unlike himself(a). On the guileless, willing maid-servant(b) he begat *brāhman*-souled Vidura.

a. Dhṛtarāṣhṭra, the father of the Kauravas, and Pāṇḍu, the father of Pāṇḍavas.

b. Substituted for the third princess. The whole terrible muddle is the fruit of Bhīṣhma's vow. See previous Chapter and Footnotes.

[(*later*) I find I have been wasting breath here, as Arjuna is only a putative son of his father. *Story of the Great War*, pp. 36-37.]

1. i, 47; ii, 7, 9. 2. xviii, 63. 3. xviii, 59-61
4. Beginning with ii, 11.
5. Namely, that Wisdom and Work, indissolubly wedded

We need not go far[1] to run against a type of thought which the aspirant to mystic negation is fond of dwelling upon—namely, the contrasted vicissitudes of concrete existence[2].

'Measure,' *mātrā*[3], stands for 'body' in the broadest sense of the term. Just as we cannot measure a given magnitude, whether length, or mass, or time[4], unless we have, to tally with it, a typical magnitude *of the same order*, called 'unit', so we cannot experience a given 'world', or gross, or subtle, unless we borrow therefrom as 'unit' for our own use, a body of the same order, a typical aggregate (more or less incomplete, of course) of the various forces at play therein, which we can tally with those cosmic forces, each to each. Our 'measure' of the Universe we live in is the bundle of sense-organs, gross or subtle, through which alone we sense it. 'Contact[5]' means the intimate pervasion of this

The 'Contacts' of Matter.

in God, are not to be divorced in Man, His Image.

1. ii, 11, 13, 14.
2. For a fuller treatment of this subject, see Vol. II.
3. ii, 14.
4. Or any other more complex magnitude.
5. ii, 14.

'instrument'[1] by the Living Soul[2] which uses it, so that, when it (the instrument) affects and is affected by the forces of the world it forms a part of, He feels, "I work a change[3]; a change is wrought in me[4]." Just so might a unit of consciousness[5] pervading a bar of iron as its 'measure', contacting its molecules in intimate association throughout,[6] feel, "I expand," as the bar expanded under an increase of temperature, and, conversely, "I contract", as less intense

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1. *Karaṇam*, one of the names given to the body (xvii 14) *Cf.* the 'body-bundle,' *sanghātah*, xiii, 6; and the 'aggregate of lives,' *bhūtagrāmah*, xvii, 6.

2. ii, 11; the 'I, thou and these Rulers of men' of ii, 12; the 'Wearer' of ii, 13, referred to in every verse of ii, 17-25. See also xv, 7- 11.

3. *i. e.*, "I *do* something," iii, 27; xviii, 16— *kartā*, the 'doer.'

4. *i. e.*, "I *feel* something," ii, 14; xv, 9; the 'senser,' *bhōktā*, of *K*o, iii, 4.

5. 'Number'. 6. Students are apt to wonder why the (so very 'material') sense of *touch* (Sk. *tvach*) is made to correspond to *Buddhi*, the spiritual power in man. 'Touch' is not merely the surface-contact which alone we know out here. A square is not a cube, though it proceeds therefrom and may well stand for one on paper (a hexagon may do so too.) 'Touch' is the power of self-identification, of conscious pervasion, whereby the self contacts its bodies (xv, 7-11) or whatever else (vi, 28) it feels inclined to 'be' *pro tem.*

vibration allowed the bar to shrink.[1]

Mystic Desertion?

Now these various[2] 'contacts of matter[3]' are clearly said to be impermanent, unreliable, 'ever coming, going, shifting.[4]' But what is the universal consensus of all abstentionist mysticism (whether of the East or West) anent all things that 'come and go, and are impermanent?' Is it not the 'giving up' of them, the peeling off, the shelling off, layer after

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1. This vast question of contrasted sensing, and the transcending thereof, forms the subject of an essential Chapter of Vol. II. It is merely referred to in passing, here.

2. This power of contacting, thrown outwards (*Ko*, iv, 1) splits up into the different sense-powers, or functions (*indriyāṇi*), each contacting (pervading) the organ specialised through evolution for its use. So we may say that the senses (sense-*powers*) are the different ways in which the soul contacts its bodies, the 'organs' being the zones of contact, more or less specialised according to the body (gross or subtle).

3. Note the analogy of *mātrā* and 'matter'. 'Number' and 'measure', in Pythagorean Philosophy, seem to have been symbols for the manifested 'soul' and 'body'. "There is neither first nor last, for all is One Number, issued from No Number"—*Secret Doctrine*, '*Stanzas of Dzyān*'. 'Name, and 'Form' (*Muṇḍo* III, ii, 8) may mean the same.

4. Our very contact with our body (incarnation) is not ours to govern. How much less those sense-impressions which that deeper 'contact' makes us feel.

layer, of all that is tainted with impermanence, the withdrawal *from* it all, step by step, into some negatively defined permanent Basis at the back? What else is understood by *moksha*, 'liberation?[1]' Well might this verse be expected to conclude with some such command as: " Give them all up, O Wealth-Winner, *tān's tyajasva dhananjaya*."

But that is *not* what the Gītā says. It says precisely the reverse: *tān's titikshasva Bhārata*, "Endure them bravely, Bhārata!" " For," the next stanza[2] adds in substance, " the Man whose Rock-based Poise can no longer be disturbed by these external changes, the Man in whom the varied round of life's vicissitudes, gone through again and yet again, has finally drawn forth in answer all-rounding, all-balancing divine equilibrating Wisdom-Strength, so that, like perfect Gyroscope in the still ecstasy of infinitely rapid Motion, he calmly sits in the Seat of Control within, taking it all in, feeling it all, knowing it all, thankful for all, responding centrally to all, yet adjusting the delicate mechanism of body within body, gross, subtle, subtler, with such consummate Art that the most terrific outer impact is neutralised, absorbed (while clearly felt) by counter-

Quite the Contrary.

1. See Vol. II, on '*Mukti*'. 2. ii, 15.

vailing inner self-wrought, self-adjusting changes, leaving within a central Place of perfect Peace where He, the Artist, sits, controlling, knowing, feeling, yet unmoved[1]—that Man alone is bound[2] for Life Immortal."

Now *that* Man surely can no more be brought to birth by flight from life

Than perfect Warrior, past all challenge, comes to birth by flight from strife.

As well might a crazy schoolboy, having seen a much-envied elder brother drop his studies and get a degree soon after, think to secure as good a guerdon for himself by running away from school[3].

Life is the School of Immortality. Fight thy way through, Bull of the Man-Herd[4]!

Such the trumpet-call with which the Teaching opens.



1. The whole of which—and more—is comfortably housed within the cryptic bowels of the one word *dhīra*.

2. *kalpatē* means both 'is fit' and 'is destined'.

3. Tennyson's '*Holy Grail*' will repay study in this connection. See in particular p, 423, and the end pp. 432-33.

4. These introductory verses (11-16) are of supreme importance from the standpoint of Right Perception (*sānkhya*) and will thus be fully dealt with in Part II. At present, we are mainly concerned with the practical (*yōga*) aspect.

CHAPTER IV.



KARMA.

Unescapable Action.

ACTION[1] is the fundamental Impulse which makes the Universe[2]. Act is Creation (*kr*-ation) and Creation is Act. From God it takes its first Impulse—His Discharge outwards—and in God it must in turn discharge at End the Perfect Man[3], whose Potency God first[4] discharged in it[5]. Thus is the Cycle rounded out[6]. Meanwhile no thing create can cease to act[7], since the very existence of that thing *is* ACT.

Hence the choice, to *act* or *cease to act*, is not 'ours' at all, for it means the choice, to *exist* or *cease to exist*. That choice is God's alone.[8]

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1. *Karma*, root *kr*, 'to do.'

2. viii, 3.

3. xi, 40.

4. This from the standpoint of Time—our way of seeing. But for who gets *there*, "Before Abraham *was*, I AM." *Cf.* iv, 1-6.

5. xiv, 3, 4

6. iv, 32, 33; xv, 4.

7. iii, 4, 5, 8; xviii, 11, 40.

8. xviii, 60, 61; iii, 15, 16 *sqq*.

Man's Choice.

What choice *is* ours, then,—since we all *feel* there is in us some power to choose[1] ?

Our choice lies clearly in determining *how* we shall act. The choice, to loose, or curb, or deadlock, to set off against each other the various powers in our nature[2], and thus determine the resultant act—*that* power is ours . . . as we through Wisdom gradually learn to use it[3].

No doubt our action is always an expression of our nature (iii, 33). We can scarcely be expected to do what we 'have it not in us' to do[4]. But most of us 'have it in us' to do one of several various things under a given set of circumstances. Our nature consists of various types of energy, and we can choose which shall prevail over the rest. What we, within, thus determine upon, must ultimately win the day without, if only we go on determining in spite of failure (vi, 33-45). Our faith,

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1. The man who chooses to *think* otherwise (iv, 40) chooses a mental deadlock (*tāmasic* action) for himself, and proves his power in the choosing.

2. See further.

3. "The wise man rules his stars, the fool obeys them." (*Paracelsus*). See also *Tennyson*, '*De Profundis*' pp. 532-33, last lines.

4. The 'unfinished soul' (*a-kṛta-âtmâ*) of xv, 11, is plainly not expected to see the Self. "He that does all he can does enough for us," is a saying ascribed to a Master.

such as it is, makes us (xvii, 3). But we can mould our faith by choosing, in the light of past experience (*smṛti*, xv, 15) what we shall (*jñānam*, xv, 15) or shall not (*apōhanam*[1], xv, 15) 'feel ourselves to be' (xvii, 3). Strange to say, it is as our sense of past experience (*smṛti*) deepens backwards into God from Whom we come, that our Destiny moves onwards into God Who is our Goal. That is why the Perception of the **Ideal** is called *remembrance*[2].

The type of act we thus determine upon modifies other acts[3] (or existences) both 'in us' and 'outside'. It does this in three ways, *guṇabhédataḥ*[4]:—

Three Modes of Action.

A.—Constructively, *i. e.*, towards the synthesizing of more elementary separate activities (or existences) into some more universal activity (or existence[5]);

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1. These three terms, 'retention, assent, and rejection' (xv, 15), define the power of the inner Man, rooted past Time, to shape his course through Time.

2. Note A.

3. iii, 28; v, 9, 14; xiii, 29; xiv, 19, 23. In iii, 28, the words used are *guṇāḥ gunèṣhu vartanté*, "moods modify moods", "acts modify acts". " 'T is but the play of moods on moods" would be a better translation.

4. *i. e.*, according to the triplicity of the universal moods, or *guṇas* (xiv, 5 *sqq*; xviii, 19-40; xvii, 2-22.)

5. The building up of an organic form, bodily, religious, social, racial, is of this order: a synthesizing of separate units into a greater whole—*lōka-sangrahaḥ*, iii, 20, 25.

B.—Destructively, i. e., towards the resolving of some more universal activity (or existence) into more elementary separate activities (or existences[1]);

C.—Obstructively, i. e., towards the deadlocking of activity, whether *A* or *B*, by equal and opposite activity[2].

The interplay of these three makes up all life.

Consciousness, the Rider.

Consciousness[3] is something apart from these, but has a curious knack of identifying itself with one or other of them, as a rider identifies himself with the horse he is riding when he says, 'I trot,' 'Let me gallop,' 'I halt here', 'I go there'[4]. Imagine a rider with three horses—or, if you prefer, two horses . . . and a donkey. Whichever he chooses to bestride gains power, for the time, over the other two. His is the casting vote, as it were[5].

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1. The slaying of an organism, the subversion of established custom, religious, social etc., are of this order. Internally, the 'slaying' of a constituted habit, good or bad, the breaking down of a disease by medicine, or of a healthy organ by poison or vice.

2. The negative, obstructive policy of *mere* conservatism is of this order. Also (internally) the attempt to cease from action (or existence).

3. "The Consciousness in each man is a sliding scale which identifies him, now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body." (*Emerson.*)

4. iii, 27; vii, 13.

5. Note B.

The only difference between ignorance and Wisdom is that ignorance cannot help hypnotising itself into the notion that it actually *is* the white horse, or the red one, or ... the darksome donkey[1]. Whereas Wisdom keeps hold of itself at the back of all, and merely rides and controls[2].

A, dominant[3], marks the trend of all evolution.

The Dominant Mood.

But it is truly itself only while it works steadily forward with the co-operation of *B* and *C*[4].

This it can only be made to do if the Consciousness (the Casting Vote), while deliberately riding *A*, knows itself as distinct from the horse it rides, and understands the *uses* of the other two.

Detachment, or SELF-remembrance.

The moment it gets stuck to *A*, entangled in *A*, mixed up with *A*, it begins to resent by

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1. iii, 27, 29; vii, 13, 15; 'revelling, one with Nature's moods,' xv, 10. This is *bhôktâ*, 'the senser' of *Ko* iii, 4.

2. iii, 19, 25, 26, 28, 30; iv, 6-9, 14, 18-23 etc... This is the 'unchanging Mastery' spoken of in xi, 2. See Note C.

3. And it is always made so, in the long run, by the Divine Casting Vote (iv, 7, 8). In the well-known legend of the churning of the Ocean of Milk (cosmic potentiality), Vishnu favours the *Dêvas* at every crisis, though He by no means takes all the hard work off their hands.

4. The moment it (or the consciousness riding it) thinks to hark back (like Lot's wife) it is lost. It turns to *C* (*C*... ustom)—a statue of 'salt', a licking-block for cattle (*pashu*—*Bṛ*o I, iv, 10), which need not therefore be despised of Men, but must be systematically ground to dust, as need arises, to furnish the necessary spice (*Ko* ii, 25) for their constructive meals.

contrast the action of *B*. Resentment, objection, are essentially negative, obstructive sentiments; and, before it is aware of what has happened, the seat of Consciousness has been shifted from *A* to *C*. It thought to have bestridden its white horse in the dark, but wakes to find itself athwart the darksome donkey. This is what is meant by the 'bondage' of the *sattva-guṇa* (xiv, 6, 9). The *sattva-guṇa* to which the Man becomes attached has already shifted into some subtle form of *tamô-guṇa*; and while he eases up in bland contentment and security, astraddle of his hardly-gotten laurels[1], thinking himself rid of *B* and *C* (nasty things!) for good and all, the substitution has been effected on the sly, and he is riding on the downward path (*jaghanya-guṇa-vṛtti*, xiv, 18).

Hence, in order to work steadily onwards, riding *A*, and managing *B* and *C*, the man must constantly remember, *i, e*, identify his essential SELF with something beyond all three (xiv, 19-23). This is the only true Salvation.

The Dominant Mood (contd.).

B is then its faithful servant, the Angel of the Lord, breaking down all obstruction due to previous building, now outgrown,—thus setting free the needed elementary materials for fresh construction, opening up a way through all the litter of the past, which turns to *use* as it is broken up.

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1. Whoever would contend that laurels can be neither horse nor donkey, must own that they may unquestionably be . . a bull. May Shiva and old Erin forgive!

C itself, while thus steadily overcome by *A* through *B*, furnishes the indispensable resistance without which no gradual, progressive, conscious evolution could be. Without resistance, the Power at the back of Evolution would be let loose like a flash in the pan, like steam-pressure with no engine to move, a sudden flare instead of a sequence of graduated, conscious, progressive experience.

As *A* has to use *B* to break up opposite *C*, so it has to use *C* as a convenient buffer against opposite *B*, *i. e.*, to set up against hostile destructive forces a well-wrought bulwark of resistance (or a glamour of concealment) behind which to build.

A, *B* and *C* are necessary aspects of all activity (or existence)[1]. The varying temperaments of beings are due to the predominance[2] of one or other of these, using the other two as its tools[3]. The predominance of *A*, using *B* and *C*, has just been referred to. It stands to reason that *B*, pre-

1. xviii, 40. Being *nis-trai-guṇya* (ii, 45, xiv, 19-26) does not mean existing without those three moods, since there is no existence in Time without them. It means BEING beyond them, while *existing* thanks to them.

2. Due to previous self-identification of the consciousness therewith,' revelling, one with Nature's Moods' (xv, 10)

3. xiv, 10-13.

dominant, must likewise (to some extent) use *A* and *C*, and that *C*, predominant, must use *A* and *B*—else can they accomplish naught, even in their own destructive or obstructive way[1]. The status of a given being[2] depends not on his momentary mode of action, but on his ultimate purpose, on the secret motive, the hidden mainspring (sometimes hidden even to himself) of his action.

Man, bound and free.

Just as the Cosmic SELF is consciously distinct from Cosmic Action (or Existence)[3], so is the human Self essentially distinct from human action (or existence[4]) — Man made in the Image of GOD.

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1. Note the constructiveness involved in the organisation of a band of assassins or outlaws. Note also the destructive criticism directed (for lack of something stronger) by obstructive conservatism against really progressive (constructive) personalities and movements. The extermination of the Albigenses is a typical example of (*B*) wielded as a weapon by (*C*) against (*A*).

2. Whether individual, or collective—such as a church, a society, a party, a nation, etc. .

3. iv, 6-13; v, 6; vii, 13, 24, 25; viii, 20, 21; ix, 9; x, 42; xiii, 14-17 etc. . .

4. iv, 9, 14, 18-23; v, 8-10, 13, 15, 16, 18-21, 24, 25; vi. 7-9; viii, 21, 22; xiii, 22, 23, 27-34; xiv, 19, 20, 22-27; xv, 17-19; xviii, 16, 56, 62.

While He deliberately identifies Himself[1] with one or other of the modes or moods *(A, B, C)*, giving up his divine birthright for a mess of pottage of some sort or other[2], he is called *bhôktā*, the senser[3], the 'reveller[4]', and is said to be 'bound'.

When he knows HIMSELF at the back of 'Creature-Nature' in all her aspects[5], he is free.

'Coming and Going'

The 'bound soul' has power to shift its fulcrum from one aspect of activity to another. Identified with *C*, it sinks to gradual loss of consciousness[6], lapses back into potentiality[7], as it were. Identified with *B*, its doom is pain and violent disruption[8]. Identified with *A*, its reward is indefinite progress[9] . . . in perspective. But if it does not know Itself beyond the horse it rides, it rides for a fall. Attachment

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1. xiii, 21 ; xv, 9, 10.
2. These are the 'fleshpots of Egypt.'
3. *Ko*, iii, 4.
4. xv, 7-10.
5. xiv, 22-26; xiii, 22, 23, 27-32, 34 ; aslo iv and v, *passim*, and other passages throughout the book.
6. xiv, 9, 13, 15-18; xvi, 20, where *B*, not transcended, lapses finally into *C*——active evil into senseless aberration.
7. Whence it will some day be rescued by the divinely wielded *B*-power of some Greater One.
8. xi, 27; xiv, 16; xvii, 9; xviii, 38; v, 22; iv, 8.
9. xiv, 11, 14, 16-18.

to what has been gained leads it to look back complacently, and before it knows what has happened, it finds itself on the down-grade on the back of the wrong horse (*C*). Hence alternate rise and fall[1] is the inevitable fate of the bound soul.

Emancipation.

Freedom is freedom *in* action[2], not freedom *from* action[3]. The latter is a mere negative notion, implying the predominance of the '*C*' aspect, however subtle and refined. Hence the early warning, *mâ te sango 'stvakarmaṇi*[4], "Let not *cessation* tempt thee," "Cast not thy vote (by mistake) on the wrong . . . donkey."

A bon entendeur, salut[5].

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1. iii, 43, 44; vii, 23; viii, 16, 23; ix, 20, 21, 24, 25.
2. xiii, 22-23; xiv, 19, 20 (*cf.* iv, 10); xviii, 9-12, 17, 56; iv, 18-23; etc. .
3. iii, 4, 6, 16, 22, 25, 30; vi, 1, etc, etc. . . .
4. *Lit.*, let there not be (*mā astu*), for thee (*te*), association [in consciousness] (*sangah*), with [a prospect of] *akarma i. e.* cessation from action (*akarmaṇi*).
5. A French equivalent of "Whoso hath ears to hear, let him hear."

NOTES ON CHAPTER IV.

NOTE A. (p. 118)

Remembrance.

This must seem a commonplace to students of Plato. *Cf.* the 'Passion of the Past' which forms the prelude to Tennyson's ecstasy[1] (p. 551, l. col.) See also '*Far, far away*,' p. 610 and Sonnet I, p. 25. Tally with this *BG*, viii, 5-14, where the same root *smṛ*, 'to remember', recurs six times, in verses 5, 6, 7, 9, 13, 14. Compare also "Turns again Home," in '*Crossing the Bar*' (p. 636) with *BG*, xv, 4-6; xviii, 46, 58, 62. The passage viii, 5, 6 *sqq*, just referred to, matches with *Chh*° III, xiv, and with *Paul*, II *Cor*. iii, 18,— "But we all, beholding as in a mirror' (or 'reflecting as a mirror') the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same Image from glory to glory." Truly does our *imagination* —nothing else—make fools of most of us and sages of a few (vii, 13-20).

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1. His own personal experience, as testified to in a letter quoted in the '*Memoir, by His Son*' and (with two smal omissions) in James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

NOTE B. (p. 119.)

The Root of Redemption.

This is where man's free-will comes in. King Arthur's words to Lancelot (*Tennyson*, p. 432, r. col.) are pregnant with meaning when this is understood:

"Nay—but thou errest, Lancelot: never yet
Could *all of true and noble in knight and man*
Twine round one sin[1], whatever it might be,
With such a closeness, but apart there grew,
Save that he were the swine thou spakest of,
Some root of knighthood and pure nobleness;
Whereto see thou[2] that it may bear its flower."
(*italics mine*)

NOTE C. (p. 120.)

Free Action.

All this may seem incomprehensible in theory, but has a practical sense to who cares not to argue but

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1. Here we have constructive action (*A*) made partly the tool of destructive action (*B*), *i.e.*, knightly deeds done partly with the secret impure motive of fostering and holding Guinevere's love (see p. 466, l. col., lines 8-22), thus coming into conflict with Arthur's great constructive purpose and helping to ruin it (but only *pro tem.*—p. 315, r. col., lines 12-17).

2. *i. e.*, Set your will (your casting vote) on the right horse, and through him you will gradually overcome all obstruction of past evil. Elaine (see '*Lancelot and Elaine*', p. 395) is Lancelot's great opportunity missed. It *must* recur, after expiation.

prefers to *live*. Old Ben Franklin's saying, "Drive your business, do not let it drive you," which I remember explaining to Bengali school-boys (it occurred in the School 'Reader' when I was playing school-master five years ago) contains the seed-idea of *Karma-Yoga*.

Krshna, the Free Agent.

S h r ī K ṛ ṣ h ṇ a is the type of the perfectly liberated Consciousness, identifying itself at will with whatever it cares to survey (vii, 7-13, ix, 4-11, 15-19; x, 2, 8, 20-39; xv, 7, 13, 15, 18; etc ...), yet never losing hold of ITSELF (ix, 9, 10 *et passim*). What in x, 20-39 He calls 'I', He in x, 40,41, calls 'My projected Rays'. This power of self-projection of the Cosmic Consciousness *(puruṣha)* is called its *pra-kṛtih*, 'putting forth', or *māyā* (iv, 6-8; vii, 5-7; ix, 8-10.) Sometimes he calls it roughly 'Myself', as in ix, 5. C. H. Hinton has tried to work out this idea in his story of the 'Persian King' *(Scientific Romances.)*



CHAPTER V.

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ACTION, BOUND AND FREE.

Man's Choice.

MAN'S Choice, then, does not lie between fighting and not fighting, between acting and not acting. It lies between fighting like a Warrior-Sage and fighting like a brute, between acting like a galley-slave and acting like a Man.

The deliberate taking up of action[1] by one who clearly realises this is K a r m a - Y ô g a[2] —the

1. v, 2; iii, 4, 8; iv, 19-24; vi, 1; xviii, 9.

2. *Karma-Yôga* simply means the 'taking up' *(yôga)* of 'action' (*karma*—v, 2; xviii, 9), as opposed to the 'giving up of action' (*karma-sannyâsa* —v, 2; xviii, 7, 8). Of course the ordinary man's activity is *not* the 'taking up' of action—not in this sense, at least. It is the being carried away by action—quite another affair. Hence *karma-yôga* comes to denote only that sort of action by which the man is *not* carried away (*apa-hṛta*, 'snatched away, unpoised'—ii, 44, 67), *i. e.* action in a state of inner Poise (ii, 48, 64-66); and *yôga* comes to mean Poise, Self-centredness, the being linked up, knit together, at-one, no longer scattered after prospects (*Ko* iv, 14; *cf. BG*, xviii, 66). K a r m a - Y ō g a may thus be defined as action without *personal* motive (whether hope or

Karma-Yoga.

setting of one's shoulder to the World-Wheel[1]. It means the passing of the danger-point, the point where the collapse of separate selfish motives[2] may by confusion[3] be mistaken for a signal to desist from Act[4].

Now, while the collapse of separate selfish motives[5] marks the end of an agelong disease, the

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fear), *i. e.* impersonal action. It also connotes, by extension, the *attempt* to act impersonally, the gradual training of oneself in the Royal Art (ix, 2) of Impersonal Action.

1. iii, 16.   2. i, 32, 35; ii, 5, 6, 8.

3. ii, 7, 52, 53; xviii, 60, 72.

4. i, 46; ii, 9; xviii, 58, 59.

5. Usually called *vairâgya*, *lit.*, 'dis-passion'. But this term emphasizes only the feeling, or motive (*yôga)* aspect. From the cognitional (*sânkhya*) point of view, *vairâgya* may be defined as the recognition of the inadequacy of sense and mind to solve the problem of existence—a necessary prelude to

> " . . . that blessed mood
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened." (Wordsworth)

This cognitional counterpart of *vairâgya* may be connoted by the term *asammohah*, freedom from the glamour [of mind and sense], (x, 4). See Part II.

That *vairâgya* should be no pretext for inertia is clearly

Vairagya: the collapse of separate sefish motives.

half-formed desire to cease from Action threatens an insidious relapse. Hence the Master's double mood, hailing the one with joy[1], urgently warning against the other[2].

I have deliberately used the words "*separate* selfish motives", for *selfish* motives there must be,

True SELF-ishness...

else no motives. *Selfishness* is as unavoidable as *self*. Yet there is self, Self, and SELF[3], likewise selfishness, Selfishness and SELF-ishness. 'Selfishness' being usually taken to connote the pampering of the falsest 'self' of all, 'unselfishness' has, by contrast, come to connote the denial of that false self, 'self-sacrifice.' But as the pampering of the false (shadow) means the denial of the true (Light), so must the denial of the false imply the 'pampering' of the true—let us rather say the worship of the true, allegiance to the true. Hence is unselfishness true Selfishness, and the Power that impels there-

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implied in vi, 35, where we are told that *vairágya* and *abhyása* (exertion), combined, form the only Path to Mastery (*cf.* V, 2).

1. ii, 10, 11. 2. ii, 2, 3, 4-8, 16; xviii, 56-60, 72.

3. xv, 16-19. *See Part II*

to, Man's true Desire[1].

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1. *satyāh kāmāh* (*Chho*, VIII, i, 6); *ātmanaḥ kāma* (*Brho* II. iv, 5); *dharma-aviruddha kāma*(*BG*, vii, 11);—the 'affections' spoken of in the immediate sequel to the lines of Wordsworth quoted in a previous footnote.

> "... That serene and blessed mood
> In which the affections gently lead us on
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living Soul,
> While with an Eye made quiet by the pow'r
> Of harmony, and the deep pow'r of Joy,
> We see into the Life of things."

Of course this 'True Desire' may be more clearly connoted by 'aspiration' or some such term. The *muni* or 'aspirant' of vi, 3 is one in whom the 'true desires' are being quickened into birth.

This True Desire will in its turn fall into two ('truer' and 'truest') according as it centres in Self or SELF, *i. e.*, in the individual immortal soul, or in the Common SELF (*sarva-bhūta-ātmā*, v, 7—*cf.* iv, 35, 41 etc . .). The latter alone means absolute Salvation, and is the ultimate aim of all *upanishad*-Teaching. The former is dealt with in *BG*, xvi. It deserves the name of 'far-sighted selfishness' rather than 'unselfishness'. It is the doing of good for the sake of one's own ultimate individual good. The necessary transition from this second stage (Self-ishness) to the third and final one (SELF-ishness) is clearly indicated in xvi, 22. Morality (xvi, 23, 24) leads from the 'lower' to the 'higher', from self to Self. *Upanishad* (the Mystery-Teaching, *Chho* III, v.) leads from both self and Self to SELF. *See Part II.*

Like 'self[1]', like *motive*: "Whate'er his *faith*, the same is he[2]." That is why Karma-Yôga, the passing from falsely selfish motives to truly SELF-ish ones[3], marks the transition from false selfhood to true[4]. Now one cannot grasp one's 'self', but one can analyse, influence, encourage or discourage, and ultimately rule one's motives. As wrong motives gradually make way for the One Right Motive, Universal Good[5], the prevailing wrong notion of self gradually melts away. It goes where darkness goes when light shines forth[6].

. . . ushering in True SELF-hood.

Thus Karma-Yôga comes to mean, negatively, the elimination of selfish motives.

Karma-Yoga defined: a. Negatively.

Selfish motives are connoted by the terms *karma-phala* and *sanga*[7].

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1. Emerson's definition cannot be too often repeated: "The *Consciousness* in each man is a sliding scale which identifies him, now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body."

2. xvii, 3. 3. *e. g.*, *lôka-sangraha*, iii, 20, 25.

4. iv, 38, where *yôga* must be taken to mean *karma-yôga*. There is no other in a Universe of Action (v, 11). *Jñâna* and *Bhakti* are but the inner (consciousness and motive) aspects of the same.

5. *Sarva-bhûta-hitam*, v, 25; xii, 4. 6. x, 11.

7. ii, 47, 48; v, 12.

Karma-phala, 'action's fruit,' simply means personal gain, of whatever kind; *sanga*[1], 'sticking, cleaving, adhesiveness,' means the inability mentally to dissociate one's own separate self from the prospect of consequences, the careful weighing of which characterizes all rational action[2]—the inability to think and plan impersonally.

Thus, not being motived by *karma-phala* or personal gain[3]; acting without *sanga*[4], *i.e.*, impersonally—such the negative definition of Karma-Yôga.

But the elimination of wrong motives is not enough. Negative precept is broomstick morality at best —fit but to clear the way for something positive.

b. Positively.

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1. Verbal root *sanj*, to stick, adhere. Adj. *sakta*, 'stuck, attached'.

2. There can be no greater error than to imagine that Karma-Yōga means acting without regard for consequences. Such action would be *tâmasic*, irrational (xviii, 25), tending to sheer degradation. *Yogah karmasu kaushalam*, 'Yōga [is] efficiency in deeds' (ii, 50). It is not the consequences that we have to disregard, but merely the consequences *to our own self*—an infinitely harder task, requiring gradual mastery of the mind (vi, 36), not recklessness.

3. ii, 47.

4. *a-saktah*, 'detached', ii, 48; iii, 19; iv, 20 where both expressions coalesce in *tyaktvâ karma-phala-âsangam*, 'having cast out the *sanga* (sticking) to *karma-phala*.'

That something positive is Sacrifice[1], *loka-sangraha,* 'the drawing together of Creation into One[2]'; that something positive is LOVE[3].

Now what happens when a man begins to practise Karma-Yôga?

Till then he was himself [his limited, personal self] the goal of all his undertakings. He never undertook anything without mentally projecting himself forward[4] as the recipient of the train of consequences conjured up in thought by him. Imagination[5] being the power that moulds destiny, the man, imagining the results for himself, predestined himself for the results, fatally bound himself up with the results (whether they were what he had fondly imagined, or not.) And so, causal concatenations of linked events, initiated by him with

Binding.

1. *Yajña,* iii, 9, 13, 16; iv, 23, 24, 30-33. *Cf.* ix, 26, 27; xviii, 46.

2. iii, 20, 25-26.

3. Read together ix, 11-14, 29; vi, 31; xii 4, 13-19; viii, 22.

4. Through *sanga,* defined above.

5. *Sankalpa,* 'forethought,' vi, 4; 'thought for self,' vi, 24; also iv, 19, of which the first half may be rendered thus:

"In all his undertakings, free
From selfish forethought's moulding pow'r,"

himself for goal, had constantly to be received, absorbed, neutralised by himself at the other end. No image exactly expresses this, but a slight stretch of the imagination may enable one to conceive a sort of 'Wonderland' or Dreamland tennis-player sending off endless balls (some fast, some mighty slow—yet sure) while wishing to receive them himself in the other court. The force of his own wish[1] wafts him over as if by magic at the right time, so that he is continually compelled to receive and somehow neutralise (unless he prefers to send them off again . . *da capo)* the impact of balls erstwhile set flying by himself. The man, at the initial moment, through the 'pro-creative[2],' power of

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1. v, 12.

2. *i. e.* 'Carrying forward'. *sam-kḷp*, the root of *sankalpa*, means at the same time 'to imagine' and 'to determine'. "Is fit," *kalpate* (ii, 15), means at the same time is 'destined,' is 'determined', 'bound', '*pre*destined' (by his own *pre*vious exertion). The same term, in xviii, 53, has been translated 'cannot help becoming.' The moment of *imagining* is the moment of *choice*. Attainment is mere consequence. "But we all, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into that same image from glory to glory." *(Paul II. Cor.*, iii, 18*) Chh*o, III, xiv; *Bṛh*o IV, iv, 5, 6; *BG*, viii, 5, 6; xviii, 3. The deeper aspects of creative imagination appear only in the *yôgî*, the man who is *yukta*, 'poised', in whom B u d d h i, the spiritual sense (see Part

his imagination, *binds his action, i. e.*, limits the *ultimate*[1] benefit thereof (as imagined) to himself. It is no free gift of energy drawn forth from inner realms for the uses of the world. Well, *his Self-bound action binds . . . himself*[2]. That is all. His selfish forethought intercepts his action from the start, and his self-intercepted action fatally intercepts *him*,—for 'better' or for worse, cloying with sweets that pall at end, or scorching with the hell-fire of merciless self-chosen, self-inflicted pain. "As a man sows, so must he reap."

Think of a man engaged in hurling forth continual streams of energy from the centre of a sphere[3]

II) has become manifest (ii, 66; xv, 10, 11). Our Book then calls it *bhâvanâ*, the 'power to cause to be', *sankalpa* denoting selfish imagination in all three instances cited (iv, 19; vi, 4, 24). Brahmacharya (vi, 14) is ceasing to 'procreate', *i. e.* ceasing to carry forward selfish separate existence mentally, ceasing from selfish forethought (*sankalpa*)—not mere abstinence from sexual intercourse, as usually understood.

1. Good done to others as a mere *intermediate* means to one's own good, can bear no permanent fruit. It reacts on the doer and . . . is cancelled. It brings him no nearer to his final goal.

2. v, 12.

3. The 'Auric Egg' of the *Secret Doctrine.*

'He lives in vain'.

of perfectly elastic surface which surrounds him on all sides and shuts him off both *from* and *in* God's Cosmic Life, just as the membrane[1] shuts the fœtus off both *from* and *in* its mother's organism[2]. Whatever he sends forth impinges on that surface and rebounds[3], returns to him to be in part absorbed and thereby cancelled (a lesson mastered), in part sent back, refused, but sure to 'call again' (his partial failure).

Lower a cylinder into a stream and drop stones in the centre. The waves raised by each stone in turn are intercepted and rebound to where they started from, thence to the periphery once more and back again, slighter each time, until after a few more oscillations they have sunk to rest. But meanwhile other stones have raised fresh waves—an endless complication of ripples crossing ripples, forth and back, a skein close-tangled past unravelling, yet where not a single *loose end* can be found.

1. iii, 38, 40.

2. We may call this his complex, growing, self-imposed notion of himself—the momentary shifting limit mistaken for itself by the self-conscious Essence which it limits.

3. Whether after the lapse of moments, lives, or æons, matters little to the timeless SELF.

All starts from him and finds him out at last, or soon or late.

Such the *karma* of the selfish[1] man. 'Vain action,' it is called—"He lives in vain[2]."

Now when the man has had his fill of shallow, narrow 'selfishness', and grows 'unselfish' (*sympathy* or deeper, broader, more organic *self*ishness the symptom),

Loosing.

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1. 'Mis-selfish' would be a truer epithet, for he constantly *misses* HIMSELF, while running after what seems something else. And when he catches it he finds that it is nothing but 'himself,' at bottom: there's no more in it than what he put in to start with—and that was always his, hence scarce worth running after. He is like a dog who, glimpsing something like a sausage, vows to dine off it and, after a wild chase, in splendid appetite, closes teeth on . . . his own tail. He can't dine off it without dining it off him—a sorry fix.

2. iii, 16; ix 12. Yet not in vain, since selfish action gradually leads up to its own cessation, and that is the surest sign of Wisdom's Dawn (ii, 11). But quite in vain in the sense that its ultimate result is not what the selfish man expects of it. No man acts selfishly in order to become unselfish, yet that is what the hidden Mover in him is steadily driving at, the while the outer man pursues his loves and hates. Self-cancelling action, one might call it. At the same time it is the gestation of the Power of Divine Act in us. 'Vain' while it continues, yet not vain in that it tends to cease, and must give birth to Wisdom in its death.

you may conceive the cylinder as wearing out. The man grows tired of thinking of himself, of planning, calculating for himself, of vainly setting his own self athwart the prospect. His prison must wear out, in parts at first, its purpose served. It must wear out by slow degrees as the winged Spirit grows to ripeness in the shell. Little by little, more and more of that divine *cre*-ative energy (always divine, remember, even when most abused) is free to pass, to radiate and mingle with the cosmic Stream.

While the man's energy (or what he was allowed to fancy *his*) was bound by his own selfish 'aura[1]', it hampered him unceasingly, pouncing on him at every turn from every quarter of the seeming-infinite self-consolidated Space[2] that hemmed him in. What could he know of Freedom?

But once he lets his energy pulse freely forth, postulating nothing for his own self as apart, craving nothing, asking nothing, wishing Good all round[3], content to *go on doing so*[4] as long as LIFE

1. *i. e.* by his *sankalpa*, by his own mind-created (iii, 34, 37-41) counterfeit of God's Creation, within which he has been living, spell-bound (vii, 13,15, 27; ii, 52), thinking it to be the Universe. *See Part II.*

2. *Bṛho*, I. iii,10. 3. iii, 20, 25; v, 25 ; xi, 55; xii, 4, 13

4. Tennyson's '*Wages*,' p. 239.

lives on,—he grows into a Radiant Centre of Cosmic Power. From God his Action henceforth springs —not from 'himself' (he *knows* it now)—to God it sweeps back[1] as a mighty Wave (one amongst many) bearing along with it some of the garnered fruit of æonian cosmic harvests[2].

Whoever sets his Power free has freed himself[3]. This is true absolution; this alone is *being absolved*[4]. None but the ungrudging Servant holds the Key to Perfect Mastery[5]. Once he craves no '*other*' wages, God's own SELF *is his*. He need not even ask for it[6]. Truly is the Labourer worthy of his hire! Whatever we may claim, the Master

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1. v, 16, 17; xv, 4, 5.

2. The consummation hinted at in ii, 72; iii, 7, 8, 10, 11, 19; iv, 9, 10, 16, 23, 24, 33; v, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29; xi, 54, 55; xv, 20 and other passages too numerous to be mentioned.

3. The transformation of the aura of the ordinary man into that of the Arhat, in C. W. Leadbeater's '*Man Visible and Invisible*' (see Plates) is nothing but a picture-symbol of this loosing of man's Active Power—rather, of God's Power in Man.

4. See Part II, "The Forgiveness of Sins"(Index).

5. ii, 64, 65; iii, 7; iv, 39, 41; ix, 26-28.

6. iv, 38.

gives[1]; but once we cease to claim, he gives... HIMSELF[2]. When shall our clamour cease?

[Again an orgy of metaphors!—Well, the more, the merrier. No simile, let us repeat it, can *express* the truth it hints at. A simile is at best a tool of no intrinsic value. Yet it may serve a precious purpose as a stirrer-up of trains of thought—a sort of worthless stick picked up to stir some priceless mixture. Let it be wiped and thrown away when done with.]

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1. vii, 20-23; ix, 20-21, 23-25.

2. vii, 18,19; ix, 22, 28-34; x, 8-11; xi, 55; xii, 4, 6, 7; xiv, 26, 27 etc.

—o—

CHAPTER VI.



ODDS AND ENDS.

A FEW stray items ere we launch into the more substantial Essays that form the last two Chapters of this Volume.

The Mysterious Smile. (ii, 10)

How can Shrī Kṛṣhṇa be so heartless as to smile[1] at the recital of Arjuna's pathetic grief?

Conversion.

Mainly because He cannot be so sightless as not to see in Arjuna's discouragement[2] the clearest symptom of a heart's conversion. Arjuna's disgust with world-activity in its separative, 'selfish'

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1. "Almost," or "As it were," the Book says (Sk. *iva*). But that makes it all the worse—to our imaginative critic, at least. It suggests the half-concealed, sly smile of the hypocrite. Better the downright villain who laughs outright!

2. *Vairāgya* in its pessimistic, early aspect (the teething troubles of the cosmic baby, I call it). Really, *vairāgya* means disgust with selfish, separative, outer motives, a healthy revulsion without which there can be no turning

aspect—this alone makes him worthy of enlightenment, capable of resuming activity once more, the crisis past, with selfless, or rather truly SELF-ish[1], *i. e.*, synthetic[2], motive.

The Shadow of the Dawn.

This is a commonplace of ancient mystic Teaching. The disciple's world-sorrow (*welt-schmertz*) calls up in answer the Master's joy, for it heralds the ripening of the Man in one He loves. Where the disciple sees only the breaking up of worlds, and grieves, the clear-eyed Teacher greets the birth-throes of a World-Redeemer.

In the Yôga-Vāsiṣhṭha[3], when Rāma concludes his poignant song of Sorrow, no sooner have the last sad notes of his lament of universal transiency died out, than the gathered Riṣhis clap their hands and shout with joy, "For Light,"

('conversion') to the inner Light, no perception of the unitary Life, no setting into play of the *other*, divine, synthetic Motive, LOVE. But this healthy disgust with *what mars Life* is generally masked at outset in the semblance of disgust with *Life itself*.

1. See Chapter V.

2. iii, 20, 25, 30; iv, 15 etc .. also p. 70, above. See Index—'*loka-sangraha*.'

3. *Vairāgya Khaṇḍa.* See *Thesophical Review* Vol XXV.

They say, "has shone in Rāma's heart. He sees the shadow[1] which that Light casts on the world 'without.' The shadow proves the Light that casts it. Let us show him within Himself that Light, which we *have seen*[2]."

The inner Light, when it begins to glimmer under stress of long experience[3], casts on the 'outer' world the shadow of whatever impurities are in the outer man. The shadow proves there is a Light for him to turn to. But he, under the spell of age-long habit, continues peering outward[4] into a world where hope is dead, where all is darkened by the shadow of that which in his sheaths awaits destruction. Whoever has not passed through that "Valley of the Shadow of Death," has as yet no Light within himself. What is there for him to turn to[5]? Few as yet are the

1. Of the perishable 'self,' or rather of what Tennyson, with the scientific precision of the Occultist, calls "The mortal *limit* of the self" (*The Ancient Sage.*)

2. This is not a quotation. I merely give the substance from memory, See *Theosophical Review*, Vol. XXV.

3. The rubbing of the firesticks *Ko*, iv, 8, accelerated by deliberate practice in Yoga.

4. *Ko*, iv, 1, 14.

5. xv, 10, 11, where *a-kṛta-ātmānaḥ*, 'the unfinished ones,' 'they in whom the light of *buddhi* (see Vol. II) can not be kindled' reminds one of the foolish virgins of *Matt.*

Chosen[1].

Why does Shrî Kṛṣhṇa, as it were, gulp down a smothered smile at Arjuna's prospective enlightenment, whereas the Riṣhis broadly laugh and shout with joy at Rāma's?

The Checking of the Smile.

Simply because Rāma represents the final stage of the Path which Arjuna just enters. Like Nachikétas of the *Kaṭhopaniṣhad* and Prahlāda[2] of the *Purāṇa*, Rāma represents what Arjuna will be when the prophecy of ii, 52, 53 is fulfilled, and nothing remains but the utterance of the Final Secret[3], the drawing of the veil from the fully completed masterpiece, the Perfect Man.

Trials ahead.

But now there is still so much work for him to labour through with painful effort (while Rest Eternal slowly, slowly dawns within), so much sorrow to be faced by him (while Joy past losing slowly, slowly dawns within), so much suffering to be endured (while Peace inalienable slowly, slowly

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xxv, whose lamps, for lack of sacrificial oil, cannot be lighted in time.

1. vii, 3, 19; vi, 40-45. "A work of ages" (Light on the Path, ii, 17.)

2. X, 30

3. *Light on the Path*, ii, 17.

dawns within,) so much darkness to be traversed (while Light inextinguishable slowly, slowly dawns within,) so much hate to be encountered (while Love that knows no hatred slowly, slowly dawns within,) so many fetters to be struck off (while Liberty that leaves no prison-gates behind it slowly, slowly dawns within,) such long-drawn agony for him to wrestle through before 'that final last of deaths when death is dead[1]'—that the Master, out of sheer sympathy with the suffering which He, in the disciple, *feels* (the while His own Soul laughs exultant in the Freedom of Eternal Superspace,) refrains from showing forth too soon the joy which Arjuna cannot yet comprehend.

Tennyson, the Yogi.

In the very same way does Tennyson, in the letter that describes[2] his ecstasy, speak of death as

1. *Light of Asia.*

2. Or rather, according to his own emphatic declaration, *fails* to describe. "Utterly beyond words"; "I am ashamed of my feeble description"—these are his own expressions in the letter. As for the poems:

> "Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
> In matter-moulded forms of speech
> Or ev'n for intellect to reach
> Thro' memory that which I became."

In Memoriam, xcv.

[see overleaf.]

"an *almost laughable*[1] impossibility"—an expression which, in the light of the above, requires no further comment from me, coming as it does from the born[2] Y ô g ī who was wont to say that "he had rather know himself lost eternally than not know that the whole human race was to live eternally," and who explains the poignant sadnesses of *In Memoriam* by saying that "'I' is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him[3]."

Many of the apparent inconsistencies of the

"..   ..   ..   and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large Life as, matched with ours,
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

The Ancient Sage.

Which all reads like a translation of the U p a n i ṣ h a d s See *Keo* i, 3; *Taitto* II, iv, ix.

1. Italics mine..

2. He writes (in the letter mentioned) that he could throw himself into that mystic state at will "quite up from boyhood."

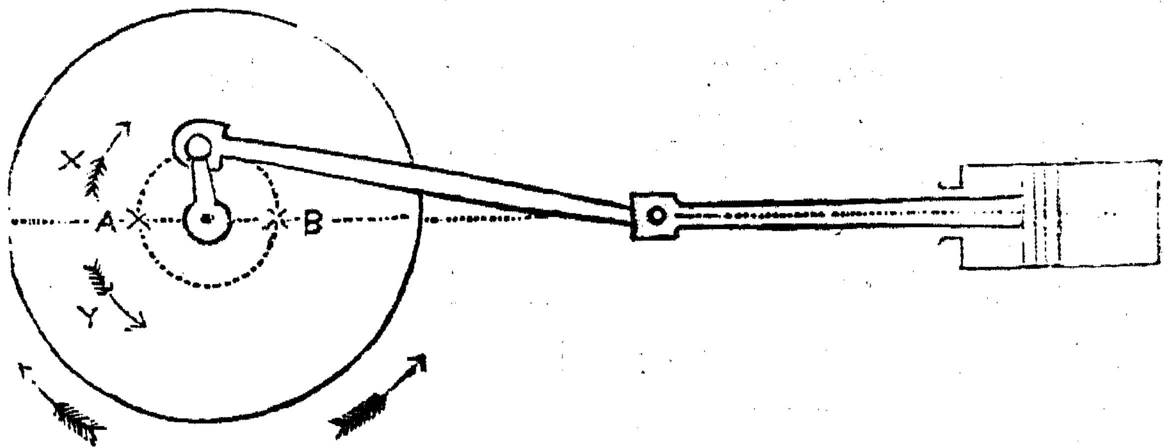
3. I quote these passages from memory. They will be found in *Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a Memoir, by His Son.* Read carefully the whole Chapter entitled '*In Memoriam* also *Tyndall's* account in the Appendix. Tennyson seems to have been a typical embodiment of the ideals set forth in ii, 20-29. [Quotations subsequently verified. See pp. 304-5, 320-21.]

The 'Dead' Point[1]

Book vanish, once we understand that the Master is simply trying to help Arjuna over the turning point, the 'dead point[2]' of his individual cycle,

1. The subject of 'Conversion' (see beginning of the Chapter) is here resumed, after a—not wholly irrelevant—digression.

2. At either end of the piston's course, in a simple steam engine, there is a 'dead' point, when the end of the crank is either at A or B. If the engine is stopped exactly at one or other of these points—say A—a deadlock occurs,



there being no reason why the engine should start revolving one way (X) rather than the other (Y). The only way out of the deadlock is to move the wheel by hand a little whichever way may happen to be easiest or most convenient. Then only will the pressure of the steam be able to translate itself from useless strain into active motion. If it is not in the direction required, a fresh start may be made after stopping the machine at a more favourable point (say in the position represented in the sketch) so that the 'dead point' may be safely passed over thanks to the impetus acquired.

the crucial deadlock to which selfish motive ultimately tends as its complexity increases. That is the point which A r j u n a has reached, when his *buddhi* (motive power) is *vipratipannā*[1] (pulled opposite ways) by conflicting second-hand notions (*shruti*[2]) of what he ought to do or to avoid.

This explains:

A—The Master's solemn warning against inaction[3], which would mean sticking at the 'dead point,' a fatal deadlock than which *any kind of activity*[4] is better.

B—His overwhelming appeal to the divine, synthetic motive, Self-Sacrifice[5].

C—His occasional appeal[6] to such personal selfish motives as may still have a chance of moving such a man as A r j u n a, and saving him

1. ii, 52, 53.

2. Set over against each other the passage i, 31-46, with its keynote in i, 44, '*iti anushushruma*,' "thus have we heard at second hand", and the other aspects of *shruti* set forth by S h r ī K ṛ ṣ h ṇ a in ii, 2, 3, 31-37; xvi, 23, 24.

3. *mā tē sangō 'stvkarmaṇi*, ii, 47.

4. *karma jyāyō hyakarmaṇaḥ*, iii, 18.

5. ii, 47-55, 64, 65, 71, 72; iii, 9, 13, 16, 19-31, 35, 43; iv 1-3, 7-10, 12, 14, 15, 18-24 ..., 42; v, 2-11 etc., etc., ending in xviii, 56, 57.

6. ii, 2, 3, 31-37; xi, 33, 34; xvi, 22-24; xviii, 59-60.

from that fatal deadlock even, if need be, at the cost of a temporary fall (and consequent expiation.) These motives are mainly shame, pride and the lust of glory—never, observe, a mean motive, not even vindictiveness (which some people are so proud of, that they ascribe it to God Himself.) "Now is your chance of avenging the countless wrongs heaped by these people on you and yours. Will you let it go by?" Not once does K ṛ ṣ h ṇ a strike that note. Yet it would be such an obvious thing to do, were He really the sinister evil prompter some would make Him.

Those unseemly Bribes and Threats !

This appeal to decent selfishness must be repeated at intervals, by way of a test, until the true, organic, spiritual motive has prevailed, as it ultimately does in xviii, 73.

The Testing of Conversion.

Just so might workmen, wanting to set going an engine that had come to a stop at a dead point —and wanting to set it going ultimately in the right way, of course—just so might they, nevertheless, give a tug upon the fly-wheel *the other way* once in a while, just to see whether it might not be easier to move that way. If they cannot start

it forward, let them by all means try and move it back a bit, so that the steam may gain a purchase and subsequently be able to pull through the 'dead point' with some impetus. I have seen a heavy train, stopped dead by some signal on a slope, have to go back down the slope to get a better start. The "*Falling back* of Great Ones, ... *unable to pass on*[1]," spoken of in *Light on the Path*, ii, 18, means nothing but reversion[2] from some spiritual deadlock in regions past the ken of normal consciousness. "Unable to bear the weight of their responsibility[3]"—such is precisely the situation described in the Bhagavad-Gītā.

Anything rather than a deadlock[4].

The Passing of the Test.

When these bribes and threats fail to rouse to act, as they invariably do in Arjuna's case, the Master is glad, and resumes His Teaching each time with fuller confidence. If Arjuna, in answer to the lashing which he gets in ii, 2, 3,

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1. Italics mine.

2. *Un recul pour mieux sauter*, 'Backing to leap better,' as the French would call it.

3. *Light on the Path*, same passage.

4. iii, 8, which, mind you, is not inaction (iii, 5) but self-cancelling activity, motionless *strain*—a different thing altogether.

had risen up to fight in pride and anger, unable to bear the Master's taunts, the Teaching would have remained unuttered. The strange threat of xviii, 59, 60 would in that case have been fulfilled, and the Bhagavad-Gītā postponed ... to some future occasion.

In short, *conversion must be tested.* To usher into Initiation one who carries selfish motives secretly locked up within his (natural) heart, would mean disaster. Even if these, while still capable of being felt as emotions (as in Arjuna's case) have lost their pristine power to *impel to act*, they must nevertheless be roused from latency , drawn forth like rats from their holes, and destroyed. A certain share of them must be worn out by the resistance of the conscious Will,[1] to which they, in their death-throes, give the gift of more than human Strength. The remainder is consumed in the divine Fire of Self-Surrender[2].

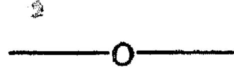
The Dregs of the Cup.

The individual Will—such as it feels itself to be—*has always the last word,* the 'casting vote.' Verse xviii, 63 should be in very large print. Pray do not pass it by.

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1. v, 23. 2. iv,23, 33, 37 ; xviii, 66 ; *Isho* , 17, 18.

CHAPTER VII.



CONCERNING 'LOFTIER' WAYS THAN SERVICE.

Translations[1] and Evasions.

There are none, I have said. There is no other Path to Liberty at all. *Service* or *slavery,* such is the choice for Man.

With which view many people—'good' people, 'learned' people, 'religious' people (alas, alas for this poor world ! !) appear to disagree.

A queer view of Karma-Yoga.

For a very curious notion seems to have gradually arisen among those who study and claim to reverence the Bhagavad-Gītā—a notion fostered, apparently, by several of the commentators[2]—to wit, that Karma-Yôga is *merely* a sort of preparatory Path, of preliminary novitiate, as it were, necessary for those whose moral and mental impurities make the higher and more desirable Paths of Devotion and Contemplation

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1. '*Traduttore, tradittore,*' "Translator, traitor."—An Italian proverb. See Note A.

2. Note B, at the end of the Chapter.

impossible for the time being; a sort of initial purgation, to be taken with a wry face, and dispensed with by all means—glad to be rid of it—as soon as its effect has been produced. Turned into plain English, Karma-Yôga (selfless, self-sacrificing, impersonal Action, mind you) is to be practised merely by people who as yet have neither enough *heart* to find solace in loving devotion, nor enough mind to find pleasure in abstract cogitation—practised as a kind of sedative for the over-active senses, as one takes outdoor exercise, not to convey oneself to this or that place where a brother's need may call, but merely to quiet the nerves and bring on sleep.

Senseless Action.

Of course, the very last thing these '*Karma-yôgīs faute de mieux*[1],' will be concerned with, is the practical usefulness—or otherwise—of their action. Does not the Gītā say: "*Karmaṇi eva adhikāraḥ te, mā phalêshu kadāchanā*—Thy concern is merely with action, never with results[2]." Such people

1. "For lack of something better."

2. ii, 47, interpreted of course in the most misleading fashion. *Karma-phala* does *not* mean the general 'result' of your deed, but the specific *return* it brings *to you*. The gentleman who acts without concern for 'results' is prettily dealt with in xviii, 25; and the definition of true Karma-

are expected to practise 'charity', for instance, strictly along accepted lines, treading exclusively in ready-made ruts scooped out for them by previous generations of patients, pouring vast sums into the greedy profferred hands and bottomless pockets of the professional temple priest or 'mendicant,' quite unconcerned as to the total unworthiness of the usual recipient, and the crying needs of true philanthropy that starves next door for want of funds. "You see," these people are wont to say, "were I to think of where the money goes and what it does—or leaves undone,— I should be concerned about 'results'. The Gītā forbids this, does it not?"...and what a trouble it would cost, besides!

Blindfold 'Charity.'

Let any unprejudiced person survey the field of Hindu[1] charity, and say whether a full crore is not wasted to every lakh intelligently used, and whether

A Tale of Woe

Yoga in iii, 9, 19, 20, 25, 26, leaves him altogether stranded. Also ii, 50, which means, not carelessness as to good and evil, but organic, unitary, synthetic, solidary Endeavour, with neither ascription of merit to oneself, nor fear of blame from fools.

1. I am by no means blind to Western abuses; but India concerns us now. I want to show that her own

they who thus abuse the gifts of Providence do not evade all criticism by taking cover behind some sacred saying such as: *dātavyam iti*, — "To give, and nothing more! "——meaning (to their own minds) that the giver must not see where the gift goes, or concern himself as to whether it does good or...[1]. Now the words *dātavyam iti*[2] no doubt occur in xvii, 20, but... the remainder of that verse apparently *does not occur* to those good, easy-going souls[3].

Sacred Books supply the needed stimulus for every true and vital reform of the Future, and that if this has not hitherto been as apparent as it might have been, it is because those Sacred Books have been woefully misread and misinterpreted.

1. I have seen a family of temple priests maintaining a fine houseful of..ladies, and living altogether in the 'grand style' (high drinks included, of course) on an income of a lakh of rupees or so, derived primarily from charity. And presents still come pouring in. Such an estate, properly administered, would maintain more than one first grade College.

2. Translated, "It is due," meaning in reality "It is required," "The world will be the better for it, hence it should be given. That is motive enough. That *I* shall personally profit (or lose) matters not."

3. Charity obviously implies three things: a giver (*dātṛ*), who possesses and can spare a gift (*dānam*) for a fit recipient —*i. e.* one whom the gift really benefits (*pātra*). The one condition *sine quā non* (else is it not *charity*, but the reverse) being that the sum of cosmic happiness shall be increased by the transfer. All this is implied in verse xvii, 20.

THE TWO BLIND ALLEYS OF DESERTION

A. PSEUDO-DEVOTION.

TWO kinds of people—two main kinds—are apt to think themselves too good for Service, and —most wonderful of all— to seek justification for their views in the Bhagavad-Gītā itself.

The first call themselves 'devotees[1]'—*Kṛṣhṇa-bhāktas, Hari-bhāktas.* "Why are you always harping upon service," they will say. "Service is all very well...for those who know no better; but pray do not worry *us.* We are devotees of the Lord. Leave us to our devotions. For those who cannot find His Feet, as we (presumably) can do, He teaches *karma-yóga.* Such is His Grace to *them.* For *them* (and them *alone*) His behest is 'Do deeds!' 'Be active[2]!'——To *us,* His devotees, He merely says, *bhajasva mâm,* 'Worship thou ME[3]!'"

And the last thing anybody thinks of asking is: "*What does He mean by* 'ME' *when He speaks thus?*" Does He mean a particular pet 'godling,' in a particular pet 'place,' whom

The Gita on Devotion.

1. See Note C.

2. iii, 8, 9, 20 (22 !!!, 25 26! — please *don't* look at these: they're *private*), 30; iv, (7-9—*private*), 15, 42, etc:

3. ix, 33, 34. Also xi, 54 55 xii, 2, 6-8, 20; xviii, 65, 66. Note D.

we must turn to and approach in a particular 'direction,' turning our backs on what lies the other way in doing so?—a very special 'godling' on whom we therefore turn our backs when we go forth to help our fellow-men?

The best 'authority,' where Shrî Kṛṣhṇa is concerned, is assuredly Shrî Kṛṣhṇa Himself. Does He define Himself—the 'ME' we are to worship—and, if so, where?

The 'ME' that claims our Worship.

Strange to say, He does it (amongst other[1] passages) in that very chapter—the Ninth—in which He first categorically bids Arjuna worship Him. This chapter forms an organic whole, philosophical and literary, and no part can with impunity be separated from its context.

Right at the beginning, in verse 4, we find Him saying:

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1. Read consecutively the following passages: iii, 22, 23; iv, 6, 11, 35; v, 29; vi, 30, 31, 47; vii, 7-12, 18, 19, 20-26, 28; viii, 5, 7, 13-16, 20-22; ix, 4-11, 13-19, 22-34; x, 2-11; Arjuna's awaking to the Fact in x, 12-17; x, 20 .... 41, 42 (with the whole Litany between); etc., etc., ...—and you will hardly require *me* to convince you that Shrî Kṛṣhṇa does *not* consider Himself ('ME') as a particular pet 'godling' (vii, 20-23; ix, 20, 21, 23-25) to be patted for the sake of sugar-plums here or hereafter. Those who thus conside Him worship an 'other' godling under His name. *They do not really know Him* at all— thus he Himself declares.

"This whole Universe of change—*idam sarvam jagat*— [is] spread forth—*tatam*[1]—by ME—*mayā*.... [and then, Arjuna's mind turning wonderingly to

1. Root *tan*; English *ten*, in '*tend*,' '*ten*sion' etc., "This whole Universe of change (which you would flee from) is given ex*ten*sion—room to *be*—in ME, by ME. I am the sole Reality[(a)] of it all—not *it*, (vii, 24), but the Reality *of* it; *in* it, and *without* it too. A self-woven Garment is it to ME. I am not the Garment, tho' the Garment is nothing without ME—but would you find ME by running away from My Garment?

Imagine a raw young constable who arrests a criminal by gripping at his coat. "Look sharp," says another, "it is *men* we want, not *coats*. The fellow will give you the slip if you don't secure *him*." Our recruit ponders: "I must secure *him*... Then I haven't *got* him... I haven't got *him* .... The other says (and *he* knows) I *haven't* got him ... Well, I must look for him somewhere else. Beg pardon, sir—my mistake." And he forthwith lets go his man and turns away to seek elsewhere.

Read the first verse of the first Upaniṣhad: *īsha-āvāsyam* . . .

> "The Vesture of the One Who Rules
> let all this change-world be to thee.
> [In HIM] renounced, enjoy it all,
> nor covet—Whose indeed this Wealth?"

and the second:

> "At work e'en here on Earth, let man
> a hundred Æons wish to live!
> The Way for thee, this—none else is—
> no deed can thus besmirch the MAN."

(a.) "And if the Nameless should withdraw from all
Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world
Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark."

Tennyson—The Ancient Sage.

Him, the separate *person*[1], standing *there*, before him, and on whom he would turn his back were he to look the other way, the Master immediately adds:—] *avyakta-mūrtinā*—whose Form thou canst not point to [as if to say, 'He is *this* one, *not* that one'; 'He is *here*, not there]."

In other words, "*I*—not this, My present mouthpiece that you see before you and can point to as apart, but that all-pervading, all-embracing PRESENCE in which you and all your fellow-creatures live and move and have your being—*I* have given this whole World *room to be.* It is in ME (ix, 5, 6); it owes its being to ME (ix, 7-10) .... Worship thou ME! (ix, 33, 34)"

Where is our 'godling'?

Survey of Chapter ix.

The whole of the Chapter requires careful study verse by verse[3]. He speaks throughout as the organic L i f e of the W h o l e, the 'Fount of Lives'

Compare G ī t ā, iv, 14, 20-23, 32; v, 13; xviii, 46, 49, 57; and countless other verses. You will then understand iv, 3.

1. The *svakam rūpam* that re-appears in xi, 50.

2. Cf xi, 25: *dishō na jānė* "I have lost the *sense of direction*"; also xi, 40.

3. See also corresponding passages in Chapter vii.

(13), to whom all Praise is due, since all Power springs from Him; realised as Omnipresent (15) by the truly Wise (hence what is there to run away from[1]?)—the organic Unity in all variety (16-19), *missed* by those who worship with a view to their own advantage (20, 21, 23, 24), *found* by those who commune with the organic Life of the Universe (22) and make all action sacrifice to That[2] (26-28), so that they, whatever their antecedents (30, 31), whatever their present circumstances (32, 33), realise their eternal Life *in* Him, His Presence *in* themselves (29) [where, oh *where* is our 'godling' ??]—a turning of the Heart (30), on which the only *stable* (because disinterested) transformation of the outer man inevitably follows (31). He is accessible [in *themselves*, through the sacrifice of their lives[3], such as they are] to *all*, even those whom human selfishness too often deprives of opportunities of knowledge and worship (32). HE—and no 'other'—is to be worshipped *in*

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1. *Tatō na vijugupsatė*, *Isho*, 6.
"But he that sees all living things
shrined safe within his HEART of hearts,
And his own Self shrined safe in them—
From THAT he'll no more seek to hide."

2. See next chapter.

3. By *living* for Him once for all, not merely 'dying' for Him on occasion.

action[1] by the warrior on the Battlefield of Life (33).

Verses 11 and 12 I have purposely kept for the last, as they finally dispose of our 'godling'-worshipper who thinks himself too high to serve Mankind[2].

The Crux.

11. *mūḍhāḥ*, the deluded fools
ava-jānanti, turn their backs on, despise, ignore
mām, ME
āshritam, [who am] enshrined
mānuṣhīm tanum, in the *body* of Man, in the *form* of Humanity ;
ajānantaḥ, failing to recognize
mama param bhāvam, My deeper, underlying Aspect,
bhūta-maheshvaram, the Supreme [inner] Ruler of My creatures.

12. *Mogha-āshāḥ*, vain their hopes [of salvation for themselves as apart]
mogha-karmāṇaḥ, vain their deeds [reacting upon self, and cancelled] (see Ch. V, above)
mogha jñānāḥ, vain their 'knowledge' [since it is not *true* Knowledge—xviii, 20]
vichetasaḥ, endowed [as they are] with false consciousness, and void of true Heart-Consciousness[3].

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1. *Cf.* xviii, 46.

2. Note E.

3. *Cf.* *a-buddhayaḥ*, the 'witless' of vii, 24, and *vimūḍhāḥ*, *akṛta-ātmānaḥ*, the deluded, incomplete, 'unfinished' souls of xv, 10, 11. Contrast *kṛta-kṛtya*, xv, 20, last line. *Cf.* *achetasaḥ*, the last word of iii, 32; also vii, 15.

rākshasīm āsurīm cha ėva prakṛtim mōhinīm shritāḥ	still (*eva*) [though in subtler and more 'respectable' ways] identified with (*shritāḥ*) the delusive (*mōhinīm*)

surface-aspect[1] of Manifestation (*prakṛtim*) typified [in its exclusiveness] by such creatures as fiends and demons (*rākshasīm āsurīm cha eva.*)

In other words selfishness, whatever its immediate aim, is still selfishness and nothing else, whether it be 'heavenly[2],' hellish or earthly, other-worldly, worldly or nether-worldly. And one judgement covers all the deeds of selfishness, however exalted or debased:— *they are in vain*[3].

Butting.

"But"—the 'but'-ter always has a 'but' to butt you with, however oft you may rebut him.—"No doubt," says he, "God, the all-pervading One, is everywhere. Who thinks of denying His Presence? Surely our seeking Him in His more radiant spheres does not imply that we deny Him *here*. But the

1. *āsura bhāva*, vii, 15; *aparā-prakṛtiḥ*, vii, 4, 5. It is *evil* only when not synthesized into the underlying *parā-prakṛtiḥ*; and then the separateness of the relatively higher (selfish 'spirituality', or asceticism) is as 'evil' as the separateness of the lower (sensuality, etc).

2. ii, 42-44; vii, 20-23; ix, 20, 21, 23, 24.

3. iii, 16, where 'sense' does not refer merely to this gross world of ours.

recognition of His Presence has nothing whatever to do with your vexatious 'Service.' As inevitable as Space is He, and as indifferent. In what way could pure space be affected if every speck of mud contained in it were turned to gold? God likewise is unaltered, equally *there* and equally unaffected in highest saint and lowest sinner, in godlike sage and loathsome pariah. *Samo'ham sarva-bhūtéṣhu, na mé dvéṣhyo 'sti na priyaḥ*—

The SAME to all that lives am I:
none do I hate,—I favour none[1].

Thus *He Himself declares in the twelfth Chapter.* He surely does not need to be improved!"

Rebutting.

No doubt there is such a transcendent SOMETHING, all-containing, all-pervading, all-detached, unaltered at the back of all this world of ceaseless change. We also are of IT. Some few have known

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1. A typical example of the mischief which I speak of in Note A. This is the first half of verse ix, 29. Add the second half, and the complexion changes; throw in a side-light from vi, 31, and the transformation is complete: "*But* . . . they that worship ME with Love—ME who am enshrined within all creatures, (vi, 31)—they are in ME [in some quite special sense], and I in them"; *i, e.* "*they alone* realise their organic relationship with ME, and thus are 'saved'."

IT, even in this unripe Humanity of ours[1]. Shrî Kṛṣhṇa knows IT well. His own transcendent SELF, He calls IT, His fixed Abode beyond this all[2]. [Does that prevent His Working, by the way?]

Yet there are *nearer* aspects also of that Great Cosmic Life we live in—our life's own Life. His 'Raying Forth[3],' He calls them, wherefrom all *things* proceed, whereby all things are inwards knit together into HIM, the ONE[4]. He freely identifies Himself with all these varied aspects of Manifested Power also[5], even down to the 'gambler's cunning skill[6],' and then sums up in the glorious words of x, 41 :—

> "Whatever glory, beauty, strength
> in any creature may shine forth,
> Springs, be thou sure, from Ray minute
> of My own Splendour, rayed forth there."

GOD nearer Home.

Does He not, then, consider Himself as something actual, real and practical, besides sheer abstract

1. vii, 3, 19. Many in past ages (iv, 10). Our turn must come as well.

2. xiv, 27; xv, 6, 17-19; xiii, 12-17, 22, 27, 28, 31-34 etc. . .

3. x, 4-8, 16-18. . . .40, 41.

4. xi, 7, 13, 15; xiii, 30.

5. x, 19-40.

6. x, 46. Note that the *Power*, which a selfish soul misuses, is nevertheless God's own. The Power His, the misuse *ours*.

'be'-ness? "Worship thou ME!"—But *worship*[1] is something actual and practical. It implies relation with what is worshipped. It implies 'being worshipped' as well as 'worshipping.' Now the Absolute cannot 'be worshipped'—not in the sense of living, loving devotion implied in ix, 34; xviii, 65, 66. *Pari-upāsate*, translated 'worship' in xii, 3, really means 'approach to', 'tend towards' in contemplation—a mental transformation of oneself. This also is 'Worship,' no doubt, and indispensable. It is *jñāna-yajñaḥ*, the 'sacrifice of consciousness'

How could there be sin if God did not lend power to it? As we, through suffering, learn, we canalise that Power wisely instead of letting it escape irrationally, causing havoc which automatically reacts on us. We become as the tubes and pipes and cylinders through which the otherwise destructive power of steam is safely turned to use. None dreams of calling that power *evil*. Yet, when a faulty boiler bursts, and men are cruelly scalded to death, the power is still the *same*, is it not?

So is God's Power still Itself in the deeds of the heartless gambler as in those of the self-devoted hero. The root of the mischief is not the Power. It is something *negative*, something *missing*—a lack of *whole*-ness in the boiler, a lack of *conscience* in the man, a soul *un*finished, *a-kṛta-ātmā*, *a-vidyā*. "Father, forgive them, *for they know not what they do.*" (*Luke*, xxiii, 34.)

1. *Bhajanam*, (ix, 33; xviii, 65) as distinguished from *upāsanā* (xii, 3.)

(iv, 33, 36-38). But here we are dealing with outer LIFE, not inner subjectivity. xv, 12-15 leaves us no doubt as to the Master's Self-identification with the actual, practical energies of LIFE. How are we to 'worship' Him in that aspect[1]?

The Father's Vineyard.

How else than by fostering and furthering around us that glorious 'Shining forth' of Him, whereof the xth Chapter tells? How else than by helping to *educate*[2] this world of wondrous potencies, to *evoke Him* in us and around us, to draw forth the divine powers[3] latent in our fellow-creatures, the shining forth of which is fostered by the play of helpful outside forces, just as the healthy growth of plant from seed is helped by grace of fertile earth and sun and rain? May not *we* be those very labourers, for whose services the Father's Vineyard waits, meanwhile well-nigh untilled, unwatered and unpruned— merely kept alive, as it were, awaiting our co-operation to be turned into a Paradise of Beauty, Joy and Love[4]?

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1. Leaving aside (for the moment) contemplation as being the 'Worship' of Him in more transcendent aspects. See later volumes.
2. Lat. *e-ducere*, 'to draw forth'.
3. iii, 11; xvi, 1-3.
4. iii, 19, 20, 25, 26; iv, 15.

Read xvii, 5, 6, where He declares Himself personally tormented *in the bodies* of those misguided ascetics in whom inverted passion turns sense-lust into sense-hatred.

"In Body's Core."

"Tormenting...ME, in body's core enshrined!"—Is that material enough, and plain and practical enough? Does He not, then, consider Himself as starving in the bellies[1] of India's famine-stricken peasantry, as degraded and reviled in the filth-fed, drink-sodden bodies of India's 'untouchable' millions[2], as ignorant and superstition-ridden in the brains of illiterate multitudes, as warped and narrowed well-nigh into insignificance—worse still, into a drag on national progress—in the minds and hearts of crores of patient, long-suffering women[3], in the lives of crores of girls waiting to be trained to be the helpmeets of the rising generation and the mothers of a hundred million souls that now press forward at the gates of birth, laden with all the weight of India's Destiny?

"Worship ye ME," indeed!—But surely not

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1. xv, 14. 2. Note F.

3. "My females"—as the most educated will sometimes unwittingly call them.

by turning your backs on *these*, in whom *I*[1] *need you*, and caring little whether they sink or swim so long as you get your desire. Think ye I give Eternal Life so cheap? Think ye that I shall permanently rescue *you* from the bitter seething waves[2] of earthly Life, as long as you care naught about your brothers in whose darkened lives and hearts I, out there, sink and perish? You have worked hard, you say? ... and taken trouble? .... and sacrificed much? ... *for yourselves?*—Well, take your reward and go ... to sink or swim with those you care not for. You want Me?... Well, they *are* Myself. Off with you! *Ye have had* your recompense[3].

"Ye have had your Recompense"

The Cattle of the Gods.

One more essential point, and I have done.

Anya-devatāh, 'other' gods, in vii, 20; ix, 23, does not mean 'other gods than...a certain parti-

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1. "For the Power that presses forward to manifestation *in them* is Mine (x, 41)—My Power, put forth by ME.—Am I mistaken, say? Ought I to draw it back because *you*, forsooth, have grown disgusted? Since how long??.."

2. xii, 7. But read with the previous verse: "Renouncing all their deeds in ME"—ME, Who am enshrined in *all* (vi, 30, 31.)

3. vii, 20-23; ix, 20, 23, 24.

cular godling called Kṛshṇa.' It means 'gods' to whom *anya-tvam* or 'other'-ness is ascribed, 'gods' 'other' than...HIMSELF as defined in iv, 35; v, 29; vi, 29-32; vii, 18, 19, 24, 25; ix, 4; x, 8-11, 15, 20, etc. The meaning of the word is very clearly defined in *Bṛh*° I, iv, 10:—

"Thus even now, Whoso knows, 'I am BRAHMA,' becomes all this. Even the Gods are powerless to hold him back, for He becomes *their very self.*

As for him who worships 'another' God (*anyâm devatâm*) thinking 'he is one and I, another'—that one knows not. As cattle unto the Gods is he."

In short, *anya-devatā-bhaktāh* means those who, their consciousness imperfect[1], conceive *themselves* as *separate* and therefore worship a *separate* 'God' instead of HIM Who speaks[2] in the Bhagavad-Gītā.

"WORSHIP THOU ME!"...

To which the answer is—an answer to be given by the willing profferred life[3] of the self-sacrificing Servant of the Greater Self, not by the prim lips of the theologian:—

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1. xviii, 21.

2. iv, 35.

3. ii, 64; iii, 7; iv, 39, 41; vi, 31; ix, 26, 27; xviii, 9-11 46-48, 56, 57.

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will[1] be *done* [through *us*] on Earth as it *is* in Heaven!"—or, in Arjuna's own words:—

"The glamour, changeless Lord, is gone: [xviii, 73.
Remembrance, by Thy Grace, has come!
Here we stand firm, our doubts all fled,
prepared to act as THOU dost bid."

Well may our pseudo-devotional 'worshippers' be left to look after their own interests (*yoga-kshema*). The 'Gods' are mindful of their cattle...
"AND SO AM I." (ix, 22)

B. PSEUDO-NIRVANA.

This 'path of desertion' may be typified by the young man of Chapter I, Note B. (p. 85,) above.

"The Gita tells us...(?)"

"What are you always harping upon 'service' for?" he complains. "Why, does not the Gītā itself[2] tell us to retire into solitude and cease from thought?"

"Tell *whom*?" I answered. "The Gītā says,

yōgī yuñjīta satatam ātmānam ...
'The Yōgi, in his secret place (*rahasi*)[3] [vi, 10
should constantly for wholeness strive...'

Are *you* a yôgī?

1. iii, 22-24; iv, 7, 8.
2. vi, 10, 24-27.
3. Enter into thine inner chamber, and, having shut

"....Er ... but I want to become one, and that is why .."

"That is why you have missed your quotation. Pray turn over the left-hand page; and you will find what concerns you, just there, a few verses higher, in the selfsame Chapter :—

'To Y ō g a whoso yet aspires, [vi, 3.
is bidden have recourse to work.
'T is not, they say, till Y ō g a 's *his*
that quiet is a means for him.

When he no longer is attached [vi, 4
to things of sense or fruits of act,
All selfish thinking, e'en, renounced,—
then only Y ō g a 's *his*, they say.'"

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thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee (*Matt.* vi, 6). *Ye janāh p a r i-u p ā s a t e'* (see p . 167 above,)

'But they who, cleansed of 'other'-ness, [ix, 22.
draw nigh from every side to ME.
At-one for aye [in ME] are they:
I gain for them, I hold for them.'

Do you not see that *pari* (all round)-*upāsanā* can only be of an Object within 'oneself', of which 'oneself' is, as it were, the outer rind. Truly the Y ō g ī 's *rahas* (hiding-place) is not far to seek. It is 'neither too high, nor too low,' but *central*. There *he* sits firm above a triple layer: the fragrant *kusha*-grass of a pure body, the (well-cured) antelope-skin of passions tamed, and the spotless linen sheet of a clean mind (vi, 11)

Now this man who has attained to Yôga, who is *yôga-ārūḍhaḥ*, *yoga-avāpta* (lat. *adeptus*), Adept in Yôga; who has, thanks to the gradual purification[1] brought about by selfless Work[2], grown capable of experiencing within his secret inner Chamber that communion with the Inmost[3] spoken of in vi, 28 and elsewhere—this man whom alone the Gītā bids retire into 'a secret place[4]'—he is, vi, 4 declares, past selfishness with regard to sensations (*na indriya-arthêṣhu* . . .), past selfishness with regard to deeds (*na karmasu anuṣhajjaté*), past selfishness with regard to thoughts (*sarva-sankalpa-sannyāsī*). Surely *he* must be past selfishness *with regard to his very retirement.* Is it not utterly ludicrous to conceive a man spending whole years—nay, *lives*—in selfless Work (*karma-*

The Yogi.

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1. Of the whole *patent* Field of consciousness in him. *Latent* tendencies remain hidden, until the process alluded to in the following pages has been completed.

2. ii, 64, 65 ; iii, 7, etc.

3. The 'Vision of the One Beyond' hinted at in ii, 5 (*param dṛṣhṭvā*),

4. The other, the mere *nirāhāra dêhī* (ii, 59), *has no secret place whatever to retire to.* Into the loneliest dese his selfish thoughts shall literally c r o w d with him ; they shall more easily overpower him *there* (ii, 62, 63 ; iii, than here in the world where mutual outer relationships

yôga) among his fellow-beings, simply in order to enjoy at end the selfish pleasure of being well-rid of them? The whole process would be sheer hypocrisy from start to finish. Karma-Yôga must be natural, spontaneous, organic[1] Action, prompted by the inner, organic, synthetic, spiritual Sense[2], or Common Love, and having therefore no object outside Itself, outside the Common Love that prompts it. 'Karma-Yôga' done for the sake of being rid of the trouble of Karma-Yôga, is surely no more Karma-Yôga than make-believe is truth[3].

The Yogi's Retirement.

But since the Yôgī is One who has become a perfect Servant of the World[4], who fears naught from the World, from whom the World has naught to fear[5], —nay, whom the World *needs* as it needs none else[6]—then why should He retire at all? It seems

hold every untrained mind in check to some extent, constituting that sort of qualified, policed, carefully restricted lunacy which men call 'respectability.'

1. See next Chapter.

2. See all about *buddhi*, etc.. in Volume II.

3. This is the pitfall against which Shrī Kṛṣhṇa warns Arjuna from the outset. *Mā te sango 'stvakarmaṇi* (ii, 47)—how often referred to?

4. A Servant of the World's true Destiny, not of what obstructs its Life.

5. xii, 15. 6. See p. 51, above.

cruel (to the World). Are not even the Votaries of the Unmanifest Absolute said to be *sarva-bhûta-hitê ratāḥ*[1], 'finding their pleasure in the Welfare of all creatures?' Does not the weighty Pronouncement of iii, 25, 26, 29, 31, 32 bind even Them to us on Earth with Bond that none can loose in Heaven?

Misgivings.

And yet S h r ī K ṛ ṣ h ṇ a *does* bid the Y ô g ī withdraw[2]. There is no doubt of this. Now, as far as the Y ô g ī ' s *motive* is concerned, verse v, 11 reassures us with the words *sangam tyaktvā*, 'all gain renounced', implying that the Y ô g ī, even while practising complete abstraction from sense-objects (*kêvalaiḥ indriyaiḥ api)* is still a t w o r k , at work with s e l f l e s s[3] m o t i v e s , *i. e.*, inevitably for the common synthetic Good of all the World (*sarva-bhūta-hitam)*. But the same verse ultimately leaves us in a quandary with the paradoxical *ātma-shuddhaye*, 'for their own purification,' with which it ends. That is surely a selfish motive, you will say.

Is it?

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1. xii, 4. 2. vi, 3, 10 etc. 3. Or truly *self*-ish. See Chapter V, above.

Suppose a man suddenly discovers himself afflicted with some contagious disease, and proposes to leave the company in order to undergo treatment and heal himself. Is his desire necessarily 'selfish'? Shall I answer? Well, here goes:

Like Man, like Motive.

If *he* is altogether 'selfish', that desire of his is altogether selfish. If *he* is altogether 'unselfish[1]', that desire of his is altogether 'unselfish'. If *he* is part 'selfish', part 'unselfish', that desire of his is half-and-half, as he himself is[2]. In the second case, the desire to save others from contagion altogether predominates. In the first, the desire to save his own skin altogether predominates. In the third, the two commingle, and combine or thwart[3] each other as the case may be.

It is the *state* of the Soul, its Wholeness or unwholeness[4] that matters, not the specific act. Whence fools (bad fools) conclude: "Let us do

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1. Or 'True Self'-ish. vii, 11. 2. xvii, 3; iii, 33.

3. A selfish man who makes the discovery at a time, say, when he is busy making money hand over fist in the Stock Exchange, will hang on as long as he can stand it—and is not detected. Little does he care for others' risk.

4. v, 12.

just as we please, and make the good fools call us Yôgīs." Thus is every Truth a two-edged sword . . .

> But short shrift shall those bad fools have
> When on the good fools dawns . . . their folly.

A PARABLE.

Imagine an ideal young tutor, exclusively devoted to a family of orphan children in his charge, having no concern but their true Welfare[1]—no family 'of his own,' even, no parents, brothers, sisters children.

He (with no 'selfish' motive whatever—wishing perhaps to insure his life in the interest of his beloved pupils, so that even in his 'death' he may serve them) consults an old family Physician who used to look after his parents when they were alive. The old Physician sounds, examines, analyses, gravely wags his hoary head and speaks :—

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1. He does not spoil them, mind you. No slave unto their foolish whims is he. He can refuse assistance when he knows their strength will only grow through lonely toil. He can hide from them and turn a deaf ear to their cries when they are merely wanting him to spare them trouble, to deprive them of the Holy Sacrament of Trouble, unfed by which no soul can tread the Way to GOD.

"Well, I *must* tell *you* . . . I might not tell *another*, but I could never forgive myself for allowing *you* unconsciously to be a source of possible danger to your beloved pupils.

The good young Tutor and the old Physician.

"The fact is, there is a sad hereditary trouble in your family, that worked havoc among your ancestors[1]. Your grandfather, your grand-uncle, whom I treated in my early days, died of it. *In you* they live nevertheless; but in you there also lurks the foe that slew them. I can detect the secret signs of that disease in you. You seem all right *now*, on the surface,—able to do your work admirably, as fit as you are devoted—and yet that awful menace lurks there, hidden in the very marrow of your bones. It *may* continue latent—goodness knows how long—but it may also, under given circumstances—there is no saying when they may arise—it may break out; and then it is infectious, most virulent. It must surely rouse to activity similar latent germs in those around you. As long as this hidden poison lies *in you*, there is a chance of your instilling some of it into those very children you would help.

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1. 'There were Kings in Edom . . .' *(Qabâlah)*

This means a terrible blow to you, I know. But—devoted as you are to those dear children—you would surely not wish me to conceal from *you* what may be an eventual source of danger to *them*."

Poor young tutor! Here is a 'Sword of Damocles' indeed!—a latent threat in *him* (of all people!) for those very children whom he loves more than himself.

The Sword of Damocles.

"But this is horrible, Doctor," he will say. "Is there no means of getting at that hidden root of mischief, of smoking out the dragon from his secret den, and slaying him? No matter what the cost, there *must* be a way. How can I resume my work, go on attending on those dear ones, while such a threat *to them* dwells lurking in my very bones? Surely *you* must know some way of guarding them—or, better still, of rooting out the monster hidden in the secret folds of these my fleshly garments. I am prepared to endure anything, trusting to God to pull me through if I am wanted for His Service, rather than carry consciously within myself the seed of future danger to those children whom I love."

"Ah, that is what I expected of *you*", says the old Doctor, evidently much reassured, "and

The Fiery Treatment.

that is why I told you. There is undoubtedly a means[1] of rooting out the monster. But it implies a terribly drastic treatment, a dread ordeal which none can live through who lacks the Power of perfect Trust in *Something safe beyond himself*[2], which nothing short of self-sacrificing, self-annihilating Devotion can give a man. If I be not altogether mistaken in you, you have that Power. Your lifelong gift of loving Service to your pupils has given *you* that Gift of gifts. The Treatment I am speaking of will draw it forth in full. You will be made to drink—from what cup, you shall see—a fiery Potion which will eat into the very marrow of your bones, which will dislodge therefrom and gradually set loose in you whatever germs of the disease are latent there. Now the Potion contains, besides that all-dissolving, all-knot-loosing[3] Fire, another ingredient, of very different potency,—the female, formative Power of perfect Health[4], the matrix of perfect Purity, the Essence of Divine, deathless Mother-Nature[5]. And, *provided there be no other*

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1. *Upāyah*, vi, 36, which also means 'a potion.'
2. A tolerable definition of 'Yôga'.
3. *Muṇḍo* II, ii, 8 ; *Ko*, vi, 14, 15 ; *Isho*, 17, 18. 4. ii, 51,
5. *Daivī-prakṛti*, ix, 13; vii, 5. 6. See next para.

formative power to operate in you, the warring disease-elements set loose by the dissolving Fire shall, through the working of this gracious Mother-Power, be recombined into pure, incorruptible Substance-Energy[1] past reach of sin or death[2].

Now this divine formative Potency will only operate if backed by pure[3], still[4], steady[5], concentrated Consciousness, by Mind intent on God alone, and *nothing else*. If, while the Fire operates, a single object is conceived apart from THAT in which both *it* and *you* are ONE, then shall the hell let loose[6] in you condense itself within the matrix of that object's form, and it shall be a millstone round your neck to drag you[7] to the nether depths of madness, where the conscious mind is torn to pieces by the Force divine thus prostituted to man's selfish thoughts.

"Let him create no thought at all." vi, 25.

But if your mind, gifted with the Power of perfect Poise which lifelong Sacrifice alone can

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1. The 'ashes' of iv, 37; *Ish*o, 17. *Cf.* also iv, 10, 19. The 'Hard Stone' of *Chh*o, I, ii; *Brh*o I, iii, 7. 2. *Bṛh*o I, iii, 9-16. 3. vi, 18, 24. 4. vi, 20, 25. 5, vi, 19; ii, 70; v, 13. All processes of thought-inhibition (*chitta-vṛtti-nirodha*) are preparations for this Baptism of 'Fire and the Holy Ghost' vi, 36. 6. v, 23. 7. ii. 60, 62, 63, 67.

The unutterable END.

bring to birth in man[1], *holds on* and yet *stands by*[2] all unconcerned, letting the Fiery Warrior fight God's Battle through *to a finish*[3] in you,—*then* must you emerge at last 'on the other Shore,' into that Final State of Perfect Health[4] which can not even be conceived[5]—still less described—by one who has not reached it, and can at best be negatively indicated by the One who has[6]. Sir Edwin Arnold's line,

"The final last of deaths when Death is dead,".

exhausts the topic once for all. Peace! . . ."

"Eye goes not *there*, speech goes not *there* . . .
Nay, mind itself does not go *there*.

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1. ii, 64, 66. 2. *Light on the Path*, ii, 1-4.

3. Remember, the cup must be emptied *to the very dregs*—and what man can decide *when* the last dregs of 'him' have been washed out? The very idea that our trial "is over now" or "will be over soon (with reference to earthly time-notions)"—has a stray Sunbeam peeped in through a cloud-rift in the lull?—is enough to suspend all progress while it lasts. It is one of the tempter's most familiar tricks. Note the words *antakāle 'pi*, 'unto the *very* end,' ii, 72; and *Cf.* viii, 5. 4. *Padam anāmayam*, ii, 51. 5. *Light on the Path*, i, 17, Note. "When the final Secret . . ."

6. That is why our Book wastes no argument on It, but merely indicates by metaphor and guards by paradox. The

We know not, nor can understand
How such a State may be set forth;
For, other than the 'known' is That—
Yet leads not back to dark unknown.

Thus have we heard from Ancient Men
Who told us all we know thereof."

Kenopanishad, i, 3.

The Potion melts ... the Parable itself.

I am afraid I have swallowed up (or been swallowed up by) my Old Physician altogether. As well drop the 'parable' now. May *you*, friend Reader whom *your own self in me*

'diseaseless State' (ii, 51). 'My Estate,' (iv, 10; xiii, 18; viii, 5); '*Night* for all *bhūtas*—*i. e.*, creatures in process of *becoming* through separate desire' (ii, 69; vii, 26); 'deathlessness' (ii, 15); *brahma-nirvāṇa*(ii, 72) *i. e.*,'extinction—not of consciousness, but of the *limitations* which consciousness vicariously assumes in its conjunction with matter, or measure'(ii, 14)—in BRAHMA or Real SELFHOOD.' This does not mean that bodies are destroyed, or cease to act, but that their hold on Consciousness is loosed once for all. Subjectively, they never *were*. Objectively, let them be welcome as serviceable cosmic Thought-forms in which God manifests whatever aspects of His Power are required for cosmic uses. *This* is 'cessation from re-birth'—a paradox(iv, 6, 8-10; v, 17; xiii, 23; xviii, 56, where 'by My Grace' evidently wards off the bewildered mind's vain question, 'How can it be?')

addresses here, soon make that good young tutor *your own self.* May you seek out the Old Physician in good time, and be found fit by Him for the dread Fire-Ordeal. Unless you pass through that, there is no stable Health for you, and hence no stable Service of our Common Life. May you, in your turn, breast the Flood[1], and emerge forth, a Victor, on the further Shore!

> "In Whom Earth, Heav'n and World between,
> And Mind, with senses all, are wove—
> HIM only do thou own as SELF:
> Of other empty words be quit.
>
> 'T is *this* the Narrow Path that leads
> To where the Deathless wait for thee.

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1. The Disciple is called *srōtāpanna*, 'he that has entered the stream', *i. e.* the state of trial, of mental and moral *flux* in which all latent *vāsanāḥ* or ingrained tendencies are gradually set loose, and have to be laid low (the Stilling of the Waves of Lake Tiberias) by the Saviour-Power which only perfect Trust evokes in us. This transition from 'man' to 'superman' is imaged in many ways, as the fighting of a mighty Battle (*BG.*, *LP.*,); the groping of one's way with slender (yet ever *present*) clue thro' a maze of frightful caverns in the dark; the struggling thro' an impenetrable thicket (*mōha-kalilam*, ii, 52; vii, 14); the crossing of a mighty stream in flood, whence one emerges on the 'further' shore—yet nearer than ever to the Common Heart of Man (vi, 29-31),—a MASTER. Max Muller in a foot-note (*Sacred*

"There, where, as spokes in nave of wheel,
Thy Life-Streams all converge in one,
That ONE is busy there, within—
Thy several Pow'rs His outward 'births'.

"'OM! . .'—thus do thou recall thy SELF
In Meditation rapt . . . [and now
All I can say is], '*Fare thee well*
To the other Shore beyond the Dark!'"

Muṇḍakōpanishad, II, ii, 5-6.

So, here we have a Chapter[1] which is supposed to furnish a pretext for 'us', provided we be sufficien-

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Books of the East,—'*Dhammapāda*') quotes Buddha saying, on attaining final 'Nirvāṇa': "The vices have ceased—*they shall flow no longer*." (Italics mine.) This is the only Baptism that washes away *sañchita karma*, 'original sin.' This is the one true Initiation, of which all 'Mystery-ordeals,' all latter-day 'Masonic' rituals, are outer symbols and mementoes. "Remember, MAN! Pure Ash (*bhasma*) art Thou, and into Ash thou shalt return—*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris*". ('Ash Wednesday' ceremony.) Never did priest, however ignorant, mark my forehead with ashes and repeat this *mantra* without evoking in my boyish frame a thrill as of electric Fire.

1. The vith Chapter of the Bhagavad Gîtâ, to which this Section (on Pseudo- Nirvâṇa) particularly refers. The whole of the vth Chapter should also be read in the same light.

Summing up.

tly disgusted with the world[1], to settle all our worldly affairs somehow or other—the sooner the better,—desert

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1. Or rather, the world's treatment of us. Note that the man thus disgusted with the world's treatment of his precious self, is merely experiencing the recoil of his own disgusting treatment of the world.

Imagine an individual put up, by a loving Friend, in a Room all over which that Friend has written Himself large in colour, sound, form, Beauty, Love. Our individual goes daft one day, and contrives to turn the Room into something not unlike a pig-stye. He comes to his senses (?) by and by, looks round, disgustedly exclaims, "What a beastly place this is!" and forthwith wants to bolt. Is that *your* ideal of a sage?

A *gentleman* would surely first start putting things to rights as best he could. Once far advanced enough in that self-imposed task, he might discover that the place is, at bottom, no worse than he himself has made it. Once he begins to glimpse the Plan of Divine Beauty beneath the dirt of his own heaping, what can he do but vow himself, heart, mind and body, to the sacred Work of helping It shine forth. What wonder then, if he retires for private consultation with the Friend, in order to be healed of every latent trace of the disease, in order to imbibe at heart the Friend's own sense of Beauty, and thus be able to work on, with all the Mastery of perfect Art, at the final decorations of the Chamber.

our responsibilities and duties[1], and withdraw these our earthly bodies from the society of our fellow-men into solitude in order, there, to practise sheer abstraction, cease to act and cease to think[2], and finally be rid of all creation and the pother thereof. But on examination we discover that it really bids the Y ô g ī[3]—whom lives of self-sacrificing Exertion have ushered into First Communion[4] with his Greater Self, and who, therefore, requiring nothing further from the world, has naught to fear therefrom[5],—indraw his energies for a while within himself[6] in order that they may be finally purified

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1. vi, 1; xviii, 7. 2. vi, 14, 24, 25.

3. As for the *would-be* Y ō g ī, verse vi, 3 settles the question once for all. Argument is waste of breath. Those who still think themselves too good for Service may well be left to shoot up into the sky . . . like rockets.

4. The 'seeing of the ONE beyond' (ii, 59), which is 'All sorrows' Death' (ii, 65) reached thro' ii, 64. *Cf. Shveto*

yadā charmavad ākāsham veṣhṭayiṣhyanti mānavāḥ
tadā dēvam avijñāya duḥkhasyāntō bhaviṣhyati

"When, as deerskin-mat that's done with,
Men roll up this space-wrought curtain,
Then,—unless they know that BRIGHT ONE—
Shall they find surcease of pain."

5. xii, 15. 6. ii, 58; v, 11, 24-28; vi, 12-15, 18-23, 24-28.

for Cosmic Service[1], transmuted by the Living Power of that Greater Self in him.

And where does this process of ultimate internal *Puri*fication[2] finally land our retired Yôgī?

Where the Yogi's Retirement ends.

In a final state of blank abstraction, the Universe wiped out?

No. It lands him, and quite naturally too, right in the living Heart of this whole living Universe—in a State of inalienable ALL-SELF-realisation[3], of final all-inclusive Salvation[4], of all-fostering, all-embracing Love[5]: 'My own State,' as the Master calls it[6].

He has become a SAVIOUR—nothing else.

CONCLUSION.

Thus we find that the very Chapter (ixth) in which *bhajasva mām*, 'Worship thou ME,' occurs,

Bhakti-Jnana-Karma.

defines that 'ME', not as a 'godling' to be sought apart,

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1. iv, 10, and previous verses.

2. From the Greek word *pur*, 'fire'. Sk. *pū*, 'to cleanse, purify.'

3. vi, 29. 4. vi. 30 5. vi, 31. 6. iv, 10.

but as a universal PRESENCE, all-containing, all-pervading, all uprearing, all sustaining, all-absorbing, in Whom we 'live and move and have our being,' and without conceiving Whom we needs can worship but 'another,' whatever *name*—Kṛṣhṇa, or Shiva, or Allah, or God or Christ—we choose to call that 'other' by. Truly a 'God unknown,' because concealed within our very selves—and 'other' selves as well. A God unknown, yet *to be known* by who can lose *himself* in Service-Worship[1]—a God Whose Worship is all-fostering Love of the Creature-World in which His Glory pulses forth.

Jnana-Bhakti-Karma.

And we find that the very Chapter (vith) which says, *y ô g ī .. rahasi .. na kiñchid api chintayet*[2], 'Let the Y ô g ī, .. in His secret retreat ... cease to think of any *thing*,' carefully defines this Y ô g ī as *yoga-ārûḍha*[3], *i. e.*, one who, through self-sacrificing Service[4], has come to be[5] past selfish-

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1. ii, 64-65; iii, 7, 9, 19, 20; iv, 15, 38, 39....xviii, 45, 46, 49, 50, 55, 56.

2. vi, 10, 14, 25. 3. vi, 3, 4. 4. vi, 4; ii, 64-65.

5. In his manifest (supra-liminal) nature. This state must be attained before hidden (subliminal) impulse-germs can be dealt with in the process referred to.

ness in feeling, act and thought[1]. Then only does it bid him retire. And his retirement[2] finally leads up, not to the wiping out of the whole Universe from his consciousness, but to the truly Universal State described in vi, 29-32. We thought to find an abstract nonentity of all-world-riddance. We find a Saviour of the World.

Truly has the Wisdom been most pitiably reviled by those into whose hands the largest share of Her unhidden Records was entrusted by the Wardens of the World. Yet of Her *children* must She be justified at last.

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1. vi, 4.

2. Which *need* not mean a whole life of bodily seclusion (nor a whole year, nor a whole day, nor a whole hour for the matter of that) but an inner *mental state* which the trained Yōgī can fully enter at a moment's notice, and which, in fact, he never wholly leaves once he has entered it. Note the word *satatam*, 'constantly' (vi, 10) coupled with vi, 46, which should read "Do thou first *become* a Yōgī [through selfless exertion now,]" and vi, 47, which adds, "and [when thou hast become one, remember that] the Yōgī of Yōgīs is not he that goes a-seeking after secret places there outside, but he who, having found me in the Secret Place within his Heart, worships ME in loving Service of MY glorious World without."

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NOTES ON CHAPTER VII.

NOTE A, (p.154.)

ON MISTRANSLATION

Scripture crucified.

People constantly seek to justify a foolish course of action or support their pious pet opinions by quoting texts. They quote a verse, a line, fragment of a line[1].

"*Give me a line of a man*'s *handwriting and I can hang him,*" says the proverb. It does not say, "give me ten pages . . ."—it might have to unhang him.

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1. I have heard people quote in favour of some contention the words *aṇōraṇīyān*, 'smaller than small,' or 'subtler than subtle,' or 'more minute than atom' (*K*o, ii, 20)—carefully omitting the words that immediately follow: *mahatō mahīyān*, 'greater than Great,' *i.e.*, vaster than the cosmic Mind.

The argumentative intellect juggles with mere word-forms, forgetting (or not caring to understand) that all sacred experience testifies to the Divine being past grasp of sense and mind (*BG.*, xiii, 12 ; *Ke*o i, 3 ; *Taitt*o II, iv, ix) and purposely therefore adumbrates It (as best it can) by means of paradox. One need only read three verses further (*K*o ii, 23) to discover that it is past reach of argument.

A text without its context seldom means anything at all. But sectarian 'religion' and 'philosophy' care very little about truth and sense, keen tho' they may be on demonstration. And so they 'hang' their scriptures merrily—or, rather, use them as convenient pegs on which to hang the motley garments of their own beloved 'doxies.' The main thing is to keep the pegs well out of sight. I (naughty boy!) have clambered on a chair and will unhook a set of those pegs, if I can reach them. Never mind the clothes: just let them drop. There may be jewels on those Pegs better worth displaying than all their tinsel and dyed skirts.

Shifting Metaphors.

Now let every passage of the Gītā and the Upaniṣhads that is dragged out to prop unhealthy religious notions be restored to its right place in the context, and it will invariably be found so conditioned, that the one-sided meaning vouched for can no longer be attached to it by any sane person.

Rehabilitation.

Sometimes one cannot even make out what those good people mean. I have been asked by a learned man—who, it seems, gave discourses on the

Nonsense.

Bhagavad-Gītā, to explain the words *shruti-vipratipannā te* (ii, 53). I of course proceeded to quote the whole sentence before explaining—but no, not another word was to be taken in. What did *shruti-vipratipannā te* mean, all by itself? Now *shruti-vipratipannā* is a compound participial adjective, of the feminine gender, qualifying .... some feminine noun which must on no account be mentioned; and *te* is a possessive pronoun, 'thy.' "Thy scripture-confused .... ???" I gave it up[1].

Half-Sense.

I have had another gentleman—also a teacher of Gītā—defying me to show how xiii, 10, last

1. These quibbles, at the time, simply reduce me to a sort of comatose state. I cannot even find a reply. In the above instance, the only *sense* that came into my mind was "Your understanding is confused, your understanding is confused ..." a sort of dull refrain. Of course the nearest approach to it would be *shrutir vipratipannā te*, but that would mean "Thy hearing is confused" or "Thy scripture is conflicting."

Argument always leaves me dazed. It is only later, sometimes several months afterwards, most often during the silent night watches, that the whole conversation will recur to me, down to its minutest details and shades of expression, showing me clearly what I *might have said.* The conversations in this book are half-fictitious. My own replies occurred to me days (and sometimes months) later. At the time of *discussion* I never was anything but a fool.

half, could mean anything except what he made it mean, namely "The haunting of solitary places, disgust with the society of men." ..... "This I call Wisdom (xiii, 11)."

Now the words:

vivikta-désha sévitvam, aratir jana-samsadi

do not stand alone. They cannot honestly be removed from what goes before and after, and attached, all by themselves, to the concluding *etat jñānam*, "This I call Knowledge," of verse 11. They form part and parcel of a list of characteristics beginning with verse 7.

How will "disgust," in its crude sense, couple with "modesty and simple candour and harmlessness and *patience* and *self-control* and selflessness *in mind (an-ahamkāra)* and constant mental equipoise whatever hap of fair or foul ???" How with "Devotion for ME"—the ME defined in Chapter ix and elsewhere ?? Hence our "disgust" already stands qualified as part and parcel of that list.

Then take verse 18, in which the Master sums up the whole passage 3-17, including our conundrum. "He comes to My Estate (*mad-bhāva.*)" Then turn to iv, 10, where the selfsame expression occurs, and see in iv, 6-9 what "His Estate" means

and how it is reached: it means DIVINE SERVICE, and is reached thro' HUMAN SERVICE—iv,9, where the word *evam*, "thus," categorically refers to the preceding verses and makes the man take up, in his own small world of circumstance, the actual *imitation* of the Divine Ideal.

The Sense made whole.

It is quite clear, then, that the word *aratiḥ* (*lit.*, 'not-pleasure') cannot have the invidious meaning attached to it by selfish absentee-salvationists. It can only mean "dissatisfaction, for the very Love of Man *as he might be*, with human society such *as man has made it now*." If we are *satisfied* with it *as it is*, how shall we ever improve it? Couple this with verse 8, last half. If we do not keenly sense the misery of this *hell* that we have made for ourselves, how shall we labour to turn it into the *heaven* (*i. e.* a world where God is sensed, a world of *sangrahaḥ*, synthesis, brotherhood—iii, 20, 25) which it must some day become .... *through our exertions*? If we be altogether absorbed in our own petty family concerns (xiii,9), how shall we spare thought and effort for the common Good? If we know not how to retire into Communion with God and Nature (" resort to

lonely spots[1]" —xiii, 10) how shall we come forth among our brother-men laden with divine Power to heal? Of course *retirement is needed.* Retirement[2] —for who has found the P l a c e of P e a c e in his own heart— cannot by any means be dispensed with. But retirement is not an object in itself, or for oneself (*mā te sangô 'stvakarmaṇi* ! ii, 47). Still less is it a means of ultimately getting rid of one's fellow-beings. If one cannot withdraw oneself from *personal entanglement* with them, how can one be fit to work on them impersonally (*mukta-sangaḥ*, iii, 9) for their ultimate good (iii 20, 25)?

Finally, since we are speaking of *jñānam*, Real Knowledge, Wisdom, just take the most typical description of the Abstract-Absolute-'worshipping' *jñanis* in xii, 3, 4, and you will actually find Them

sarva bhūta-hitê ratāḥ,

"Finding their Pleasure in the Good of all creatures!"

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1. Is it not rather '*a* lonely spot', lonely because our one true Lover waits, solitary, there, for us—while we pursue our lusts and hates abroad?

2. Whoever is anything more than a raw apprentice, need not wander far afield to find his *rahas*, even in the densest crowd.

Are you convinced[1]?

Well, my interlocutor was not, for no sooner did I want to take up the whole passage from the beginning, than he objected, insisting that I should stick to the one point raised by him, and clearly hinting that I was trying to evade the issue. He *would* have that one half-verse all by itself, or nothing. I gave it up, as usual.

False-Sense.

Another *shāstrī*—a positive monument of learning, this time,—got into my carriage at a station through which I was passing. A crowd had come to see him off. He had been engaged in a fifteen days' controversy with the local *Arya-Samājîs*. An ascetic-featured, keen-faced theologian, with a lofty intellectual forehead— quite a superior sort of man. The train went on. As I was propounding some of my 'heresies' to an Indian fellow-traveller who had engaged me in conversation, the Swâmiji, who evidently understood plain English tho' he did not choose to speak it, felt it his duty to interfere. He ended by putting me as a 'poser' the expression *sarva-ārambha-parityāgī*

1. *Sci.*, That the Living Wisdom which once made India great is not the unsocial, unmoral bugbear which latter-day degenerates have sought to make it.

(xii, 16) which to him evidently meant *sarva-ārambhāṇam pari-tyāgī*, "a giver up of all undertakings," *i. e.* "ceasing to undertake any action at all."

Context, the avenging God.

Read the rest of that verse, and wonder. "Without ambition ..." but ambitious to desist from all action[1]; ... "skilful ..." in the shirking of work; ... "at rest from worry ..." but worried to the overwhelming extent of wanting to show the whole universe a clean pair of heels[2]. If this means anything, I am a triple idiot. Throw this book away, Friend Reader. But first,

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1. A fairly difficult task at all times, for the *creature* to wriggle itself out of *Creation*, for the part to boycott the Whole. Read V, 11 , and remember: *mā te' sangō 'stva-karmaṇi* (ii, 47), "Let not the prospect of cessation tempt thee ! "

2. Say which fits the context better (verse 13, 14, and especially 15, first half), my translation:—

"Detached in (or from) all he undertakes"

i. e. " Acting, but acting selflessly; " or what the learned Swāmiji would make it:

" All undertakings given up?"

Why, even this may be interpreted in my sense in the light of xviii, 57; iv, 41; v, 10; vi, 1 and other passages!

I pray you, give just one parting glance at iv, 19, which I shall in future translate:

> "In every act he undertakes,
> from selfish forethought wholly free,"

so as to bring it better into line with vi, 4; xii, 16 and xiv, 25[1]; one little glimpse at xviii, 9 also, where the unselfish taking up of action (*yat karma kriyate*) is defined as *sāttvic renunciation*; finally throw in the last half of iv, 20, with v, 6-10 by way of dessert, and .... have you cast the book away?

Besides, take the whole seven verses xii, 13-19 together. They describe practically the same Man[2]. Now several passages are totally incompatible with the Swāmiji's interpretation. He can only pick out an isolated phrase here and there to support his contention, whereas the other organic, synthetic interpretation explains the whole passage coherently, bringing even his pet phrases

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1. Where the expressions, *sarva-sankalpa-sannyāsi*, and *sarva-ārambha-parityāgī* occur.

2. *Sa cha*, in xii, 15, marks merely a difference of inner method; as in xii, 3-5. Whether personal Devotion be preponderant, or not, the Good of the World is there all the same.

into line. Which of us has most grass under his feet?

I have no time for further instances, but must refer you to the Text-book which is in contemplation.

In conclusion:

Advice to Translators.

Make friends with the context, and, for this, master a book in its entirety before you begin translating. The context is a most deadly foe to have against you. It never forgives a slight.

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NOTE B. (p.154)

ON . . . DANGEROUS GROUND.

कथमहं भीष्मम् . . .
ii, 4*.

I hardly like to find Shrî Shankarâchârya's mighty Name dragged in here. Tradition reveres Him as a Sage of more than human status. Yet he is made res-

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* "O Demon-Slayer, how can I attack with arrows in the fray
Men worshipful, as Bhîshma, there, and Droṇa, O thou Death of foes?"

ponsible for the doctrine of the incompatibility of *jñāna* (Knowledge) and *karma* (Action). That it is a false doctrine, besides being infinitely mischievous, is patent. That it is an absurd one, is equally patent. It makes[1] G o d a fool. Read iii, 22; iv, 6-10; ix, 7-10 etc., where S h r î K ṛ ṣ h ṇ a, in His cosmic aspect, defines Himself as the typical *karma-yógī*; then pass on to the definition of the *jñānī* as 'one with Himself' in vii, 16-19—and frankly confess that if *karma-yóga* must cease when *jñāna* is reached, the B h a g a v a d-G ī t ā . . . . had better be thrown away.

Looking at it from the mental plane of necessarily partial views—the conflicting shadows of Reality—we might say:

1. In the eyes of its average adherent, of course. Think of a man who is not even capable of decent self-sacrifice, and talks about 'going one better' than the *saguṇa brahma*, the Creator of the Universe! As for the Man who is *really* in quest of 'self'-annihilation, the very last thing *he* can do is to object to our hanging him (in effigy), if by so doing we can save others from following His example to their undoing and the loss of this poor world that needs their help. iii, 21, 23, 25, 26, 29 requires careful pondering. There is no more dangerous fiction than T r u t h, which can at best be half-expressed by Him who knows,—which half-expression must besides be more than half-misunderstood by him who doesn't.

Alternatives.

Either the *real* Shankarāchārya taught this and . . . was *not* a real Sage.

Or He *was* one (I believe it) and could not *consistently*[1] teach this. He may possibly have had it fathered on Him by some latter-day successor and namesake, a typical '*kavi*' or '*manîshî*' in the sense used in iv, 16 and xviii, 3, 5.

Or again—a way out of the dilemma, perhaps —people who, from . . . a reason plainly stated in xviii, 16, fail to understand the simple language of

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1. Tho' He may have taught it as a formal 'doctrine' in pursuance of some strange plan for the *ultimate* benefit of Humanity—namely, the crippling of India's misused Power, preparatory, of course, to Her ultimate Regeneration; the complementary aspect of the 'Mābābhāratic' destruction, through internecine warfare, of whatever power could not be thus seduced into 'other-worldly' paths. See Note D.

Pray do not think me irreverent. When Shiva, in the form of the Kirâṭa, challenged Arjuna, Arjuna showed his reverence by fighting Him; and the God was pleased, and said, "Well done!" If Shankara was a Divine Teacher and gave these race-paralysing teachings, He surely flung them as a challenge to the common-sense of mankind. He concentrated mischief into the form of subtle quibbles in order that we, the thing once tested, should rise in our strength at last and put an end to it.

the Gītā, are hardly more likely to understand aright Shankara's intricate prose.

I can add nothing more at present, save the somewhat uncanny suggestion of Note D. The man who fears to approach Truth otherwise than by the mazy paths of commentaries and their commentaries, has a longish chase before him. Who wants to begin *practice* in this birth had better give those bulky tomes as wide a 'berth' as he can manage.

The whole question may be summed up thus:

The SELF never even began to act. It cannot therefore be said to *cease* from act (xviii, 16).

Actlessness and Action.

The bodies *are themselves Activity*, and cannot therefore cease from *act* (xviii, 11).

What has been mistaken for cessation from action, is simply the ceasing to confuse one's SELF with the activities of one's various bodies, gross and subtle[1]. A very simple misunderstanding[2].

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1. iii, 27-29; iv, 13, 14, 18-23; v, 8-11, 13-17, 19; ix, 9-10; xiii, 14, 19-23, 29, 31, 34; xiv, 23; xviii, 16, 17, 56.

2. Thus, "cease from action" does not mean "make your bodies motionless" (*that* would be mere obstructive

NOTE C. (p. 158)

"BY THEIR FRUITS . ."

Pseudo-Devotion.

There once lived a doctor who was ... a great Kṛṣhṇa-*bhākta*. He spent three hours shut up in his *pūjā*-room[1] every morning. During that time his patients might die if they chose: under no pretext was he to be disturbed[2]. He would come forth

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action, a thing people undertake out of disgust with *other* selfish action, not thinking that they must inevitably tire of *this* in turn). "Cease from action" means, "Realise your SELF *actless* at the back of all action." iii, 27-29; iv, 6, 18-24; v, 8-11, 13-21; xiii, 21, 22, 27-33; xiv, 19-27; xviii, 13-17, 56, 61.

1 A small chamber set apart for devotional exercises (*pūjā*).

2. *Cf.* Longfellow's '*Golden Legend*,' of which the substance is briefly this:—

An ecstatic monk to whom God's Angel, in his cell, appears. While in soul-enthralling converse, the hour strikes when this very monk is expected to feed the poor at the convent-doors. The poor are waiting. What will he do?

He tears himself away and goes to *serve*. When he returns, wondering at his audacity—has he not turned his back on God's Mercy?—what is his surprise to find the celestial Visitor smiling a welcome to him in his cell. "Hadst *thou* not gone, *I* had not tarried," the angel explains.

from his devotions flushed as with some overpowering excitement. "*Hari, hari kṛṣhṇa,*" indeed! —and he would wring your hand until he made you wince.

Well, on careful enquiry it was found that he (although in affluent circumstances even outside his practice) was merciless to the poor, exacting his full fees from them under all circumstances, or refusing to attend; also that he was afraid to enter a plague-stricken house. He certainly was not much loved.

People may think me naughty, but I sincerely wish such 'devotees' might see their way to professing themselves atheists. Far more harmful to the fair name of Religion are they, than rank blasphemers.

Their passion—for it is a *passion*, nothing else—may be called 'devotion.' It is clearly not *the* Devotion taught in the Bhagavad-Gîtâ. Pseudo-religious *excitement*, I call it, devotional sensuality—a sort of self-abuse in muddy blue instead of muddy red[1].

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1. See *Man Visible and Invisible*, by C. W. Leadbeater Also '*Thought Forms*'.

This brings to my mind another man—also a doctor—driving about with whom one could see a smile of welcome lighting up every face wherever he hove in sight. Down to the very sweepers, every one loved him and was ready to do anything for him. Did he practise any formal devotions ? I do not even know. He never spoke of them, and was at hand whenever wanted. He also managed to make both ends meet without apparent difficulty.

A Contrast.

Which does not mean that formal devotion should be shunned. Most *need it*. They are not strong enough to make their ordinary life-routine a constant Sacrifice of Love.[1] Therefore is it necessary that they should conjure up before them at set times, in some form or other[2], the Ideal of Divine Wisdom-Love they yearn for, and pour out their hearts before It in the Worship that transforms[3]. Such Devotion will send them forth into the world of men, ready to help as otherwise they could not

True formal Devotion.

1. ix, 27, 28 ; iv, 24.

2. Whether with or without material fulcrum, matters little. The form (idol) is *mental* in any case.

3. *Chho*, III, xiv ; *Paul*, 2 Cor, iii, 18.

be, charged with beneficent Power that cannot but expend itself in loving Service to their fellow-men.

"By their fruits shall ye know them."

NOTE D. (p.158)

AMBULATORY AND CIRCUMFORENSIAL!

Of course *true* Devotion, or Bhakti-Yôga, *is the one and only true motive of Service*, or Karma-Yôga. To urge the former, as in the passage (ix, 33, 34) referred to, is merely another way of urging the latter—an appeal to synthetic *emotion*, or LOVE, as the necessary motive power of synthetic *action*, or SERVICE[1].

The teaching is 'as plain as a pikestaff,' since *action* itself is made the oblation in iii, 9; iv, 23, 24; ix, 27, 28; xviii, 46,—to quote only typical passages. But minds fuddled with commentaries of commentaries of commentaries can no more be expected to reflect a plain thing plainly, than a kerosene-tin bumped ashore across a coral-reef at shipwreck-time can be expected to reveal his own true features to the unsophisticated dweller of the surf-bound

Vulgar Language!

1. All this will be more clearly dealt with in vol. ii.

South-Sea Isle. I am reminded of an 'explanatory note' which I actually saw—saw with my own two eyes (honest Injun!) in the note-book of a student friend. An Indian assistant-professor the perpetrator. It runs thus:—

"strolling" means "ambulatory and circumforensial."

Here you have India's downfall in a nutshell. Not the 'matter' of the 'Note'—that clearly does *not* matter—but the *mental state* it illustrates. Were this Scripture, we might next look forward to an explanation of 'ambulatory,' an explanation of 'circumforensial' and . . . an explanation of 'and.' Lucky it isn't.

Topsy turveydom.

The strangest thing of all is that people who do not in the least resent the commentary's making 'hash' of the Sacred Word, keenly resent one's inability to accept without reservation the finding, or rather what *they* take to be the finding, of their own pet commentary[1]. The plain fact is, that the

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1. I cannot resist pinning down in this little collection another good young man—a keen and subtle *vedânti* in whose eyes the poor *saguṇa brahma* (manifested God) was a very inferior person indeed. "But S h a n k a r a *says*. . ." he interposed, in a tone of finality. "I am concerned with

Word of Scripture is about as much respected by these as a jewel hidden in the hollow of a bone by the guileless dog that gnaws it. One can't help feeling sorry for their mental teeth.

A queer Suggestion.

This suggests a pretty Parable:—Gems of Wisdom hidden within bones... of contention, in order that wrangling dogs may quarrel over them, and keep them from being buried altogether out of sight. They are thus safely handed (or rather 'mouthed') over, across the gulf of the Dark Ages, to those who need and can appreciate them (When? ..—Now??)

Characters: Véda Vyāsa, the 'Dark One,' the Arch-Conspirator—the Chooser of the Gems.

Shankara, Rāmānuja, Madhva etc... —His willing accomplices.

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what Shrî Kṛṣhṇa says," I interrupted, with equal finality. He paused, open-mouthed, the horror of the situation gradually dawning on him. "You don't believe what Shankara says! ....You....don't....*believe*....what.. Shankara...says!!! ....You........don't......" and the door closed upon his horrified retreat, leaving the blasphemer alone in outer darkness. Quite unrepentant, as you see.

Which adds another quaint hypothesis to those in Note A. The commentators are genuine Rişhis, yet their commentaries are practically worthless, deliberately worthless—a worthless boon to worthless generations—yet holding hidden at the core a priceless message for worthier times.

To be a bone-picker.... with an Eye for Jewels—what a glorious Life-Task!



Note E. (p.163)

On the Service of Man, and the Breaking of Vows.

I need hardly tell an intelligent reader that by the Service of Man I do not mean the service of the follies and hypocrisies and ambitions and lusts and resentments of unenlightened[1] humanity. That would be service of ... the beast

The service of ... the 'beast.'

1. I mean *spiritually* unenlightened, *i. e. selfish*, whether individually or collectively. The self-sacrifice that identifies one with a particular collective body, and would sacrifice Mankind to *that*, does not constitute enlightenment. It is enlarged SELF-ignorance, and nothing more.

in man, not the Service of Man. Spoiling a child is not serving him. That is why I take exception to Bhīṣhma's action *from the outset.* I will not be humbugged by all his loftiness. He did *not* serve his father. He pandered to a whim of his father, and sacrificed the welfare of millions. That is because he cared not for Humanity (*lôka-sangrahaḥ*) but for his own supreme righteousness. Had I thus served my father, I would not be writing this book. I would . . . probably be dead by now. Had Annie Besant served her husband, she would . . . probably be dead by now. For those whose souls are stronger than their bodies cannot *live* unless they carry out in life the message they are charged with. I would have died a young catholic priest, of nervous exhaustion[1] before

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1. Unless I had broken sacred vows and done . . . as I have done. But I never had to break a vow, because I never took one. I never became a priest, of course, never even started on my way to become one—but that is because I (tho' by no means wayward in ordinary affairs) never dreamt of allowing my father's whims to shape or mar my course in life. I left home at twenty-one, a broken-down nervous wreck already, for lack of *vital* interest in life; lived a study-less student in a foreign land till twenty-three, the breakdown continuing until nothing was left but a serviceable pair of lungs; came across Occultism, Theosophy,

twenty-three, and she, a bigoted clergyman's wife[1], probably of suicide before thirty.

True Service.

The Service of Man is Life-Devotion to the true interests of Humanity (*lôka-sangrahaḥ*). To respect and encourage opposition to those interests in another is not to *serve* that other. Arjuna most truly *served* Bhīṣhma when he slew him[2];

Vegetarianism, New Thought and the rest, found myself able to help instructing others on those lines, and..began to revive, having apparently found my 'dharma.' Now, at 37, I have been able to continue on tour for 28 months on end without a single hitch, holding over fifteen hundred meetings during that period. Health steadily improving, and no sign of a likely halt being called for years to come.

Nervous prostration is sometimes a sign of a conscious Soul deliberately withholding its powers until its representative in the flesh has found a proper outlet for them. *Sva-dharma*, the following of our true 'vocation', draws forth the Soul in us. *Para-dharma*, desertion, makes the Soul shrink back, leaving in us a void of empty *fear* that no success of wealth or honour thus purchased can fill (iii, 35; xviii, 45-48.) Read 'Dick Dunkerman's Cat,' in Jerome K. Jerome's *Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green*.

1. Read her *Autobiography*.

2. Hate and anger are out of the question. A father who flogs his child in anger deserves to be horsewhipped. He shall be horsewhipped in good time—*not soon enough*.

and if another attacks you, you serve him best by defending yourself—surely not by letting him have his evil way with you when you can stop him.

Never retaliate. If his wronging you is one wrong, your wronging him, once you have him at your mercy, will only add another. On the other hand do not deliberately *yield.* Supposing he *wishes* and *tries* to kill you, his share of the mischief is already done. If he *succeeds* in killing you through your not protecting yourself[1] when you might do so, the mischief or loss to humanity from your actual death falls to *your share.* *You* are responsible for that, not he. The

The Sermon on the Mount.

I do not agree with those who say that the working of the *Kārmic* Law is perfect. It is not. Perfect *in principle* it is, perfect also in its working *when viewed from the æonic standpoint of the higher spheres.* Woefully imperfect *down here,* where the mechanism of its operation (a well organised Cosmic Civil Service on Earth)is still in the early stages of its formation. As humanity progresses, the number of cases in which *Kārmic* retribution is deferred to future births will steadily diminish.

1. Even at the cost of his life, if unavoidable. Only see to it that your life thus saved by power which is God's in you, not yours, be but a burnt-offering on the altar of Humanity, else have you sinned a sin and slain yourself.

doctrine of the *Sermon on the Mount*, not duly qualified,[1] is eminently destructive. That is why it is seldom applied, however Christianity may boast of it as its chief jewel. It has bred hypocrisy and priestly cant, and little else. Kind-heartedness was not invented nineteen hundred years ago. Forgiveness was 'an ancient Rule' in Buddha's day; in Kṛṣhṇa's time it was a hoary Secret. The giving out of it, tho' *necessary*,[2] has

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1. It should be: "If a man strike thee on one cheek, hold out thy other cheek for him to strike. *Thus shalt thou heap coals of fire upon his head.*" That is the only way in which a selfish man can honestly read it. As a (possible) Sermon to Arhats by a Master of Masters, it is outside the pale of this discussion.

2. Because of the 'Dispersion of Israel' which marks the present cycle, *i. e.*, the scattering about, throughout the dark mass of humanity, of souls already partially enlightened by previous segregation in mystic Brotherhoods. A scattering of Teaching previously Occult is required to reach and wake them up wherever they may have fallen, so that, remembering what they once have known, and expanding to their true dimensions no matter what resistance may surround them, they may truly leaven that heavy paste into the Bread of vital Democracy, or Solidary Life. Véda Vyāsa means a 'scatterer of Knowledge,' one who infuses *guhyā ādeshaḥ*, 'Mystery Teachings,' into *itihāsapurāṇam*, popular educative legends and traditions. This necessary admixture makes those Scriptures a two-edged

given rise to unavoidable abuse. Men keep resentment hidden in their hearts, and mouth forgiveness as a plea for heavenly sugar-plums. What God requires is that we cleanse our hearts, and *fight*, loving the living Self which we set free, and not the poisoned sheath that cloaks it. '*Love your enemies*'—YES. But encouraging them to do evil at your expense is *not* 'loving' them. It is bolstering your own self-righteousness *at their expense. Proverbs*, xxv, 21, 22, is perfect, because of the initial 'if.' When you have your enemy at your mercy, *show him your love.* Otherwise love him in your own heart, and *fight*,—for "As a troubled fountain, and a corrupted spring, so is a righteous man that giveth way before the wicked[1];" and "He that saith unto the wicked, thou art righteous; peoples shall curse him, nations shall abhor him; but to them that rebuke him shall be delight, and a

sword which none but a previously 'initiated' soul can safely handle. If you pretend to believe in the Sermon on the Mount and do not practise it, you are a hypocrite; if you believe in it and do, you give your 'cloke' to the thief who wants your coat, upon which he naturally enquires whether you have anything else to spare, and finally ushers you naked into heaven while you leave earth a hell for him to fight or riot in with his fellow-thieves. Shall HIS Will thus be *done* on Earth?

1. *Prov.*, xxv, 26.

good blessing shall come upon them[1]. The most curious thing is that Bhīṣhma *does* rebuke Duryôdhana and others for their wickedness, and warns them of impending ruin; but when they refuse to listen,[2] he invariably ends by saying: "All right: —since you insist, I, with all my power and wisdom, won through ages of exertion, am entirely at the service of your Majesty's wickedness."

Surely there must be something wrong here.

Pledge-Breaking.

The difficulty is his pledge, of course. But I say: No Self-respecting (still less a SELF-respecting) man should ever, under any circumstances,

1. *Ibid*, xxiv. 24, 25.

2. Evidently because they know from experience that the old man's warnings are purely platonic, and that he will never give a point to them by refusing his services and breaking his allegiance for the sake of Humanity. The (spiritually) selfish 'consistency' of the 'good' is a priceless asset in the game of the wicked. They count on it: it is an all-important factor in their evil plans. Most likely, the collapse of every Great One who 'falls' upsets a plan or two of 'the other side' (and is at bottom *meant to do so.*) His retrieval (which may be sudden) ruins a few more. Woe betide mischief-plotters when the Good choose to climb down (अव—तॄ).

3. " Wrong act unmasked [where all seems right] " (iv, 16, 17). See Chapter II, above.

pledge himself *unconditionally*[1] to serve another *separate* will.

"But once the pledge *has been given*,..." you will say.

Well, breaking it is emphatically an evil,—but *so is keeping it*. The first, a crime against ourselves; the second, against humanity that suffers. In such a case I think I had rather deliberately break my vow in full knowledge and whole-hearted acceptance of the consequences, however awful they may be to me, welcoming the suffering as an expiation *for having taken such a sinful vow*, and the memory of it as a guarantee against another such blunder in the future. To me, the collective evil of the keeping seems greater than the individual evil of the breaking. But the greatest evil of all, the root-evil of it all, is the *taking* of the vow at all. Let no man ever pledge his word, except unto his deeper Self. Even as he stands pledged to It, so shall that Self stand pledged to him[2].

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1. This term is essential. To help one's father, one's country, one's religion *to do wrong*, is neither filial love, nor patriotism, nor piety. It is helping man, land, faith unto their ruin.

2. xviii, 64, 65.

"I pledge myself to serve the Common SELF from day to day, from year to year, from life to life, in whatever circumstances Destiny[1] may bring, according to whatever share of Its own Wisdom that SELF may choose to manifest in me[2]."



NOTE F. (p.169.)

ON .. FALLEN IDOLS, AND THE RAISING OF THEM AGAIN.

A Hard Saying: ix, 11.

How often does the smug, clean, well-fed, self-satisfied 'devotee' think of verse ix, 11, when his saintly steps approaching drive his 'untouchable' brethren off the road—lest their very shadow should pollute him? When does the 'Lord's beloved' think of saying to himself: "These are the living temples of my God—His chosen shrines, in which He dwells. Are they fit shrines for Him? If not, why not? Can they ever grow more worthy? Can I help them thereto......... and *shall I* ??—Or is it that my own dear purity

1. The plot of the Cosmic Drama.

2. *Cf.* *Ko*, ii, 22.

would not show off so well but for the background[1] of their filthiness?"

Not, mind you, that every Pariah can of a sudden be transmogrified into a *real* high-caste Brahmin. The other way about would in most cases be easier[2]. But look you here. Enter, a cow. A cow is not a Brahmin. But a cow is touchable—more touchable than ... some 'brahmins.' A cow is clean—far cleaner than most men. Cannot the lowest, meanest, beastliest of men (supposing him at present fit for nothing better) be gradually *trained*[3] *in the direction* of cleanliness, of decent, self-respecting beastliness *at his own level*—as of the cow;—and free paths opened up for him to rise on by degrees, as Life in him wells up in

As of the Cow...

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1. See Vol. II, on *dvandva-moha*, the 'delusion of contrast.'

2. Filthy habits can degrade the most refined of bodies to practically worse-than-pariah-hood in fewer years than it takes to educate a child.

3. Does not the constant shifting of the generations, which means the *way downhill* for God himself once effort ceases, as surely mean *the way uphill*, even for the 'very devil,' as soon as ever right effort has begun? What is 'dead matter' after all, but God who fails to energize synthetically (the atom is *not* 'dead.')

answer to our loving call? A pariah is not a cow. But is not the selfsame purity, that shines so patent in the cow, hidden—nay, rather, covered for a while—in filthiest pariah[1]?

"The spell-bound take no heed of ME,
within the idol[2], *man*, enshrined.
For they know not My subtle SELF
that rules in every living form." (ix, 11.)

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1. Quite apart from where the Pariah beats the cow by a very long run indeed—the human aspect of the soul, however fallow because *left untilled by those who ought to be developing their own superior Powers in the drawing forth of cosmic Wealth* therefrom. (See pp. 104-105 . . . above.)

2. Note the same word *tanu*, 'body,' in vii, 21 as in ix, 11. An *idol* may of course be purely mental, as in the case of 'form-eschewing' Mussalmans and Protestants. None but the formless Mind can conceive anything without a *form.* Allah *speaks* with His Angels in the Holy Book. Who but a *man* can speak (unless it be Balaam's ass or . . . a *woman* —which God forbid.) Is He bare-headed? Does he display a Kāfir's shaven chin (nay, who should shave Him?) or a Kāfir's untrimmed moustache, that no clean food can pass? A red beard (has He not been to Mecca?) with upper lip well-clipped; and a green turban—there you are. And what of the *square stone* at Mecca?

As for Christians, there is hardly one who can conceive the Father without a big beard and a forbidding scowl, engaged in turning out his only Son (who has a shorter beard) to atone for the disobedience of Adam (who has no

Just imagine our high-born 'devotee' coming across a ruined, tumble-down, desecrated shrine with the idol of his 'God' still in it. Conceive his pious horror, his devout prostrations, his saintly vow to leave no stone unturned until he has restored the holy stone to honour due; his arduous pilgrimage in quest of funds, the purificatory ceremonies, the final rebuilding of the shrine—a future place of pilgrimage for millions—fit setting for the holy *thing* inside. Do not dream that I would blame this man—still less deride. But I ask, wonderingly, like a man fallen into some queer nightmare-world where all is topsy-turvy:—

The Fallen Idol.

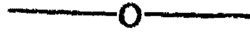
"Why cannot desecrated MAN provoke such ardours when a desecrated stone symbol can, and does? What of the Holy THING inside this shockingly polluted *mānuṣhī tanu*?

——o——

beard at all.) Those who would scorn such heathenish imagery can console themselves with a 'gigantic clergyman in a white tie.' Besides, must He not *sit* upon the Judgement Seat? What of the .... quarters (*dishaḥ*) Moses *saw*?

Monotheism is either Final Wisdom or unconscious hypocrisy. "There is only *one* God, ... and every *other*... is a devil."

CHAPTER VIII.



THE MIRROR OF THE ONE BEYOND.

> "And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." (Genesis, I,27)
>
> "The true man is the focus and mirror of all the Mysteries of the Divine Essence." (Shaikh Sharf-ud-din Maneri).
>
> "For now we see as in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face." (I. Cor, xiii, 12),
>
> "As in a mirror, so in oneself." (Kath, vi, 5). ॥ यथाऽऽदर्शे तथात्मनि ॥
>
> "By means of his own self as type". (BG., vi, 32). ॥ आत्मौपम्येन ॥
>
> "KNOW THYSELF." (Delphic Logion).

The Yogi's God.

THE verses that have been referred to[1] in the previous chapter must have clearly shown the reader that the GOD of the B h a g a v a d - G ī t ā,

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1. Let me here repeat that the verses referred to form the very pith of these brief Essays. The Essays are intended, not to replace the study of the B h a g a v a d-G ī t ā, but to help the student master that Scripture by making him ruminate typical verses over and over again in connection with various leading ideas.

whether worshipped in life[1] or sensed through contemplation[2], is no partial 'godling' of exclusion such as the finite mind of man most readily conceives, but is emphatically an all-pervading, all-supporting, all-transcending PRESENCE, 'in Whom we live and move and have our being,' of Whom all power is[3], and Who, for very Omnipresence, can in no way be pointed out.[4]

A bewildering Concept.

Arjuna, when he begins to sense that PRESENCE, mercilessly melting up the partial 'god[5]' his mind still clings to, is utterly bewildered, and knows no more which way to turn. "*Dishô na jāné*—I have lost the sense of direction[6]," falters he, in fear and awe; and at last there bursts from him the glorious verse of salutation[7]:—

> "All-hail to THEE in front, all-hail behind to THEE !
> All-hail to THEE on all sides, O Thou ALL !
> Immeasurable Strength and Boundless Power, THOU!
> Alone THOU roundest all, and thus art ALL ! "

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1. v, 10, 11 ; vi 31 ; ix, 27, 28 ; xviii, 46.
2. vi, 28-30. 3. x, 41. 4. *avyakta-mûrti*, ix, 4.
5. *anya-dévatā*, vii, 20 ; ix, 23, 24 ; *Bṛho*, I, iv,6, 7. See pp. 170-171, above. 6. xi, 25,
7. xi, 40. *Cf.* xiii, 13-16. The whole passage, xi, 36-46 should be read in this connection.

Such a concept may well bewilder us in turn, as it bewilders Arjuna. At all events we cannot reach it in a sudden leap[1] from our normal standpoint of direction-pointing, concrete, separative thought. How shall we best approach it?

How to approach it.

Let us return to the three verses[2] that tell us all that may be told of what the perfect yôgī knows and does[3]. Just after those three verses comes a fourth, one of those innocent-looking, drab-coloured, cryptic verses which we are apt to pass over with a nod of easy comprehension because they form a sort of plain anti-climax to some sublime poetic passage. Yet, rightly read, it gives a clue by following which we may safely, at our leisure, thread our mental maze of time-and-

A timely Clue.

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1. Cases of *apparently sudden* illumination are only the sudden breaking through a shell or crust of 'illusion' (*personal* consciousness) beneath which the deeper consciousness slowly developed in previous lives has lain temporarily concealed.

2. vi, 29-31. See above, p 191.

3. *i. e.*, He sees Himself in all, all in Himself; He recognizes 'ME', the One True PRESENCE, everywhere; He worhips 'ME' as Life in all that lives.

space-bewilderment[1] until we reach the central Point of View we are in search of. I translate :—

Saḥ yōgī paramō mataḥ—" He is deemed a yōgī of the highest type,"

Yaḥ samam pashyati sarvatra—" Who sees the SAME ONE[2] everywhere,"

Sukham vā yadi vā duḥkham—" Whether there be joy or sorrow[3],"

[and *how* does he come to see IT ?]

ātma-aupamyéna—" BY ANALOGY WITH HIS OWN SELF."

Here, then, we have a hint as to the *means* whereby we may become the perfect yôgī, whose State of Consciousness and Life the three preceding verses have described. 'By taking *our own self*, such as it is, as type; by pondering it unwearyingly[4] until our separative, analytical mind[5] is finally

Transformation.

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1. *Mōha-kalilam*, ii, 52—" mind-glamour."

2. Spoken of in vi, 29-31.

3, Or (by implication) any other apparently contrasted aspects of existence, See Vol. II.

4. vi, 25 (where l. 3 should be rendered, " His mind to *vital-self* conformed," which the sequel will make clear ;) vi, 26 (where the last word signifies the same *vital-self*) ; also vi, 35.

5. *Ko*, iv, 14.

transformed into the perfect image of that synthetic vital organism on which it meditates[1].

For it stands to reason that 'self,' here, can only mean the tangible, organic, vital *self* that ordinary people know. It cannot mean the universal SELF, the very object of our search, as yet unknown to us—since Analogy is precisely our guide from the known to the unknown. Therefore we are here told to seek our Goal, the Yogī's cosmic Point of View, 'by means of the analogy of' that ordinary *self* which we, ordinary people, actually know, although, from sheer excess of familiarity, we may forget to *think of it*.

From the Known to the Unknown.

Put into plain English, it means, simply: "Meditate persistently on your own self, as you now feel (or misconceive) yourself to be, on the limited, organic self with which your present limited consciousness identifies you; and you will have the one available Master-Key by which may be unlocked the Mysteries of that all-inclusive

The Master Key.

1. *Ko* iv, 10, 11, 15.

cosmic SELF with which the form-emancipated consciousness of the Yôgī identifies Him."

In other words, the lesser is the one immediately reachable image of its (not immediately reachable) Prototype. The microcosm reflects the Macrocosm. Meditate on the reflection which you see, and learn to understand thereby the Thing therein reflected, which as yet you cannot see face to face[1]. Set your whole *will* on this, if so it be you have a will to boast of, and with ceaseless effort strive to manifest in *life*, in your relation with your fellow-creatures, that organic Law of Life which you see working in your very limbs. Thus shall you gradually create *in you* the missing inner Sense[2] for lack of which you suffer and are helpless—the double Saving Power of right, Synthetic Consciousness[3] and true, Organic Action[4], by which alone the gulf[5] between yourself and God is

As 'above,' so 'below.'

1. xv, 10, 11.

2. *buddhi*, ii, 39, 40, 49-58, 64-67. See Vol. II.

3. *sāñkhya*, ii, 39; *tattva-darshanam*, ii, 16-25; v, 18-21; xiii, 16, 27-33; xviii, 20, etc. . . . See Vol. II.

4. *yôga*, ii, 39, etc . . . The other wing of *buddhi*, v,4, 5. See Vol. II.

5. *maham*, the 'mighty fear,' ii, 40.

bridged, by which alone His Kingdom[1] is brought down from the Timeless Heaven of Conception to this 'earthly' life of Time and Space and Act.

The Mirror of the ONE Beyond.

"Thou art thyself, O little *man*, the Mirror of the ONE beyond. If thou but look with steadfast searching gaze into the Mirror, thou may'st at last behold in it the perfect Image[2] of the Hidden One thou seekest—thy *self* the image of That SELF, thy life the image of that Life, the patent law of all thy measurable limbs and parts the faithful replica of that One Hidden Cosmic Law by which are governed all the kingdoms of this Living Universe in which thy separated being lives, a tiny cell within that Cosmic Body."

This earthly 'self.'

Let us then study and try to understand this commonplace, organic, vital, earthly 'self' which we all know but do not think of—which we, in fact, think so little of that we unconsciously or consciously despise it, whether, as sensualists, we make it the tool of our lewd thoughts and impulses, and do our

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1. *lôka-sangrahaḥ*, iii, 20, 25.

2. See quotations at the beginning of the chapter.

best to ruin it thro' abuse; or whether, as ascetics, we make it the blameless victim of our pitiless spiritual ambition, and do our best to ruin it thro' atrophy.

What is this self?

Mainly, the *body*. Besides, a nature of emotional sense-impulse, partly entangled in, confused with it. Besides, a formative, perceiving, thought-weaving mind, partly entangled in, confused with it[1].

The Body Wonderful.

What is this body?

A wonderful complex instrument placed temporarily, by the constructive Powers of the Universe, at the mercy of our raw, selfish, half-formed impulse and mind that work on it, and

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1. Enough entanglement and confusion to mar the body with the disorders of impulse and thought. Not yet enough (save in a few exceptional cases) to bring impulse and thought into harmony with the Organic Law of the limbs. A painful stage, betwixt and between: the rhythm of healthy instinctual animal existence thrown into well-nigh hopeless confusion; the subtler Harmony of organic spiritual Life at best partly evolved in very few; the final Redemption of the Body by the Soul for the sake of whose conception it was built and sacrificed—the Assumption of the Virgin by the Risen Christ she bore—as yet to come.

sense through it, and thus by slow degrees *evolve.* A divine Tool which we abuse and ruin in various opposite ways, until at last we learn to reverence in it the cosmic organising Power which has made it, the Power Which, through it, makes *us*; until at last, we, holders of the Key, possessors of the Pass-Word, begin to use it as *of* That, *in* That, *for* That[1].

Its federated organs, and their work.

Prosaically, a congeries of organs, limbs, parts, adapted to perform various functions: the lungs that breathe; the stomach and intestines that digest; the humble lower belly that excretes, without whose self-sacrificing labour no part of our body (not even the proudest) could be kept clean for any length of time; the intelligent filtering kidneys[2]; the bladder with its ducts, and the perspiring skin-surface; the sacred, mysterious generative building-organs that miraculously save the situation (otherwise hopeless) by carrying the whole process forward into the future[3], giving us

1. xi, 33.

2. See Note C.

3. A daily *miracle*, which we respectable people contemptuously ignore—nay, are we not ashamed to speak of it? With regard to all these 'shocking' items, read *Paul*, 1 Cor, xii, 22-25.

time to be reborn and mend our ways— meanwhile patiently waiting to disclose to us some day, when we are ready, (not till then) the magic, all-dissolving, 'all-transmuting Fiery-Power which God has kept concealed behind their outer mask through all these ages; the heart and blood-vessel system, that circulates and distributes, whereof more hereafter; the ear that hears; the skin that contacts; the eye that sees; the mouth that speaks and tastes; the nose that smells; the hand that grasps; the feet and legs that carry us about (as long as we are not too proud to use them)—all these bewilderingly complex organs, limbs, parts, strung together, knit together, held together[1] in one organic solidary Whole, THE BODY.

Its teeming Populations.

What do all these organs consist of? They consist of various 'tissues,' *i.e.*, various kinds of organic, living substance, comprising both circulating fluids such as blood, lymph, chyle, with all the traffic they convey, and denser tissues within which and to and from and for the benefit of which, those fluids circulate.

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1. *lóka-sangrahaḥ*.

What do all these 'tissues,' in their turn, essentially consist of?

The Cell Unit.

Cells.

And what are these?

Creatures, living creatures, as alive as you and I. Tiny little things, each distinct from each, like you and I; each following its own law of birth, growth, reproduction, decay and death, as faithfully as you and I, or more so. So tiny are they, that untold millions go to form the tip-joint of your little finger. They are of many sorts, subserving many purposes: brain-cells, nerve-cells, blood-cells, (or 'corpuscles,' red and white), muscle-cells, bone-cells, skin-cells, hair-cells, nail-cells. I am not a physiologist, and must have left out some.

Truly wonderful are the functions some of these cells perform. The blood-cells or 'corpuscles', for instance. The red ones, laden with carbonic gas[1], con-

Its complex Functions.

1. The noxious wastage of all organic combustion, of which the blood constantly relieves the various scattered cells that else would perish suffocated in the fumes of their own sacrifice. We have ascribed this function to the red corpuscles, as used to be done, not having time here for omplicated details. But see Note A.

verging along the vein-streams from all parts of the body towards the heart; thence scattered throughout the network of the lungs. There they discharge into the air-channels their burden of waste gas[1], and in exchange take in a cargo of fresh oxygen from the air breathed in.

The little red . . . Angels.

Laden with the precious, life-stimulating gas, they converge again in countless tiny streams, gradually merging into one great artery, and reach the heart, the central pumping-station. Thence they are immediately scattered once more, in diverging arteries, large, small, smaller, throughout the tissues of the body. They reach the tiny busy cells, hand over to them the oxygen their work requires, the quickener of their sacrificial life-flame; and, without stopping to haggle for their wages, without a thought as to whether they may or may not be demeaning themselves by doing sweepers' work, take in a cargo of . . . waste gas and are gone—back, through the heart, to the lungs: waste gas discharged, fresh oxygen taken in—back, through the heart, to the tissues: oxygen given up, waste gas taken in, and *da capo*—a ceaseless alternating

1. Note A.

cycle of dual opposite functions, which begins in the mother's womb and cannot cease a single instant, or the life is *gone*.

The little white . . . Policemen.

And the 'white' (or colourless) ones[1]? Not a whit less wonderful. More so, in that they seem to have the power of independent motion, and *do not abuse it*, as we do. They congregate where they happen to be wanted. They gather round objectionable intruding particles, and absorb them, digest them into their own substance. They are sometimes called 'the Police of the Blood.' *Phagocytes*, 'devourers,' is another name for them.

The Modesty of True Science.

No true scientist claims to know *all* about a single one of these functions of the cells—so complex are they, and so mysterious[2]. The modesty o language—nay, diffidence[3],—

1. See Note B.

2. See Note C.

3. "The parts played . . . are *probably* varied and numerous . . . but our knowledge . . . is *very imperfect* . . . these corpuscles *may* . . . it is *possible* that here there *may* . . . *Quite probably* a similar migration . . . it is *extremely possible* . . . there are reasons for supposing . . . have *something to do* with . . . "—these expressions are culled from a

that marks all the passages of Huxley quoted in the Notes[1], forms a striking contrast with the cocksureness of the young graduate, or half-fledged medical student, who retails third-hand information crammed from text-books.

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single paragraph (p. 103,) dealing with the white corpuscles. See Note B.

1. The reason for all these quotations from Huxley is sufficiently obvious. Some people (the *rājasic* mental type) always seem to be wanting definite *and final* information. Their real motive is rather to *be rid of the trouble of seeking* (an insidious snare of the *tamōguna*, leading to discouragement and apathy after spasmodic effort.) As well disillusion them at once by assuring them that there is no *final* information as to any of the processes of Nature. There never will be. As for subjective SELFHOOD, there *is*—to be obtained at first hand only (*Ko* ii, 21, 23)—*tat tvam asi* (THOU *art* THAT, is meaningless at second hand, and *so'ham asmi* (I *am* THAT,) blasphemous. For the rest, *directions* (*upa-desha*)—which way to go—nothing more. The *going* ours. Subjective certainty, when reached, means Peace; which gained, the Seeking can no longer weary *us*, and may as well go on for ever— as *time* counts—with intervals of super-conscious sleep.' "This journey through *sansara* is as voluntary Play to them." The most Ancient MAN of all is but a Child who plays, and sleeps, and wakes to play again. When He sleeps, He is HIMSELF alone, *êka-êva*. When He wakes, He is HIMSELF *and* something else which is *not other* than Himself,—with which He plays, perceiving it, as wondering Baby with his own Body Wonderful.

Now there are two things with regard to your Body, thus defined, which I wish you to ponder well with me.

a. Cosmic Immensity of the Body.

First, its literally *cosmic* vastness, when viewed[1] from the standpoint of its ultimate[2] constituent, the cell. It is easy to show that there are more cells in the tip-joint of your little finger than there are human inhabitants at present on this earth. The red corpuscles of the blood, to take up one class only, are little flat circular discs, of which the diameter varies from 7 to 8 μ (μ being $\frac{1}{25,000}$ of an inch, or 0.001 mm.—a convenient unit of measurement). The blood is positively crowded with them, and could not circulate but for their jelly-like elasticity. Huxley tells us that 10,000,000 of these red corpuscles will lie in a square inch, and that the volume of

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1. Which as a whole it cannot be, any more than the Cosmic Form by Arjuna in *B.G.* xi.

2. 'Ultimate' for our present purpose, as the individual unit, man or woman, boy or girl in Humanity. What further unfathomable complexities stretch inwards, past reach of microscope, may as well be left for us to delve into with other instruments in other births.

each does not exeeed $\frac{1}{120,000,000,000}$ of a cubic inch. Taking the volume of your little-finger-tip as one-tenth of a cubic inch, supposing it to contain one-tenth of its volume of blood,[1] and blood half its volume of red corpuscles[2], the number of the latter works out at 600,000,000, or twice the population of India[3]. As for the other cells, of the surrounding tissues, they are somewhat larger[4]. But they are by no means round or cubic : they are either flat, compressed into thin layers, or elongated into *thread-like* fibres, so that their number, in a given space, is far greater than the length of their maximum

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1. "The total quantity of blood in the body is calculated at about one-thirteenth or one-fourteenth of the body weight." (*Huxley*, p. 567). The other components being on the whole considerably heavier, one-tenth of the volume of the body seems a fair estimate of the volume of blood.

2. Which Huxley's fig. 31 (p. 95) makes not at all improbable.

3. After writing the above I find a statement in Huxley, p. 105, to the effect that one cubic inch of blood contains 70,000,000,000 red corpuscles (eighty times the human population of the globe). This would work out at 700,000,000 for our little finger-joint, showing that my estimate, as intended, fell short of actual fact.

4. Surface cells of epidermis, diameter $=25\ \mu$.
Deep ,, ,, ,, $=12\ \mu$. (Huxley).

diameter would lead one to suppose. Hence we may safely say that there are well over 2,000,000,000 living creatures in your little-finger-tip—and that is more than the human population of the globe.

Uuthinkable Multitudes.

Now 2,000,000,000 *creatures* are more than you can *think*. Ten little figures on paper are not much[1]. But *what they stand for* passes clear conception—passes it by a very long way indeed. The most expert educationist or administrator, with the training of a lifetime, cannot clearly think more than a thousand persons or so—possibly a few thousand *faces*. The rest is either a vague blur, or a mental catalogue of names with no content, save in registers to which he must refer. As for the ordinary man, half-a-dozen intimates, a dozen or two of fairly clear acquaintances, their clearness of outline in his mind being rather what he thinks

1. Especially when nine of them are as like each other as so many little drops of water . . . But are any two drops of water alike? Examine them with a microscope, and see. The illusion of likeness is due to the emphasizing of some common characteristic by the superficially observant mind until that common characteristic mentally obliterates other divergent ones. Thus the white man finds it as difficult at first to tell one negro from another as the negro to distinguish among specimens of the white variety.

of them than what they are. Beyond that, a multi-coloured blur: fellow-citizens, strangers, co-religionists, unbelievers, white-skinned men, niggers,—groupings, like coloured patches on a map, with no detail.

Could you enter the world of your own body-cells by reducing yourself to scale, and could you move about at will among them, you would find it at least as hard a task to travel from the tip of your little finger to that of your fourth finger, as to make your way by land from Cape Comorin to Singapore in this our world of men—and beasts. This is putting it mildly. As for your liver and your spleen, they might as well be different planets.

So much, then, for the truly cosmic Vastness of this wonderful Body of yours.

Second, its equally cosmic Diversity. We speak of 'differences,' out here in this our world of men—differences which we make much of. White man, Chinaman, Negro, are to us well-nigh kingdoms apart. But what are these differences (apart from intellectual and moral and social ones, to find which we need go no further

b. Cosmic Diversity of the Body.

than from Park Lane to an East-End slum ?) Nothing to compare with those that separate My Lord's fox-terrier from My Lady's pug. But put a grand old St. Bernard beside the above-mentioned pug, and . . . sakes alive, give us My Lady herself and a tailless she-baboon for *likeness*!

Now between the various tissues of this your Body you will find differences, not like those that mark off man from man, or even dog from dog, but differences rather on the scale of those that mark off man and beast and plant and stone from one another. Mineral substances are there, of course, and in abundance. Your bones are more akin to stone than any plant-growth you can point to in the vegetable kingdom, although they certainly do grow somewhat like plants—but so do crystals. Your hair and nails are unmistakeable vegetable growths. Your body on the whole is (pardon the rudeness) an animal body[1], in which a few details of brain and nerve have been specially worked out (a task of ages) to meet the requirements of the

1. Specialised in a particular direction, with corresponding shortcomings in others. You are clearly as far behind the cow and the goat in power of food-assimilation, as the cow and the goat are behind you in point of brain-power. You are as far behind the crow and the kite in power of locomotion, as they are behind you in power of . . . lying

characteristically 'human' soul you are the proud (as of a set of precious family plate, almost too good for *use*) 'possessor[1]' of.

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awake at night and worrying over their sins, or other people's. As for *moral* qualities, well, most dogs *are* trustworthy (the curtain drops.)

1. The most astounding delusion, perhaps, in this sublunar lunatic asylum (vii, 27) of ours. Some exchange it for the subtler delusion of 'being' a soul and 'having' a body (to get rid of at their own sweet will, so they fancy.) Very few have said to themselves, "I am a sentient Mind capable of reflecting, *i.e.*, assuming the shape of, every thing *as apart from every other thing*. In order to be transformed from this state of disorganic chaos to a state of organized Cosmos, I have been linked (*mātrāsparshāh*, ii, 14) with an organic Body, endlessly diverse in its detail, in which I must gradually come to realise *myself* its all-pervading Self, my life its all-sustaining Life, and thus be vicariously, through it, transmuted to the all-pervading SELF ruling its all-sustaining LIFE throughout this endless, diverse Universe which I reflect, and therefore am (xi, 40; *Isho.*, 8.)"

The awakening of sense-faculty in the mind by furnishing a basis for its modification into objects, is only the preliminary purpose of the body. Its real purpose is ultimately to *render the sentient mind organic* throughout all its protean modifications that *are* its universe. Those who, fully awakened to differential sense-life, seek to *withdraw* therefrom, are frustrating the very purpose of embodied existence (*Ko*, vi, 4; iv, 10, 11). Their release cannot be *final*.

Your Body thus contains as great a diversity of creatures as the Cosmic BODY of which it is a part; and this, both in the mass, and in minute detail. Brain, flesh, bone, eye-ball and little toe, ear and lung, tooth and kidney; nerve-cell, blood-cell, bone-cell—truly cosmic variety lies here.

PURUSHA,
The pervading PRESENCE.

Now, filling this entire Immensity[1], pervading this Cosmic Diversity, *who* is there?

YOU.

You think in that brain, *you* look through those eyes, *you* hear through those ears, *you* stand on those feet, *you* breathe with those lungs, *you* speak with that voice, *you* grasp with those hands. Cease staring at yourself outside. Pass inwards through all the spaces of your Body, journeying from part to part—the one true Pilgrimage: the others are only symbols—rapidly throwing your mind into the shape of organ after organ, clearly realising each in turn, with its specific function. Throughout the process go on repeating "I, I, I, I, I *am* here, I *am* here, I *am* here, I *am* here; I *live* here, I *live* here, I *live* here, I *live* here; I

1. xi, 20. . . . .

think here, I *see* here, I *hear* here, I *taste* here, I *grasp* here, I *breathe* here, I *speak* here; I, the SAME, *am* in all this, I, the SAME, *live* in all this, I, the SAME, *do* all these different things through all these different creature-limbs. I, the SAME, feel pain in this limb here; I, the SAME, enjoy in this limb here[1]—*aham ātmā guḍākésna sarva-bhûta-āshaya-sthitah.*

> "'T is I the SELF, O Lord of Sleep,
> In all these creatures' hearts I dwell[2]."

A Dog knows it.

Not a question of transcendent genius, this, nor even of exceptional aptitude—still less of eccentricity. You know *yourself*, whoever you may be, or sage or fool. You know the common *self* of all your Body-Universe. *You are that* self. All you require is to *recollect* it. A *dog* knows it, for when you pat him on the head he wags his tail, as if to say, "I, who feel your friendly pat here in this head,—I, the *same*, am here in this tail also, and wag my joy at you. Here, here as well, the *same* am I[3]. This one that feels in the head, that one that wags

1. ii, 15; vi, 32; xii, 18; xiv, 24.

2. x, 20. 3. *Ko*, iv, 10.

in the tail, this one that wags in the tail, that one that feels in the head[1]—that *self* am I."

You see, then, that the most elementary contemplation of your Body clearly reveals the presence of *yourself*—a single, indivisible Identity pervading the truly Cosmic immensity and multiplicity and diversity of that wonderful Body. And so you are *yourself* the perfect *aupamyam* or analogy[2] of that all-pervading PRESENCE Which, *from within* Its area of pervasion, can in no way be pointed out[3]. *You*, the *puruṣha* of your own Body-Universe, so microscopical, so measurelessly vast[4], *you* are the perfect image of

Yourself the Image of that SELF.

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1. *Isho*, 16, where the repeated '*asau*, *asau*—that, that' includes *all contrasts* (See Volume II). 2. vi, 32.

3. Some people will of course ask, "And *from without?*" The only difficulty is that where IT is not, *we* are not—nor can ever be, unless we first 'become IT' (iv, 10). As to what happens after that, the Master, DEATH, is silent (*Ko*, i, 20, 21) and so am I—in good company. The question is never answered. After the lower (*Ko*, i, 22-29) and the higher (*Ko*, ii, 1-13) tests are passed, He points the true Way to the End, Yōga, the way of At-One-ment, dealt with here. What lies beyond can not be spoken of (*Light on the Path*, i, 17, Note, para 2).

4. Microscopic from the Cosmic standpoint, vast from that of its ultimate constituent units.

that *PURUSHA* within Whose all-pervading PRESENCE you live and move and have your being together with all that you perceive and all you are still blind to but will perceive in time. Let but your mind learn to retain the sense of organic identity—which nothing save deliberate self-conscious at-one-ment with an organic living Body can stamp *on* it, and thus evoke *in* it— let it retain that *organic sense* while contemplating this multitudinous Universe of man and beast and plant and earth and sun and moon and stars, and you *have solved* the Problem, read the Riddle, done what you came here to do[1]. No sooner shall your mind cease to be broken up[2] into the separate things perceived, no sooner shall it know itself the *same* whatever form of friend or foe or God or devil it assumes and, assuming, perceives, no sooner shall it know itself both object-form assumed[3], perceiving subject[4], and whatever both divides[5] and, lying

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1. xv, 20. 2. *Ko*, iv, 14; *BG*, xviii, 66, of which the first half may be translated:

"All partial ends renounced, do thou
Seek shelter but in ME, the ONE."

cf. also xii, 6, 7; ix, 22; vi, 30.

3. See Volume II. 4. Subject and object are the 'knower and known' of xi, 37. 5. *Bahu syām*, 'let M be many' *Chho*, VI, ii, 3; *Taitto* II, vi.

between, unites[1] as well, — than you shall *be* that perfect Yôgī whom the Master speaks of[2].

Not only shall this homely contemplation bring home to you the knowledge of *yourself*—an all-pervading Presence filling your whole Body-Universe, the *one* in all those countless multitudes, your (to them) transcendent consciousness reflected in their myriad (to you) subconscious[3] groupings,—they, *dead* without *you*. But it shall also lead you to feel and know experimentally[4], here, inside, that which relates you to them all, and them to you—the raying forth of Energy from YOU through them—your 'Will to live,' their life's own Life—a thing you are not master of as yet, else were you *free*. It is your 'putting-forth[5]' — what better name for it—that which conveys *you* from the secret Centre[6] where YOU lurk (a tiny Window merely, through which YOU from beyond look *into* this three dimensional

Your life the Image of that Life.

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1. *sō 'ham*, *Isho* 16. The Path between' of BG., xiii, 17.

2 vi 32.

3. Though so intelligent.

4. ix, 2, 13.

5, *Pra-kṛtiḥ*.

6. *Ko* ii, 12, 13, 20; iv, 9 (*BG*, xiii, 33), 12, 13; v, 11, 13; vi, 17; *Muṇḍo* II, ii, 1, 6, 7; *etc.*

Body-Universe of yours[1],) your Magic Power of Illusion which radiates *you* with (literally) lightning speed throughout the whole, so that you feel *yourself* co-extensive with it at all points[2]—your *māyā*, rightly so-called, for were *you* severed limb from limb all of a sudden, YOU would still remain untouched as yonder Sun when a friendly ray of his is suddenly shut out by the slamming of a door or the collapse of the house into which it peeped[3].

It is this unitary, synthetic Life-Power of yours that enables you, in every part of your Body, to say "I *live* here[4]" as well as "I *am* here." This it is, that knits all your separate limbs and organs into one organic solidary whole of which every part reacts on every other part. This Power Itself you do not see. But the universal distributive agency of the b l o o d both manifests and symbolizes it on the plane of your senses[5]—the blood that vitalizes and sustains every live cell of your Body-Universe,

This is My Blood.

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1. xiii, 1, 32.

2. More clearly here, more vaguely there, according to organization.

3. x, 42; xiii, 32; ii, 17-25; *Bṛho* V, i.

4. See p. 243, above.

5. As the brain and all-connecting nerve-tracks both represent and manifest your Conscious Presence.

so that without it no single organ could continue carrying on its special function.

Communion.

Thus, in brain and all-irradiating nerve-tracks, in heart and all-irrigating blood-channels, you have the double *aupamyam* or analogy of God's all-pervading Consciousness and all-sustaining Life—the Bread and Wine of the Mystic's Cosmic Sacrament. You have a key, also, to the symbolism of the old Mystery-Rite that passed out into the early Christian Church under the name of the 'Eucharist[1],' and is so little understood of those who practise it to-day.

Your several Organs the Image of the separate Orders, Hierarchies, etc., of Creation.

Finally, in each separate organ, this common Life-Power of your whole Body-Universe is, thanks to the peculiar structure of the organ and the nature of its constituent elements; refracted into some particular function, or group of functions; so that, passing from omnipresent conscious Identity and all-sustaining Life to the realization of external differences[2], just as

1. *Matt*, xxvi, 26-28 ; *Mark*, xiv, 22-24 ; *Luke*, xxii, 19, 20 ; *John*, vi, 33, 35, 39, 40, 52-58 ; xiv, 20, 21 ; xv, 1, 4-6, 10-13, 16, 17.

2. The *aparā* or *bhinnā prakṛti* of vii, 5.

the Master says, "I shine in sun and moon, I flow in rippling waters, in lambent flame I burn; the secret harmony of every sphere is but a note in My great Song of Life[1]," you, here, are entitled to say: I see in this eye, I hear in this ear, I grasp in these hands, I breathe in these lungs, in this stomach I digest[2]; the mission of each organ to the Body-Whole is but a fraction of my life-work."

From without inwards.

Summing it all up the other way round, your Body-Self, your universe in which your SELFHOOD lies a-hatching, falls into three:

I. Apara or Bhinna Prakrti.

I. A congeries of different organs performing different functions in solidary interaction; each organ a complex hierarchy of countless tiny living creatures. As such, your Body is an image of this Universe, which may be described as a congeries of diverse[3] Life-kingdoms, or living World-Organs, performing various functions in solidary interaction; each Cosmic Limb a complex

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1. vii, 7-11; ix, 19; x, 20-41; xv, 12-15. 2. xv, 14.

3. Note the words *pravibhaktam anékadhā*, 'divided into many distinct orders' (xi, 13); *bhūta-visheṣhasanghān*, 'hierarchies of various beings' (xi, 15): *bhuta-pṛthag-bhāvam*, 'universal differentiation' (xiii, 30) rendered by the words 'motley show.'

Hierarchy of countless tiny (from that standpoint) living creatures, organized, or being organized[1], to subserve some distinct cosmic function or group of functions.

bhūmir' āpō 'nalō vāyuḥ kham manō buddhirēva cha
ahankāra itīyam mė bhinnā prakṛtir ashṭadhā.

"Earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind,
Synthetic sense[2], dividing shell[3]—
This forth-rayed Energy of Mine
May thus in eightfold mode be classed[4]." (vii, 5)

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1. As in the case of our Humanity. As I have said several times already, our present condition is the gestation of future Man, not Man. Says *Tennyson* in his '*Making of Man*,' referred to on p. 31, above,

Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade
Till the peoples are all one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, 'It is finish'd. Man is made.' (p. 628).

2. *Buddhi.* See Vol: II,

3. *Aham-kāra*, the 'I-maker,' the separate reflection and antithesis of the greater Cosmic SELF. See Note D.

4. No classification is absolute. A man standing before you may be divided into (1) head, (2) trunk, with arms, (3) legs and feet; or into (1) head, (2) neck, (3) thorax, with arms attached, (4) abdomen, (5) thighs, (6) legs, (7) feet. You may further seperate skull and face, arms, forearms, hands, and so on. Meanwhile that which is seen, *viz.*, the

In short your Body, viewed analytically, is somewhat like a catalogue of functions, and in the whole of Hindu mystic literature, these body-functions are made to tally with more or less similar ones in the Cosmic Body, regarded as their Prototypes, and considered as occultly related to them.

A Catalogue of Functions.

The sun, for instance, is called 'the Eye of all the World' (*Ko*, v, 11). Hearing, touch, sight, taste, smell, in the microcosm, are, in all Hindu Scriptures, made to correspond with ether, air, fire, water, earth in the microcosm. Chapter xi, in the Bhagavad Gītā, describes the first raising of the pupil's consciousness, by the Master's influence, to a necessarily more or less confused perception of the organic cosmic Body with which the Master, through His own Body-Cosmos (*ātma-aupamyêna*) identifies Himself. Note particularly verses 7, 13, 15, 19-21, 27-30. 'Bellies' (xi, 16, 23) represent the cosmic power of *absorption*. 'Breasts,' suggested as a substitute by Anglo-Saxon notions of refinement, is quite a different symbol, and won't do. 'Teeth' (xi, 23, 25, 27) is the power of breaking up *tāmasic*, resisting bodies (that won't

Correspondences.

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man, remains the same however you may divide and classify. Note how the same term, *e.g.*, 'arms,' 'legs' assumes different values, more or less comprehensive, in different classifications. The 'principles' of man will be dealt with in part III. See *BG*, iii, 42; vii, 4; xiii, 5, 6,; xv, 16-18; xviii, 14, 15; v, 11. *Ko*, iii, 3, 4, 10-13; vi, 7, 8.

lend themselves to the process of transformation,) whether they be, to our senses, 'gross' or 'subtle.' The 'Gods' (xi, 15, 21, 22, 25, 37, 39) are to the cosmic Body what the various sense and life-powers are to the microcosm. The same term, *dêvā* or *dêvatā*, throughout Upanishadic literature, denotes indifferently a power or sense of the body, and a Power or Sense of the Cosmos. Likewise *prāṇa*, singular and plural, designates respectively synthetic Life or Breath, and the differentiated life-forces, whether in the cosmos or in the individual. 'Gods' in xi, 52 as in *Isho*, 4, may also mean individualised 'higher-plane' centres of consciousness within the greater Cosmic Self. In order self-consciously to realise organic collective SELFHOOD, these have to be incarnated in organic material bodies. Hence the oft-repeated saying that the gods, in order to accomplish their salvation, have to be born as men.

Anthropomorphism.

Anthropomorphism, in this connection, must not be pushed too far. *What* the shape of this Cosmic Organism may be, when viewed from an extra-cosmic standpoint, is impossible to conceive. Arjuna, as clearly implied at the end of verse xi, 7, seeks to superimpose his own human limitations on the vision of the One Organic Fact. The result is partly terrible, partly grotesque (deliberately so, for sound psychology is here.) The human features which his yet uncurbed *(a-yukta)* imagination conjures up, continually burst and scatter, unable to contain the living truth they seek to vesture. The head breaks into countless heads: IT is all Head! The eye bursts into countless eyes: IT is all Eye—and so on, as in the famous Ṛg-veda verse X, xc, 1 (see *Shvêto*, iii, 14-16). The essential thing

to grasp is that the Cosmos is *an* organic Being, and we *are part of* IT. What *fashion* of a creature IT may be (whether a 'gigantic clergyman in a white tie,' with or without spectacles, or a turbaned *moulvie*, or an animal-headed Egyptian deity, or some fantastic Hindu God with a halo of outstretched arms brandishing various implements) matters little. The old writers often call IT the sacrificial 'Man' *(R. Veda, puruṣha-sūkta)*. But *puruṣha* simply means *yah puri shêtê*, 'he that lies in the [organic] city.' And so, as we have seen[1], a dog *is puruṣha* quite as much as a man. The *Bṛh*o (I, i, 1, 2) calls IT the sacrificial 'Horse'. Christian Scripture calls IT the sacrificial 'Lamb', "slain from the foundation of the world". The main thing to notice is that HE (reverting to the masculine pronoun as more congenial) is SACRIFICIAL in any case. His 'death' is but the shedding of His Life *into* this Cosmic Body, as what we call our 'birth' is truly (if we but knew it) our sacrificial 'death', the shedding of our Life *into* the limitations of an organic, material body. Through this 'death' alone do we—when the cup of acceptation has been drunk unto the very dregs (ii, 15, *Ish*o, 11, 14)—enter at last the Gate of Life Eternal.

Hence let us understand that the manifested God is *the* organic SELF of the Universe-Body, whatever its *shape* may be; and in order to be actually (as we are from the outset potentially) wrought into His Likeness, let us meditate *our* Body-Universe, not in its external configuration—that matters little—but in its inner functional diversity and organic *wholeness*. Thus shall we—individual minds—be made w h o l e in all the bewildering diversity of the living Universe which we reflect, and therefore *are* (xi, 40.)

1. Pp. 244-45, above.

II. Para or Daivi Prakrti.

II. Synthesizing, vitalising, sustaining all these separate functions, the common underlying Life-Energy which manifests through them but is itself beyond them, at the back of them *(parā)*, deeper, more fundamental. The hidden, synthetic, organic Life of which they are the analytical, manifest expressions, the variously refracted rays. We may call it either the common organic Life of all the separated organs, or the common organic Law of all the separated functions. Life and Law are but the same thing viewed from different standpoints. Law is Life that is studied, Life is Law that is lived. And so, the common Law or Life of your body-organs and cells, that live in you, reflects and typifies (is the *aupamyam* of) the common Law or Life of the Cosmic Body in which you live.

That is why, after first dividing His Cosmic Body into a number of great organic functions[1], the Master adds—and you, in your own body, may repeat the words with Him:—

Aparēyam paras tvanyām prakṛtim viddhi mē parām.
Jīva-bhūtām mahābāhō yaēdan dhāryatē jagat.

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1. See pp. 251-53., above.

"The *surface*, this. Beyond, know thou
My deeper, subtler 'Putting forth,'
As Life expressed, O Long-armed Friend,
On which this world of change depends."
(vii, 5.)

Your life-blood represents this on the material plane. Every separate organ depends on it for stimulation and sustenance.

Note that the words *yayā dhāryate jagat* ("by which is made to live, maintained, the change-world") constitute the most perfect etymological definition of DHARMA, Universal Law. Whereof more hereafter.

III. PURUSHA.

III. Finally, pervading your whole Body as a conscious *presence*, vehicled by the radiating Life-Power just spoken of, YOU, the Resident in the City, the indivisible Jewel within the several many-petalled lotuses, peeping in—nothing more—from where YOU dwell, beyond; and yet, through your inexplicable Māyā feeling *yourself* identically present everywhere, wherever your Life pulses, high and low, right and left, front and back, in noble part and mean part, in healthy part and sick part—*purușha*, the *aupamyam* or similitude of That PURUSHA Who with His PRESECE fills

this Universe, identical in high and low, in sage and fool[1], in brāhmaṇa and outcaste[2], in them that joy and them that sorrow[3], in highest heaven and in lowest hell; vehicled everywhere, like you yourself within your body-sphere, by His radiant outpoured Life, His Y ô g a-M ā y ā—present wherever any presence is, yet safe BEYOND[4].

Gods and Demons.

One more curious analogy, which has been omitted, may as well be mentioned here before passing on. The old Scriptures constantly refer to a cosmic war between gods and devils, angels and demons—*dèvāh* and *asurāh*, such the most usual terms by which they are designated. But we also find them described in the same Scriptures by a much more scientific couple of terms, viz., *ādityāḥ* and *daityāh*. 'Â d i t y ā s' means 'sons of A d i t i'; A d i t i, 'Mother of the Gods[5],' is *a-ditiḥ*, *i.e.*, 'non-division,' 'non - separateness.' Therefore the *Adityās* are simply the children of non-separateness, of undivided 'Mother-Space.' The D a i t y ā s, on the other hand, are the children of D i t i.

1. *Ishο*, 11. 2. *BG.*, v, 18. 3. vi, 32.
4. *Kο*, v, 9-11; *B.G.*, xiii, 12-17, 22, 24, 27-34 *et passim.* 5. *Kο*, iv, 7.

'division,' 'separateness.' Hence we find that the struggle between Gods and Demons primarily means the struggle between unitive, synthetic, and separative, disintegrating tendencies.

But abstract tendencies manifest only through concrete beings. Hence the struggle, for all practical purposes, is between 'unselfish' *creatures*, that embody and manifest the various 'Aditya' or non-separative tendencies; and selfish *creatures* that incarnate 'Diti' or separateness in themselves, and make it manifest[1].

Now in your body a precisely similar struggle is going on all the time—life and death microbes

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1. In a sense, Diti and Aditi stand respectively for the two Prakṛtis or aspects of Cosmic Power mentioned in vii, 4, 5. The one is *bhinnā*, differential or analytical, and *aparā* superficial; the other, *parā*, underlying, and also single, all-vivifying, all-synthesizing. Their votaries are spoken of in ix, 11, 12 and ix, 13, 14 respectively.

Prahlāda, by the way (x, 30), represents the Master-Soul emerging triumphant out of the experience of separateness and realizing ultimate non-separateness, 'Vishṇu,' through a fierce struggle with the evil limitations of his own past, typified by his 'Daitya' father whom the Power of 'Vishṇu,' springing forth from a 'column' (*what column?*) seizes and devours.

continually at war. The latter may combine to some extent for the carrying out of their nefarious purpose. But if they succeed your health is ruined, and your final ruin involves their own.

Virtue and vice are similar live forces ('elementals') in the subtle bodies of man. So are the representatives of organic life and progress, and criminal associations, in human society at large.

The struggle between the two draws forth all living power[1]. Evil, resisted, can alone draw forth the strength of saints and heroes; and evil

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1. There is an interesting scientific theory in this connection, which is somewhat to this effect, that the life-microbes of the body, in their struggle with the death-microbes, learn to secrete and discharge certain active re-agents, called 'opsonins,' which help them to neutralize, dissolve, digest the poisons discharged by the death-microbes. This is a direct *aupamyam* of the *active powers* of Good being drawn forth by struggle with evil. No wonder the 'Evil One,' in the Old Testament, always consults with Jehovah before going forth to tempt his 'victims.' One can fancy the good old Angel smiling (somewhat wryly, perhaps) beneath his horned mask. Compare Shiva provoking Arjuna to fight, (*Story of the great War*, p. 113.) See also the 'Secret of Time and Satan,' in Carpenter's *Towards Democracy*.

ones themselves, through suffering, are ultimately turned to mighty saints.

Death.

What happens at death? Simply this:

I. The separate functions *cease*, (and the body is left to dissolve) because:

II. The outpoured Life which sustained them is indrawn around:

III. The mysterious manifested SELF-centre (the 'window' through which HE looks *in*), which *remains*, indestructible throughout the life-period of the Greater Organism.

This describes the death of any organism, whether individual or cosmic. iii, 23, 24 refers to both.

*   *   *   *   *

DHARMA.

From all that has been said above, it follows that the Law of the Universe we live in is mirrored in the Law of our own Body-Universe. Hence our Body-Bible, if we but read it aright, must give us all the information needed for the right guidance of our lives within the greater all-containing Life.

In other words, the law of the parts within the body-whole reflects the Law of the parts—such parts as you and I, we and they—within the Cosmos-Whole.

It follows, then, that the key to all morality lies within our very bodies, that the Law of the Worlds is the Law of the Limbs, and nothing else.

Let us then study the Law of the Limbs. The Law of the Limbs amounts to this: that each organ is maintained *(dhāryate)* for the sake of what it contributes to the whole. Each organ lives to *give*, and *gets* merely with reference to its giving. Each organ pours something useful into the common economy, or removes something obnoxious therefrom, or hands in force-disturbances as data for perception, or hands out motor-impulses from the mind within; each organ *serves* the common Economy in some particular way (*sva*-dharma) and gets from the common Economy in return all it needs[1] for the continuance of this its 'life-task.'

The Law of the Limbs.

Now what says *Shrī Kṛṣhṇa*[2], speaking for the Common Economy of the Cosmic Organism?

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1. xviii, 7-10, 45-48. 2. ix, 22.

an-anyāḥ[1]—quit of 'other'-ness, of separateness
chintayantaḥ mām—realizing ME [the ONE]
ye janāḥ—those beings who
pari-upāsate—worship, serve [ME] all round,
téshām—for them
nitya abhi-yuktānām—[who are] ever in communion [with ME]
yoga-kshèmam—their present and future needs
vahāmi aham—are looked after by ME.

Is not this exactly the voice of the Organic Body-Self speaking of its separate parts, limbs, cells?

Take the stomach[2], for instance. It digests. It breaks up the rice, bread, vegetables and what not, which you put into it, and transmutes a portion of these—as much as it can—

The Stomach—Duty and Doubt.

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1. vii, 20; ix, 23; *Bṛh*o I, iv [of which I give sections 6-10 translated word for word in Note E.]

2. Used as a 'lump' term to designate the *digestive* organs—including therefore the intestine in which the nutritive juices are finally elaborated, and filtered through *into* the organism.

into an assimilable fluid which is poured into the blood and, through the blood, reaches every cell of your body. The cells greedily absorb this food-juice, and thus repair their waste, grow and multiply.

Now the stomach itself is dependent for its maintenance on the good things vehicled by the blood—yet itself has to help furnish them[1] to the blood. Might it not, then, supply its own wants directly? Might it not, first, take from the food what it needs, and make over the surplus to the blood for distribution to the remainder of the body? Who *could* object to such sensible conduct? Must one not provide for oneself, first and foremost? Does not 'charity begin at home?' What if the stomach were to argue, "After all, it is not fair that I should be expected to make over to the common life the *entire* product of my labour, trusting to the common life *alone* for my maintenance[2], like a common beggar. Give I must, of course—else the others might boycott me. But at least let me set

1. The other chief essential—oxygen—is mainly furnished by the lungs.

2. Read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, *Acts* iv, 32-37; v, 1-11

apart a thing or two by way of *yôga-kshêma*[1]. No one can possibly object to this."—And yet *you* know that the moment your stomach began to argue thus and act accordingly, the bitter trials of dyspepsia would begin for *you*. And this for the very simple reason that the digestion of *your* stomach is not *its* digestion, but *your* digestion vested in it. Whatever the stomach will not digest and make over to the blood is sheer waste and must either be purged out or vomited. It is net loss to stomach and to body *both*.

But when your stomach does its duty, what happens? It makes over the whole outturn of its labour to the Common Economy, and is content with whatever the Common Economy can spare for it. It sacrifices *all*, and lives on whatever share of its sacrifice comes back to it (with a share of the common sacrifice of all its brother-organs thrown in.) This is its *yajña-shishta*[2]. Now what says the Spokesman of the Cosmic Common Economy? Read iii, 13[3]; iv, 31, and answer for yourselves.

Sacrifice.

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1. *Yoga* here means 'getting', *kshema*, 'Keeping'. *Yōga-kshèma* means provision for the future. 2. The 'remains of sacrifice'—iii, 13; iv, 31. 3. It is a curious coincidence that *pachanti*, in this verse, means 'digest' as well as 'cook.'

The same is the case with your lungs. They provide Oxygen for the whole body, but cannot *live* on it until they have first made it over to the blood.

The Lungs.

Their due *yajña-shishta* returns to them through the blood in due course. On that alone can they live. All else—all separateness—is *sin* or *death*. The fact is, the breathing of your lungs is not *their* breathing. It is the breathing of the Body-Self—*your* breathing—vested in them.

Note moreover that the lungs receive waste products from the blood in exchange for the pure oxygen they give. Are they ashamed of doing sweepers' work with every out-breath? Not they. The body would be poisoned if they didn't, and the body includes *them*.

Sacrificial Scavengers.

And so it is (at bottom) with humanity, though on the surface it may seem otherwise[1] for

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1. Because the common Body of MAN is yet 'in the making,' and is to be *made* by the deliberate co-operation of its parts, which must therefore be left free to make a trial of separatenesss and learn its bitter lessons for a while, whence the literal death-in-life of present-day 'human' existence.

The Limbs of 'Adam.'

yet a while—but not for ever.

"Limbs of each other, Adam's sons—
Of that One Jewel they are sprung.
If one limb suffers gnawing pain,
Its fellow-limbs no comfort find.
Thou, who reck'st not of others' woes,
Hast not deserved the name of 'Man'[1]."

Caste.*

The 'Caste' of the limbs, then, really consists of what they *do* for the Common Economy, not of what they *avoid* or what they *get*—although, of course, they do avoid that which is not their business[2], and they do get all they need for the carrying on of their respective functions[3]. The Teaching of the GITA leaves us no doubt as to the true basis of Caste, since it repeatedly asserts[4]

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1. *Sheikh Sadi.* See St. Paul's treatment of the subject in Note F.

* A fuller treatment of this subject, chiefly in the light of the teaching of the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upanishad*, must be deferred to Vol. III or IV, for want of space.

2. iii, 35; xviii, 45-48. 3. ix, 22.

4. iii, 28; xiii, 29; iv, 13 [where the term 'root-power' (*guṇa*) designates the fundamental temperament—cognitive, volitive, acquisitive, negative.] In x, 4, 5, various temperamental moods are enumerated, apparently without classification. 'Fear' and 'shame' belong to the deserter.

that Nature (Manifested Energy) alone *acts*, and not the real Man (*puruṣha*,) and then goes on to declare[1] that caste-duty arises from the man's 'own-nature'—*sva-bhāva*[2]. Hence the Brāhmaṇa is simply the man whose natural temperament fits him to take up the function of the priest or the teacher. If he has *not* got the temperament but is appointed owing to his ancestry (being thereby shut out from fitter tasks,) he is simply nowhere. If he *has*, (birth or no birth,) and deserts his true vocation to take up other work[3]—then, even though his superior intellect may enable him to do it well and gain much credit, *he has broken caste*, and inner soul-terror[4] is his due meed. He has thwarted the Soul seeking expression through the real best in him, and the Soul withdraws its radiance from his heart, leaving it void[5]. This is

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1. xviii, 41-43. 2. See the full explanation of verse iii, 33, in *The Holy War*, Chapter iv. 3 The higher soul that enters lower conditions in order to improve and expand them, is a very different case. His act is sacrificial, and of the very essence of Dharma. But let us not deceive ourselves. 4. iii, 35. 5. This will be more clearly understood when the constitution of Man has been dealt with in Vol. III. The story entitled '*Dick Dunkerman's Cat*,' in Jerome K. Jerome's *Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green*, strikingly illustrates this inner curse of a vocation deserted.

but right, since the deserter-priest or teacher can, if only his conscience be muzzled tight enough, meddle successfully in politics or in business, or make much money as a lawyer; whereas no natural born politician or business-man or word-juggler can replace him in his deserted sacred duties to both young and old. Hence humanity suffers a loss through his desertion, and the sooner he, through suffering, is led back into the path of Duty, the better it will be for all concerned.

The Shudra.

It is quite clear, from this, that the *shūdra* is simply the soul not yet clever enough, or strong enough, or wise enough to take a share in the responsibilities of the three real[1] castes. Through the service of his true superiors—superiors in knowledge and power, in responsibility, in breadth of mind and depth of heart—his own nature in turn unfolds until he, through the gateway of Initiation, enters twice-born Life. Even in the case of souls that have been 'twice-born' for ages, a brief rehearsal of previous evolutionary stages takes place in each new body. Animal phases are swiftly run through in the womb, and then—

Janmanā jāyatė shūdrō, sanskārāt dvija uchyatė

1. *i.e.*, *dvija* or 'twice-born.'

"By birth a *shūdra* (irresponsible baby), he [subsequently,] through initiation, inherits his twice-born caste-title1."

Hence—

Whoever serves Humanity irresponsibly, in unquestioning loving obedience to *true* superiors, is a *shūdra*.

Whoever serves Humanity responsibly, with conscious undertaking, and a deliberate use of his powers, is a *dvija*.

Whoever does not serve, is outcaste. Has the Gītā got a name for him?—Yes, he is a *nașhța*[2].

Renunciation.

What, finally, is sannyāsa, tyāga, renunciation? It is renunciation of separateness, nothing more. Nothing *less*, we should rather say. It is renunciation of the mental shadows that part us from our fellow-limbs, and melt into the void of non-existence as soon as *we* cease to cling to them and *lend* them substance. It is the breaking down

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1. See p. 104, above.

2. 'Dead,' iii, 32. *cf* iv, 31; iii, 13; ix, 3; *nașhțātma*, 'cut off,' xvi, 9 (opp. vi, 30); *K*o iv, 10,11; *Ish*o, 3; etc.

of purely negative limitations, *not* the stoppage of any positive aspect of life or power.

Renunciation is the renunciatian of the limbs. And what is that?

The renunciation of the stomach—what is it? Vomiting? ... Or digesting perfectly, in perfect, willing Sacrifice?

The renunciation of the lungs—what is it? ... Choking? ... Or breathing perfectly, in perfect, willing Sacrifice?

The renunciation of the kidneys and bladder—what is it? ... Striking work, (with swift blood-poisoning for *you*, and rotting away ere death in consequence)? ... Or sifting poisons from your blood in perfect, willing Sacrifice?

The renunciation of the brain—what is it? Loftily spurning all concern with what its nether fellow-limbs are doing (and landing *you* head foremost into the ditch in consequence)?...Or thinking wisely for them all in perfect, willing Sacrifice[1]?

The renunciation of the hands—what is it?... Withering, shrivelled, pierced with their own nails

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1. xii, 4.

on upraised arms atrophied by the disuse of years, like scarecrow things on two dry sticks? ... Or handling things[1] with perfect skill in perfect, willing Sacrifice?

The renunciation of the eye, ear, mouth, nose, skin,—what are they?...Wilfully going blind, deaf, dumb, insensible?...Or seeing, hearing, speaking, tasting, smelling, feeling[2] perfectly, in perfect, willing Sacrifice?

Let our Book answer:

"Whoso, without concern for gain, [vi, 1]
takes up such Work as needs be done,
Is true Renouncer—Worker, too—
Not so the homeless, shiftless drone[3]."

... ...

"But whoso, thinking, 'It is due,' [xviii, 9]
takes up what Duty bids him do,

1. ii, 64.

2. v, 8, 10.

3. Literally, "Whoso, unexpectant of reward (*anāshritaḥ karmaphalam*) performs action which wants doing (*kāryam karma karoti*)—he is both *sannyāsī* and *yōgī* (*cf.* iii, 3; v, 2), not so the man rid of household fire (*niragniḥ*) or the man without duties (*na cha akriyaḥ*).

Impersonal, unmoved by gain,—
as *sāttvic* is his *tyāga* known[1]."

And one word sums it all up, sums it up in five syllables—a word which is an all-sufficient answer both to those who think the GITA a book of unpractical metaphysical aloofness or sentimental, backboneless devotion; and to those, at the other end who, *knowing not*, would fain suspect it as a dangerous fomenter of destructive deeds and moral callousness because a few misguided youths, in this India of transition, have begun to imbibe the spirit but have woefully *misread the aim*. That word I have inscribed as passport on the title-page of this first Volume of my life-work. The Ideal which that word enshrines shall be our beacon-star, O brothers mine, of 'East' and 'West' alike, through future lives, and future ages,

The Keynote.

"Till the peoples are all ONE, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, 'It is finish'd. MAN is made'."

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1. Literally, "Whatever Will-controlled action (*niyataṃ karma*) is performed (*kriyatē*) renouncing expectation and reward (*sangam tyaktvā phalaṃ cha eva*), thinking, 'It requires to be done'—nothing more (*kāryam iti eva*), that Renunciation is called *sāttvic*, *i. e.*, true, essential, real, unadulterated (*saḥ tyāgaḥ sāttvikō mataḥ.*)

That word is:

लोकसंग्रहः

LOKA-SANGRAHA.

WORLD-SYNTHESIS.

No room, here, for the selfish aloofness of the hair-splitting metaphysical 'paṇḍit' or the self-gratifying devotion of the narrow-minded emotionalist. No room for caste or class estrangements, no room for petty racial jealousies, no room for soul-blighting religious cant and hatred.

May all the Children in the Father's Body learn to know and love each other!

May they all learn to work in unison as fellow-limbs of His One Life!

Such is the prayer.

ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः ॥

PEACE.

NOTES ON CHAPTER VIII.

NOTE A. (pp. 233-34)

Says Huxley, in his *Elementary Physiology*,

"... . Now the fluid containing the dissolved or suspended nutritive matters which are the result of the process of digestion, traverses the very thin layer of soft and permeable tissue which separates the cavity of the alimentary canal from the cavities of the innumerable capillary vessels which lie in the walls of that canal, and so enters the blood, with which those capillaries are filled. Whirled away by the torrent of the circulation, the blood, thus charged with nutritive matter, enters the heart, and is thence propelled into the organs of the body. To these organs it supplies the nutriment with which it is charged; from them it takes their waste products, and finally returns by the veins to the heart, loaded with useless and injurious excretions, which sooner or later take the form of water, carbonic acid, and urea". (p. 23)

"... . The conditions under which carbonic acid exists in the blood may also be shown to be those of a loose chemical combination; but beyond this fact our knowledge is somewhat incomplete. It is known, however, that the carbonic acid is combined chiefly in some constituents of the plasma and not with the corpuscles; and most authorities consider that the larger part is present in plasma united with sodium in the form of sodium bicarbonate, $NaHCO^3$ . . . ." (*Ibid*, p. 127)

"... . Each corpuscle in fact consists of a sort of spongy colourless framework, the stroma, composed of a kind of material known as proteid and of a peculiar colouring matter, which, in the natural condition, is intimately connected with this frame-work, but may by appropriate means be removed from it. This colouring matter, which is of a highly complex nature, is called *hæmoglobin* and may by proper chemical treatment be resolved into a reddish brown substance containing iron, *hæmatin*, and a colourless proteid substance.

Each corpuscle therefore is not to be considered as a bag or sack with a definite skin or envelope containing fluid, but rather as a sort of spongy semi-solid or semi-fluid mass, like a disc of soft jelly ; and as such is capable of imbibing water and swelling up, or giving out water and shrinking ; according to the density of the fluid in which it may be placed. Thus, if the plasma of blood be made denser by dissolving saline substances, or sugar, in it, water is drawn from the substance of the corpuscle to the dense plasma, and the corpuscle becomes still more flattened and very often much wrinkled. On the other hand, if the plasma be diluted with water, the latter forces itself into and dilutes the substance of the corpuscle, causing the latter to swell out, and even become spherical ; and by adding dense and weak solutions alternately, the corpuscles may be made to become successively spheroidal and discoidal. Exposure to carbonic acid gas seems to cause the corpuscles to swell out; oxygen gas, on the contrary, appears to flatten them . . . "

(*Ibid*, pp. 97-98)

———o———

NOTE B (pp. 235-36)

The following further extract from Huxley shows both the inscrutable complexity of cell-life in our bodies, and the truly amazing uncertainty of the true scientist with regard to its intimate details.

"... The parts played by the colourless corpuscles in the animal economy are probably varied and numerous, but our knowledge of them is very imperfect. We have seen that under special circumstances these corpuscles may, by means of their amœboid movements, migrate in large numbers through the walls of the blood-vessels into the tissues, and it is possible that here they may in some way assist in the removal of the causes which are giving rise to the disturbance. Quite probably a similar migration is taking place on a smaller scale at all times, for some as yet obscure but possibly similar purpose. Again, by their amœboid movements the colourless corpuscles can flow round small solid particles and absorb them into their cell-body; in other words they can feed on substances in the blood and thus be continually busied in keeping this fluid in a normal condition, more particularly when, as in disease, the composition of the blood is altered by the introduction of foreign matter such as bacteria, etc. Moreover, it is extremely probable that the colourless corpuscles may act on the blood and on any foreign matter it may at times contain by means other than their amœboid movements; namely chemically by the discharge into the blood of substances formed within themselves. Finally there are reasons for supposing

that when blood is shed, these corpuscles have something to do with starting that striking change, to which we have already alluded, known as the clotting or coagulation of blood.

Blood Platelets:—In addition to the red and white corpuscles, a third kind of rounded, colourless particles may, but with difficulty, be made out as existing in blood. These are known as "blood platelets." They are extremely minute, not much wider than the thickness of a red corpuscle, and usually disappear as soon as blood is removed from the body. But so little is known about them that we must not do more than simply draw attention to their existence.

The exact number of both red and colourless corpuscles present in the blood varies a good deal from time to time; and there is reason to think that both kinds of corpuscles are continually being destroyed or made use of. But since, on the whole, the average number of each kind of corpuscle is maintained during healthy life, it is evident that new corpuscles must be continually forming to take the place of those which have disappeared.

The Origin and Fate of the Corpuscles.

The colourless corpuscles are, as already described, chiefly formed out of leucocytes which, originating in the lymphatic glands and other similar structures, are then passed along the lymphatic vessels into the blood.

Our knowledge of the origin of the red corpuscles is somewhat less definite; there is, however, no doubt that in the adult the chief seat of their formation lies in that

marrow found in the cavities of bones which, from being very plentifully supplied with blood-vessels, is known as red marrow. There is some doubt as to whether the cells which give rise to red corpuscles in the marrow are similar to ordinary white corpuscles, or are a particular kind of cell; and the question has not yet been definitely decided as to how the mammalian red corpuscle comes to have no nucleus, although formed in or from cells which are themselves nucleated.

Apart from what is known as to the disappearance of white corpuscles from the blood by migration through the walls of the vessels, we cannot point with certainty to any other fate which befalls them. There is no reason for supposing that they are used up in giving rise to red corpuscles. . . ."

(*Ibid*, pp. 103-105)

——o——

Note C (p. 235)

Here are two more fragments from the same author, dealing with the mysteries of filtration through *living* tissues, and showing clearly that the cells are *living creatures*. (Italics mine.)

The Secretion of Urine.

"Many of the constituents of urine are present in blood. These appear in the urine dissolved in a large quantity of water, whereas many other substances also present in the blood do not, in a state of health, make their way into the urine. This suggests the idea that the

idney is a peculiar and delicate kind of filter which allows certain substances together with a large quantity of water to pass through it, but refuses to allow other substances to pass through. And when we come to study the minute structure of the kidney we find much to support this idea.

* * * * *

The Malpighian capsule may, in fact, be regarded as a funnel, and the membraneous walls of the glomerulus as a piece of very delicate but *peculiar* filtering paper into which the blood is poured.

And indeed we have reason to think that a great deal of the water of urine, together with certain of the constituents (the inorganic salts) is thus as it were filtered off by the Malpighian capsules. But it must be remembered that the process is after all *very different from actual* filtering through paper; for filter paper will let *everything pass through that is really dissolved*, whereas the glomerulus, while letting some things through, refuses *to admit others, even though completely dissolved.*

Speaking of the process, with this caution, as one of filtration, it is obvious that the more full the glomerulus is of blood the more rapid will be the escape of urine.

* * * * *

While speaking of the process which takes place in the glomeruli as being thus largely a filtration, we must never forget that it is a *very peculiar kind of filtration.* And it acquires its peculiarities from the fact that, as in the case of lymph formation (p. 122) the filtration is taking place *across the substance of living cells.*

(*Ibid*, pp. 185-187)

Can we then account for the formation of lymph as the result of filtration? Here again we may at once say that the passage of fluid through the walls of the capillaries under the influence of pressure has a great deal to do with the formation of lymph. We are justified in this view by the fact that, as a general rule, increase of blood-pressure in the capillaries leads to an increased flow of lymph from the parts they supply. But we must not conclude therefore that the process is entirely due to filtration. Experiments may be made in which, while we know that the blood-pressure in the capillaries is much greater than usual, no increased formation of lymph takes place. Again it is possible by certain means to obtain a greatly increased flow of lymph from parts in whose capillaries there is no obvious increase of blood pressure. *Neither of these results would hold good in the case of any ordinary filter.* But in the case of lymph, as a matter of fact, it is *not an ordinary filter* which we have to deal with. The wall of a capillary is made of *cells which are alive* and are thus *able to change their condition from time to time.* By this means the capillary wall is, as it were, *the master of the current of fluid passing across it* under varying filtrational pressure, and can determine not only how much fluid shall pass, but *in what relative proportions its several constituents shall make their exit.* When once this idea is clearly grasped many difficulties disappear. We can understand more easily why the lymph differs in composition as formed in various parts of the body.

(*Idid.*, pp. 121-122)

——o——

NOTE D (p.251)

Aham-kāra, the 'I-maker'—the 'Auric Egg' within which the Perfect Man is gestating, the guarding shell but for whose protective resistance the spiritual desire of *buddhi*, once roused, would extinguish the *man* in premature self-surrender.

It is thus a principle 'higher' than *buddhi* which can (its consent granted) pierce it with the arrows of *intuition* and paralyse its evil influence on lower planes by *will*, but can by no means *destroy* it.

When its great purpose is accomplished, when all the energies of *buddhi* have been drawn out in the struggle against it and all the lower separative forces that depend on it; when *buddhi* has become a mere instrument (just like the lower senses, but of another, *synthetic* kind) and is no longer the spiritual tempter it was when first aroused—*then* only does this mysterious *ahankāra* consent to vanish of its own accord.

This is B h ī ṣ h m a, the 'Terrible One', the *māyāvic* aspect of *ātmā mahān*, the limiting circumference, mere externalised reflection of the monadic centre, vanishing once the centre has assumed control. Till then it (providentially)

impedes the free expansion of consciousness, and throws the radiating energy back upon the Centre, which is thus roused to active life.

——o——

NOTE E (p. 262)

Here is a specimen passage of the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upanishad*, by no means unique, which I translate word for word, in order to show clearly that there is nothing 'new' in these organic Teachings of the Gîtā, still less in my organic interpretation of them. The thing is truly 'as old as the hills'—older too, as Shrī Kṛshṇa Himself asserts (iv, 1-3)—

Bṛho, I, iv, 7.

tad ha idam, This, here, in sooth
tarhi, then
avyākṛtām, undifferentiated
āsīt, was.

tad, It
nāma-rūpābhyām éva, by name-and-form alone
vyākriyaté, is differentiated
asau nāma ayam, [as who should say] 'He is so and so by *name*,'
idam-rūpaḥ iti, of such a form (*i.e.*, such and such characteristics.)'

tad idam, This same [universe]
api étarhi, even to-day
nāma-rūpābhyām eva, by name and form alone
vyākriyaté, is differentiated
asau nāma . . . . iti, (as above)

saḥ eṣhaḥ, HE, This ONE,
iha praviṣhtaḥ, here having entered, pervaded,
ā-nakha-agrébhyaḥ, to the very nail-tips,—
yathā kshuraḥ kshura-dhāné, as razor in razor-sheath
avahitaḥ syāt, might be fitted
vishvam-bharaḥ vā or ('all-upholder') Fire
vishvam-bhara-kulāyé, in fire-hole,—

tam na pashyanti, HIM they see not:
a-kṛtsnaḥ hi, for, in part only,
saḥ prāṇan eva, HE, specifically breathing,
prāṇaḥ nāma bhavati, comes to be *called* 'breath,'
vadan vāch, speaking, 'speech,'
pashyan chakshuḥ, seeing, 'sight,'
shṛṇvan shrotram, hearing, 'hearing,'
manvānaḥ manaḥ, thinking, 'mind.'
tani étāni, these, [verily]
asya karma-nāmāni éva, [are] of HIM the act-names only.

saḥ yaḥ ataḥ, He who on that account
éka-ékam upāsté, considers each apart from the rest
na saḥ véda, he knows not:
a-kṛtsnaḥ hi eṣhaḥ, for *un-whole* he himself
ataḥ, in consequence
éka-ékena, through [his preception of] each-as-apart
bhavati, is.

ātmā iti eva, As SELF alone
upāsīta, let one consider [HIM]
atra hi ētē sarvē, for there (in it) all these
ekam bhavanti, are *one*.

tad ētad, That [is]
padanīyam, the clue (lit. 'foot-print')
asya sarvasya, of (*i.e.*, to) all this [universe]
yad ayam ātmā, to wit, this [organic] SELF.
anēna hi, for through it
etad sarvam vēda, one knows all this.

yathā ha vai, For as, in very truth
padena, by the foot-print, (*i.e.*, by tracking)
anuvindet, one can follow up and find,—
evam kīrtim shlokam cha vindate, thus finds he [true] Glory and Praise
yaḥ evam veda, who thus doth know.

I, iv, 8.

tad etad, this verily
prēyaḥ putrāt, [is] dearer than son
prēyaḥ vittāt, dearer than wealth
prēyaḥ anyasmāt sarvasmāt, dearer than aught *else*—
antarataram yad ayam ātmā, this SELF, *most intimate* of all (or 'this innermost SELF of all.[1]')

---

1. As the organic *self* of head, hand, foot and the rest, in which they are all one, is interior to them all, includes them all, and makes them all worth loving for its sake, so the common organic SELF of all things unites and includes them all, and makes them all worth loving for its sake. See *Bṛh*o, II, iv.

saḥ yaḥ anyam ātmanaḥ priyam bruvāṇam,	Whoso to one calling *another than* SELF dear, (*i.e.*, loving in *separateness*)

brūyāt, should say
priyam rōtsyasi[1] *iti*, thou shalt torment thy dear one
ishvaraḥ ha, most probably
tathā eva syāt, so it would be.

ātmānam eva priyam upāsīta,	Let him look upon the SELF alone as dear (or) Let him look on (or worship) what he loves as very SELF.
yaḥ ātmānam eva priyam upāsté,	He that looks upon the SELF alone as dear (or) He that worships (or considers) as very SELF that which he loves,

na ha asya priyam, not indeed the object of his love
pramā-āyukam, of measured life, mortal
bhavati, is.

I, iv, 9.

tad āhuḥ, here they (*i.e.*, some people say
yad, if, or since
brahma-vidyayā, by realisation of BRAHMA

---

1. Root *rudh*, to obstruct, prevent, interfere with, oppress. Max Muller translates 'shalt lose,' which is hardly justified. *Rōdiṣhyasi*, from *rud*, *i.e.*, 'thou shalt weep for, mourn for thy dear one' would make clearer sense in connection with what follows. But 'shalt torment' it equally true, as the experience of selfish love has clearly shown,

sarvam bhavishyantah, (3) destined to become ALL
manushyāh, (2) the sons of Man
manyanté, (1) they deem,

kim u, what, then
tad brahma avet, did that BRAHMA realise
yasmāt, in consequence of which
tat sarvam abhavat, HE became this ALL?

I, iv, 10.

brahma vā, (2) BRAHMA, indeed, verily
idam agrē āsīt, (1) this in the beginning was.

tad, THAT, or HE
ātmānam ēva, ITSELF (or) HIMSELF *alone*
avēt, knew, realised, was aware of:
aham brahma asmi iti, "I am BRAHMA."

tasmāt, thence, (or) from that state, (or) in consequence
tad, IT (or) HE
sarvam abhavat, became all things, was all, knew HIMSELF as all.

tad, in consequence
yah yah dēvānām, whichever of the Gods, (or) 'as God after God'
prati-abudhyata, woke to [self-] awareness in return, in response, (as *recoil* of brahma's world-awareness,) *i.e.*, 'remembered.'

sah eva, he simply
tad abhavat, became THAT, was THAT, knew himself as THAT (or as HE, *i.e.*, BRAHMA)

tathā ṛshīṇām, likewise whichever of the Sages,
tathā manushyāṇām, likewise whichever of the sons of Man.

tad ha ētad pashyan, Which seeing,
ṛshiḥ vāmadēvaḥ, the *ṛshi* Vāmadeva
prati-pēdē, reached back, 'remembered':
aham manuḥ abhavam, "The MAN am I
sūryaḥ cha iti, and SUN as well!"

tad idam, Thus
api ētarhi, even now
yaḥ evam vēda, whoso knows thus
aham brahma asmi iti, "I am BRAHMA"
saḥ idam sarvam bhavati, he becomes, (or) is, this All.

tasya ha, of him, indeed,
na dēvāḥ cha, not even the Gods
nābhūtyā, for prevention ('not-becoming' *i.e.*, to prevent)
īshatē, have power—(*i.e.*, the very Gods cannot prevent him)—
ātmā hi ēṣham, for the SELF of them, their very SELF
saḥ bhavati, he is.

atha, Now, on the other hand
yaḥ, he who
anyām dēvatām[1], an *other* 'god'
upāstē, worships, (or) considers, (or 'looks upon a god as *other*' [than his very SELF])
anyaḥ asau, [with the notion] "He [is] one,
anyaḥ aham asmi iti, I am another,"
na saḥ vēda, he knows not:—

---

1. *B.G.*, vii, 20-23; ix, 23-25. See pp. 170-71, above.

yathā, as
pashuḥ ēva, very cattle
saḥ, [is] he
dēvānām, of the Gods, for the Gods.

yathā ha vai, For just as, in sooth
bahavaḥ pashavaḥ, many head of cattle
manuṣhyam bhujyuḥ, might support a man
evam eka ekaḥ puruṣhaḥ, thus does the separative man,
(i.e., yaḥ ēka-ēkam upāstē, the man of differential perception
————————(spoken of in verse 7 above)
devān bhunakti, support the Gods.

ekasmin ēva pashau, One single head of cattle
ādīyamānē, being 'lifted,' stolen away
a-priyam bhavati, is objectionable;
kim u bahuṣhu, how then about many?

tasmād therefore
eṣhām, for them (*sci.*, the Gods)
tad na priyam, it is not pleasant, is objectionable
yad ētad manuṣhyāḥ vidyuḥ, that the sons of Man should know this.

———o———

NOTE F. (p. 226)

SAINT PAUL ON LOKA-SANGRAHA.

Here are some typical passages of S. Paul, embodying exactly the same conception. The 'Lord of the Body' stands for *puruṣha*, the 'Holy Ghost' for *daivī prakṛti*. The 'harlot' is the

aparā prakṛti, and selfish attachment of the mind to her separative aspects (*anyāḥ dêvatāḥ*) is called 'fornication' (*sanga, pāpa.*)

. . .But the body is not for fornication, but for the Lord; and the Lord for the body :

And God both raised the Lord[1], and will raise up us through his power.

Know ye not that your bodies are members of Christ? Shall I then take away the members of Christ, and make them members of a harlot? God forbid.

Or know ye not that he that is joined to a harlot is one body? for, The twain, saith he, shall become one flesh.

But he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.

* * * * * *

Or know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have from God? and ye are not your own;

For ye were bought with a price[2]: glorify God therefore in your body.

I Cor, vi, 13-17, 19-20.

* * * * *

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.

And there are diversities of ministrations[3], and the same Lord.

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1. *i. e.,* Christ (or the Master in general) to Consciousness in the Cosmic Body (*purushottama.*)

2. *BG*, x, 4, 5, 10, 11, 15. 3. *i. e.,* functions.

And there are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all.

But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal.

For to one is given through the Spirit the word of wisdom ; and to another the word of knowledge, according to the same Spirit.

To another faith, in the same Spirit ; and to another gifts of healings, in the one Spirit ;

And to another workings of miracles ; and to another prophecy ; and to another discernings of spirits : to another *divers* kinds of tongues ; and to another the interpretation of tongues :

But all these worketh the one and the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally even as he will.

For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ[1].

For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free ; and were all made to drink of one Spirit.

For the body is not one member, but many.

If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body ; it is not therefore not of the body.

And if the ear shall say, because I am not the eye, I am not of the body ; it is not therefore not of the body.

---

1. *i. e.*, the cosmic SELF in His Cosmic Body, and the Master identified therewith.

If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

But now hath God set the members each one of them in the body, even as it pleased him.

And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now they are many members, but one body.

And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee: or again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

Nay, much rather, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary:

And those parts of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness;

Whereas our comely parts have no need: but God tempered the body together, giving more abundant honour to that part which lacked;

That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another.

And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or one member is honoured, all the members rejoice with it.

NOW YE ARE THE BODY OF CHRIST, AND SEVERALLY MEMBERS THEREOF.

I. Cor, xii, 4-27.

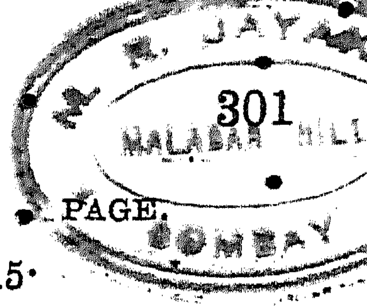
PEACE TO THE MEMBERS OF MAN.

THE END.

GENERAL INDEX.



NOTE.—Page-numbers marked with a dot above refer specially to the foot-notes.


R. JAYA
MALABAR HILL
BOMBAY

*The indication [pp. 304-5, 320-21] at the bottom of p. 148, above, refers to the One Volume Edition of the *Memoir*.

Index of References to the BHAGAVAD-GITA.

ERRATA.

N. B. Some of these Errata, due to type broken in the press while striking off, may not occur in all copies of the book.

PAGE	LINE	INSTEAD OF:	READ:
13, fn.	2	here	there
,, ,,	8	s ill	still
17	11-12	thrill	a thrill
18, fn. 1.	4	o	of
19, fn. 1.	2	King-Emperor	late King-Emperor
24	3	hatt	that
28	3	thought in-terpretation	thought-inter-pretation
28-9		household use	household-use
40	1	had begun	began
52	2	(p. 2)	(p. 4)
55	11	(p. 5)	(p. 7)
56	5	(p. 8)	(p. 10)
,,	10	speech	mind
61	1	(p. 20)	(pp. 18 & 20)
78, fn.	4	'ithout'	4. 'Without'
81, fn. 1.		VI	IV

85	20-23	(letter 's' broken on right edge)	
89	9	conscience-less	conscience-less,
148, fn.	last l.	ii, 20-29	iii, 20-29
159, fn.	2, 3, 4 from bottom	(letters 'of', 'er' & 'do' broken on right-hand edge.)	
166, fn. 6.		x. 46	x, 36
174, fn.	2, 4, 7 from bottom	iii dese ii, 5	iii, 6. desert ii, 50
191	5	thought find	thought to find
235	17	o	of
237, fn. 2.	2	girl in	girl, in
240	8	(after "them," add: "with no better means of locomotion than those you now possess—reduced to scale.)	
241	1	slum ?)	slum)?
249	17	elements;	elements,
255	last	*yaedan...*	*yayedan* (*yayā idam . .*)
256	last	PRESECE	PRESENCE